★ Sept. 9, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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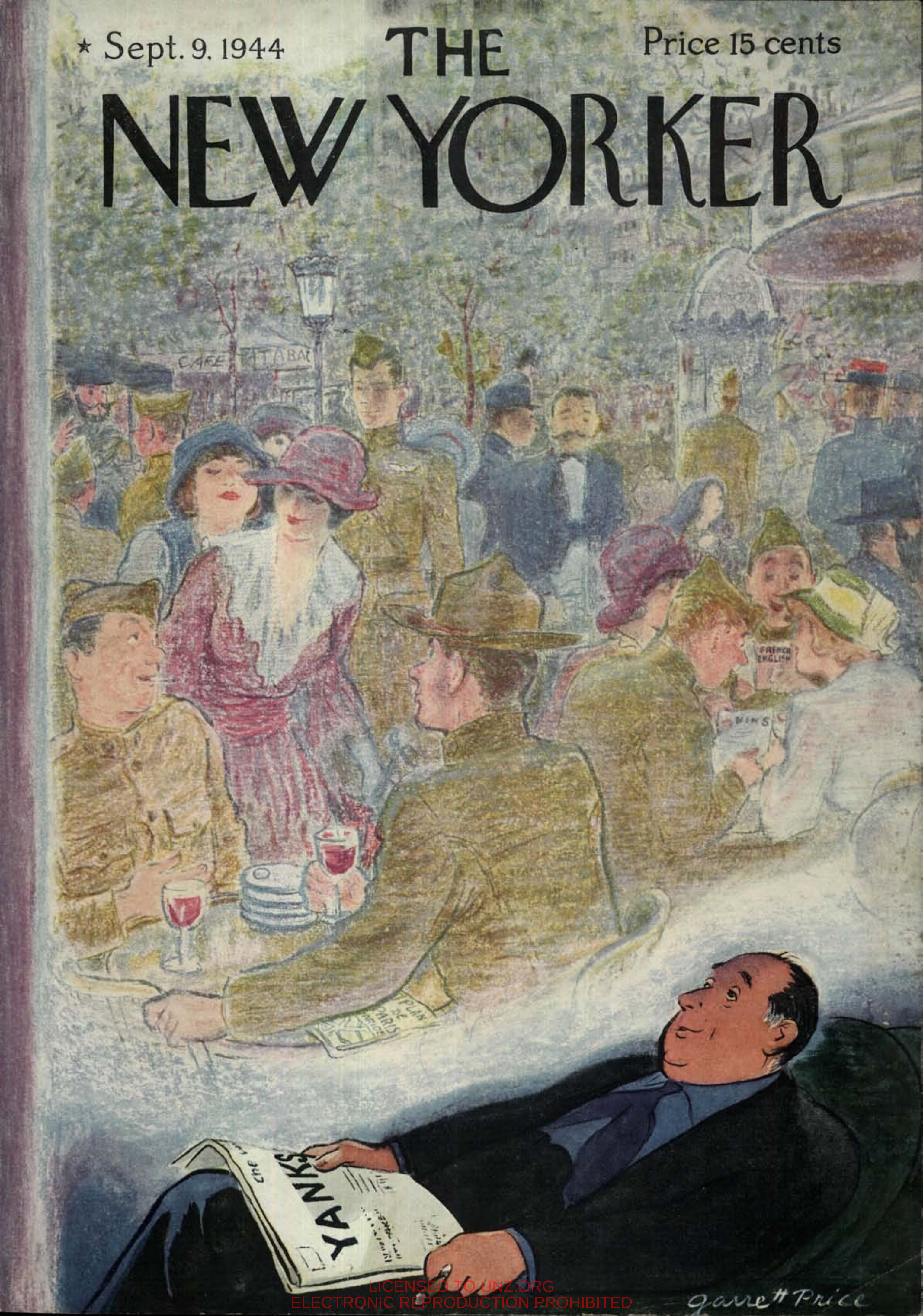
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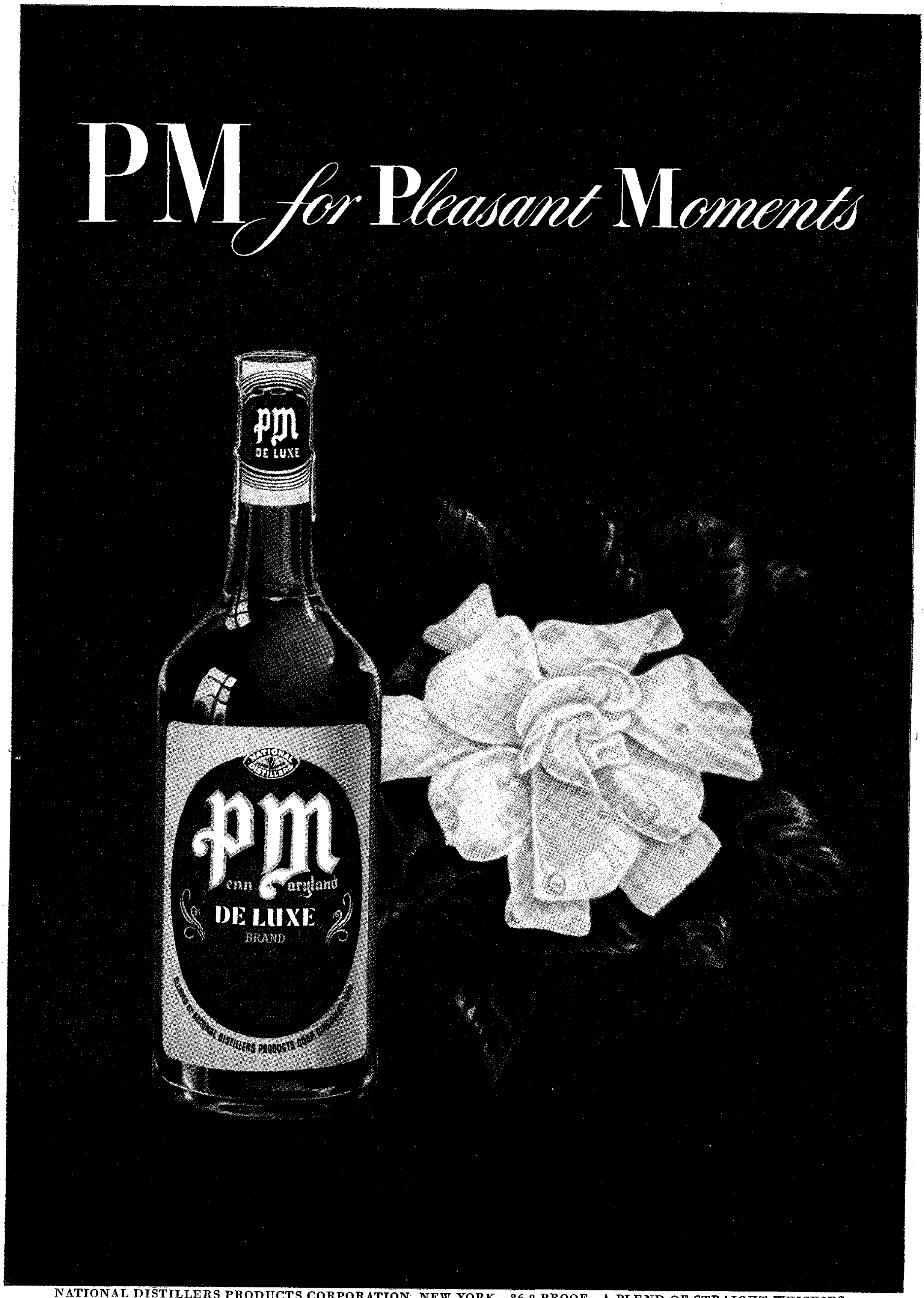
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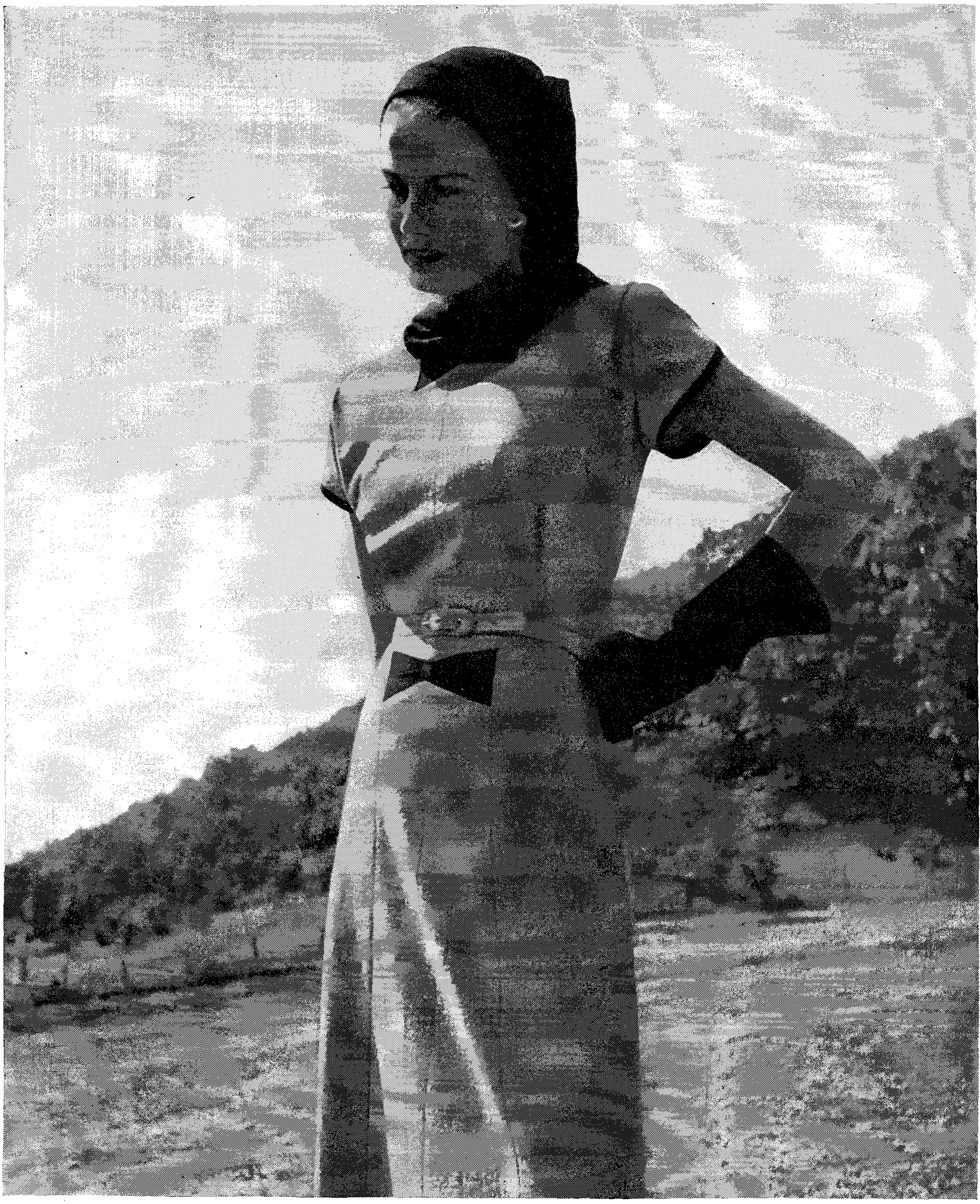

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ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller, now in its third year, about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute has finally made its Broadway appearance, and is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms and Canada Lee are in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Catherine Was Great—Mae West as the author and star of a very strange piece of nonsense about the Empress of Russia. Miss West has abandoned Diamond Lil for what looks like a parody of Helen Hayes, and the whole performance is pretty unfortunate. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Chicken Every Sunday—An amiable play about a Tucson landlady and her impractical husband. You might do much worse. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a play by Franz Werfel. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—A rather frail piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. Directed by George Abbott, with a fine cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its fifth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman now play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Lower North—Something about a lot of sailors in training camp. Not much as a play but there may be a certain documentary value. With Arthur Hunnicutt, Kim Spalding, and Rusty Lane. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Pick-Up Girl—An earnest play about how those little girls who hang around Times Square got the way they are. Possibly more interesting as propaganda than playwriting. With William Harrigan and Pamela Rivers. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman combines an account of the history of Fascism with a triangular love story, and turns up with a play that may be a little difficult and disappointing to her admirers. Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Barbara O'Neil, and Montgomery Clift are in it. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., Sept. 10, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—This melodrama is mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Onslow Stevens. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Last Stop—Minnie Duprée, Catharine Doucet, and Seth Arnold in a play by Irving Kaye Davis. Staged by Erwin Piscator and produced by Victor Hugo-Vidal. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book, and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, beautiful musical, in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . Special Mats. for men and women in the services Tues. Afts. at 2:30, with tickets on sale at the C. D. V. O. Information Center, Park at 42.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue that comes to life, to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some wonderful ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Handsome and nice to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Day Will Come—Harry Green and Brandon Peters in a play by Leo Birinski, produced by Mr. Green and staged by Lee Elmore. Opens Thurs., Sept. 7. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Down to Miami—A comedy by Conrad Westervelt, with Robert Leonard, Elaine Ellis, and Charles Lang. Staged by Jack B. Daniels and produced by Edgar MacGregor. Opens Mon., Sept. 11. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Star Time—Lou Holtz, Benny Fields, Tony and Sally DeMarco, and others in a vaudeville show produced by Paul Small. Opens Tues., Sept. 12. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—"Les Sylphides," "Dance Concerto," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sun. Eve., Sept. 10. . . . "Swan Lake," "Dance Concerto," "Rodeo," and "The Red Poppy," Mon. Eve., Sept. 11. . . . "Chopin Concerto," "Rodeo," "Bluebird," and "Le Beau Danube," Tues. Eve., Sept. 12. . . . "Serenade," "Scheherazade," and "The Red Poppy," Wed. Eve., Sept. 13. . . . "The Snow Maiden," "Dance Concerto," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Thurs. Eve., Sept. 14. . . . "Dance Concerto," "Rodeo," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Scheherazade," Fri. Eve., Sept. 15. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Coppelia," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sat. Aft., Sept. 16. . . . "Dance Concerto," "Igrouchki," "Bluebird," and "The Red Poppy," Sat. Eve., Sept. 16. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Thurs., Sept. 7, at 2:40.)

Roller Skating Show—"Skating Vanities," produced by Harold Steinman. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly, starting Tues., Sept. 12, at 8:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music, or other entertainment, or both. Some of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra supplying polite dance music to a polite audience.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Hazel Scott, Burl Ives, and Ed Hall's orchestra—in other words, your money's worth.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This prehistoric cellar has jazz by Benny Morton's orchestra and folk songs by Josh White.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Night life in a Greyhound Bus terminal. Frank Fay supplies the humor for a rather incoherent show, and there are Shep Fields' orchestra and a rumba band to dance to. On Thurs., Sept. 14, Joe E. Lewis and Abe Lyman's orchestra will take over. . . . The Copa Bar has the Morty Reid Trio, which will be replaced by Adrian Rollini's on Thurs., Sept. 14.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Nightly previews of what the well-dressed Navy man (and his lady) will wear. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—After the dinner hour there are the sweet, familiar strains of Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras for dancing.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Down in

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XX, No. 30, September 9, 1944. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1944, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

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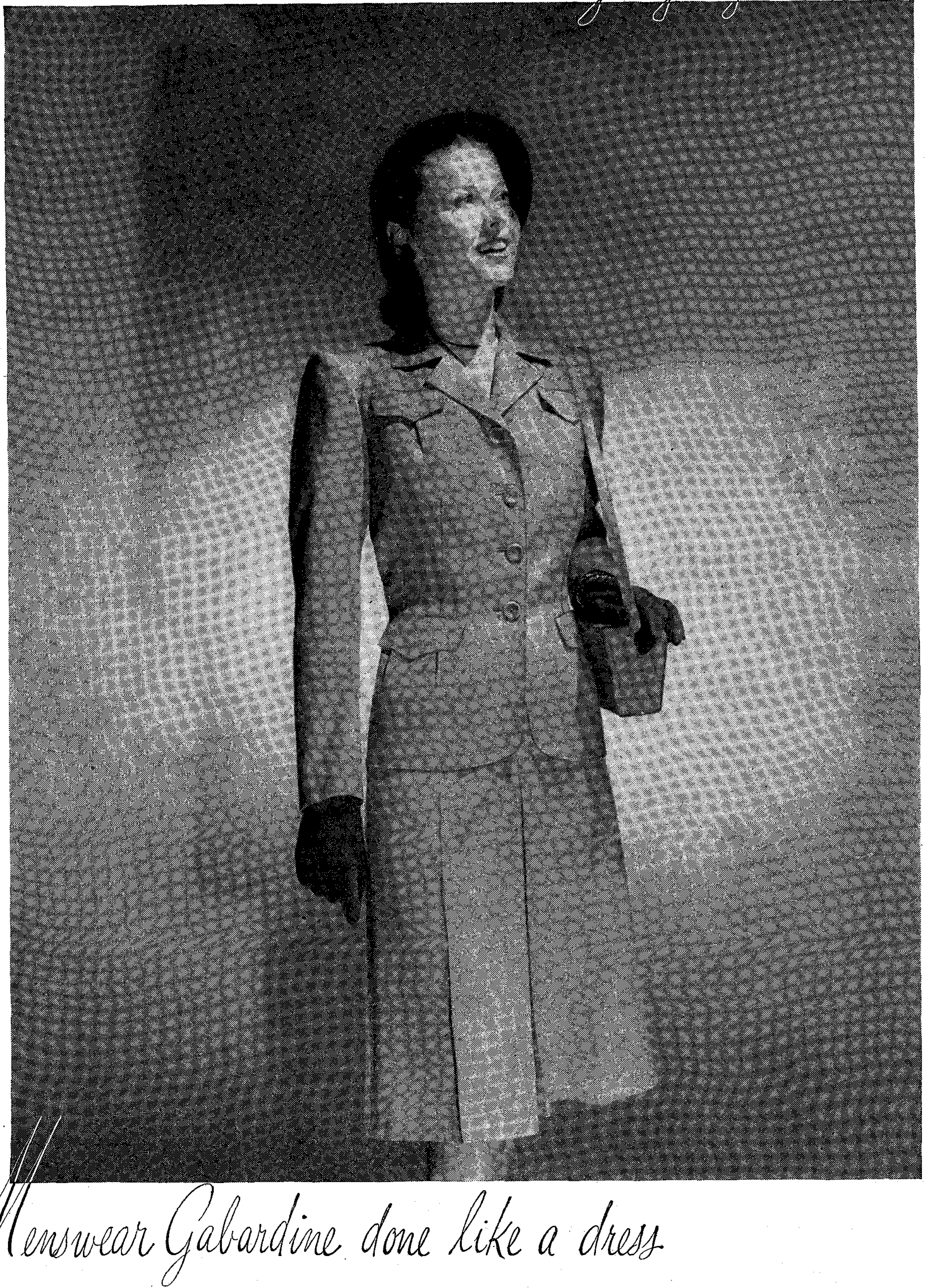

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7,
THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

those beautiful tropics where the beguines begin. Tropical music by Ralph Rotgers' rumba band, straight stuff by Dick Gasparre's orchestra.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the ingenious mind reader, will be in the Cotillion Room until Thurs., Sept. 14, when he will be replaced by Dr. Giovanni, the eminent pickpocket. Stanley Melba's orchestra will continue to play for dancing.... Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—A romantic, long-ago-and-far-away setting for dinner and supper. Fred Miller's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The handsome Café Lounge offers Bob Simone's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Children cry for it. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Dacita's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Nat Brandwynne's band plays sonorously for dinner and supper on the Starlight Roof, and a trio of acrobats and Mischa Borr's orchestra entertain blithely after the theatre.... Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—At **le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): scheduled to reopen for the season on Tues., Sept. 12, with a show headed by Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey, those bright if slightly disconnected comedians. ... **blue angel,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): scheduled to reopen on Tues., Sept. 12, with merry lampooning by the Bernard Brothers and merry music by the Herman Chittison Trio, Stuart Ross, and Pearl Bailey.... **spivy's roof,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, with her little numbers about what shouldn't happen to a dog.... **1-2-3 club,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peaceful and informal, with Ted Hunter's piano music thrown in.

Miscellaneous—At **le coq rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays jauntily for dancing after 10 P.M. ... **armando's,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): small and casual; George Morris's orchestra after 11 P.M. ... **versailles,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): beginning on Thurs., Sept. 14, Dwight Fiske will sing (if that's the word for it) at the supper hour and Maximillian Bergère's orchestra will play throughout the evening; until then, a haphazard show full of luxurious young ladies, with Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. ... **casino russe,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra.... **astor roof,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): José Morand's rumba band, spelled by Sammy Kaye's orchestra.... **essex house,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra plays for dancing after 10:15 P.M.... **new yorker hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show.... **pennsylvania,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Woody Herman's orchestra. ... **el chico,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, as you might expect, a rumba band.

Summer note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the **bossert,** Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its view of the harbor and its open-air deck, has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.

●

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **nick's,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): classic welkin ringing by Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, Eddie Condon, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots.... **pied piper,** 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): Max Kaminsky's talented band at work; in between times, James P. Johnson and Willie the Lion Smith play very neat piano.... **onyx,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): grade-A jazz by Hot Lips Page's new quintet and Stuff Smith's trio. ... **three deuces,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Charlie Shavers' band, Slam Stewart's trio, and Eddie Heywood's orchestra are good listening.... **hickory house,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's clarinet and Adele Girard's harp are the high (and hot) spots of the band here.... **downbeat,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): mostly Red Norvo's band and Billie Holiday.... **jimmy ryan's,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes and his piano heading a lively trio; dancing.... **village vanguard,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just an old hole in the ground, but it has the Leonard Ware Trio; dancing.

Al Fresco—The **tavern-on-the-green,** Central Pk. W. at 67: dinner and supper underneath the stars, with (after 9:30 P.M.) dance music by Dick Kuhn's orchestra and a rumba band.... **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . **central park zoo:** the cafeteria there is crowded on weekends but pleasant for a midweek breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave.: the **brevoort,** 5 Ave. at 8; **fifth avenue hotel,** 5 Ave. at 9; and **longchamps,** 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

American—At the **contemporary arts,** 106 E. 57: paintings by Stephen Csoka, Louis Bosa, Gerard Hordyk, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 23.... **midtown,** 605 Madison, at 58: paintings by the gallery's group, including Waldo Peirce and Betty Parsons. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.... **milch,** 108 W. 57: Stephen Etnier, Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, Francis Speight, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sat., Sept. 16.... **babcock,** 38 E. 57: oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 15.... **perls,** 32 E. 58: artists who exhibited here last season, among whom are Darrel Austin, Carol Blanchard, and Frederick Haucke. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 9.... **puma,** 108 W. 57: paintings by Fernando Puma, Janet Sobel, and others. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.... **kraushaar,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: paintings by Louis Bouché, Vaughn Flannery, Gifford Beal, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 15.... **kohn,** 608 5 Ave., at 49; water colors by T/Sgt. Edward W. Hanke. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., Sept. 14.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fourteen pictures by van Gogh, from the collection of one of the artist's nephews. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 24.

European—Old and modern artists, including Cranach, van Goyen, Derain, and Vlaminck: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 1 P.M. and 2 to 4 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 15.

French—At the **rosenberg,** 16 E. 57: Gauguin, Pissarro, Manet, Corot, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 30.... **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64: landscapes, most of them Impressionist. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—All the Museum's old masters back from their hideaway in Whitemarsh, Pa.; also, Greek paintings from the eighth century B.C. through the fourth century A.D., and (through Sept. 30) a large loan show of Russian ikons. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—An anniversary exhibition of the development of modern art in painting, sculpture, architecture, and industrial art (through Oct. 15), and photography, the theatre, and motion pictures (through Sept. 17); also, prints by Stanley William Hayter and members of his studio workshop (through Sept. 17). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

MUSIC

American Negro Opera Company—An English version of "La Traviata," Mon., Sept. 11, at 8:15 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. For tickets, call CO 5-3478.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **polo grounds:** Giants vs. Boston, Thurs., Sept. 7, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat. and Sun., Sept. 9-10, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Tues., Sept. 12 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., and Wed., Sept. 13, at 2:30 P.M.... **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Sat., Sept. 16, at 2:30 P.M.... **ebbets field:** Dodgers vs. Boston, Tues. and Wed., Sept. 12-13, at 2:30 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Jimmy McDaniels vs. Ralph Zannelli, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Sept. 8. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.)

Golf—Metropolitan G. A. Amateur-Pro Championship, Metropolis C. C., White Plains, Fri., Sept. 8.

Racing—Weekdays at Aqueduct at 1:15 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 16. (Edgemere Handicap, Sept. 9; Bay Shore Handicap, Sept. 13; Cowdin Stakes and Beldame Handicap, Sept. 16.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:30 A.M. and 1:20 P.M., and Sat. between 11:01 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

Trotting—Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, at 8:40 P.M.; through Sept. 23. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.)

Yachting—Championship regatta on the Sound: Manhasset Bay Y. C., Sun., Sept. 10, at 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

War Exhibitions—At the **international bldg.,** 5 Ave. at 51: a full-size replica of a German robot bomb, shipped here from England, along with photomurals showing the destruction these weapons have caused. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 26.... **museum of science and industry,** R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: an exhibition of photographs, charts, and dioramas, showing the organization and accomplishments of the Polish Underground; also, the development of the U. S. Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use (through Dec. 15); and an Army Air Forces show featuring a troop-carrying glider, a P-47 fighter, and gun turrets and other plane equipment (through Sun., Sept. 10). Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.... **chrysler bldg.,** 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equipment captured from the enemy; also, daily from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. ... **american relief for france,** 457 Madison, at 51: photographs showing Free French activities on the Allied fronts, as well as scenes of the French Underground. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 29.

German Posters—A small group of posters published after the last war, advocating illegal rearmament, enlistment in armed groups, etc.; also some Allied posters distributed in Germany during the same period: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., Sept. 14.

City Planning—New York City's postwar plan for new health centres, parks, schools, airports, etc., shown in a large exhibition of scale models, maps, and architects' plans: 500 Park, at 59. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; and Wed., Fri., and Sat., 12 noon to 9 P.M.

Mineola Fair—The annual exhibit of livestock and produce raised by the amateur and professional farmers of Long Island, plus square-dance festivals, rodeos, and other country-fair doings: Fair Grounds, Mineola, Tues. through Sat., Sept. 12-16, from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.

Americana—A collection of John Rogers sculpture, including such groups as "The School Examination," "Football," and "The Favored Scholar": New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. at 77. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30

ON THE AIR

Campaign Speeches—Governor Dewey: Thurs., Sept. 7, at 10 P.M., and Fri., Sept. 8, at 9:30 P.M., WABC, WEAF; Thurs., Sept. 14, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Vladimir Golschmann conducting, Sun., Sept. 10, at 3 P.M., WABC.... Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., Sept. 9, at 3:30 P.M., and Sat., Sept. 16, at 1:30 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Racing: Edgemere Handicap, Sat., Sept. 9; Beldame Handicap, Sat., Sept. 16; at 4:30 P.M., WEAF, WOR.... Boxing: Jimmy McDaniels vs. Ralph Zannelli, Fri., Sept. 8, at 10 P.M., WOR.

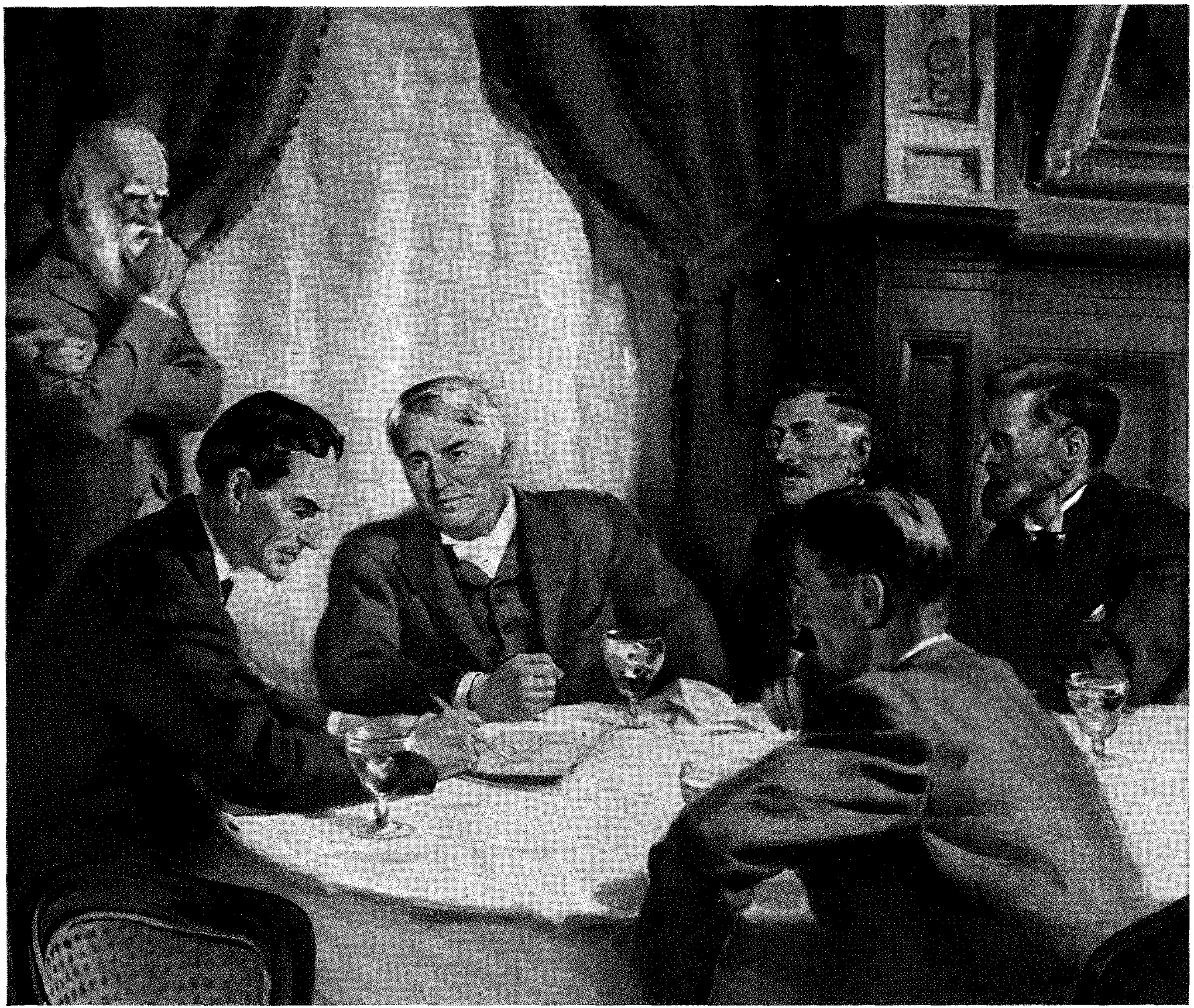
News Commentators—George Hicks (from Europe), Tues. and Thurs. at 10:15 P.M., WJZ.... Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC.... Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA.... Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR.... Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC.... Paul Schubert, Mon., Tues., Wed., and Fri. at 10:15 P.M., WOR. ... Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR.... William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC.... Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA.... Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.... Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

Adventure in Bokhara—Oriental fairy tales interpreted with gusto and a fair amount of humor by the Russians. (Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41; through Fri., Sept. 8.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Pretty much as funny as ever. Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, and Raymond Massey, plus the most important members of the original cast. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

Dragon Seed—China's war of attrition, elaborately



"Young man—you have it!" said the Wizard of Menlo Park

It is a warm August evening in 1896. Around a banquet table on Long Island sit Thomas A. Edison and the country's leading men of the electrical industry.

The talk swings naturally to politics, to Bryan and McKinley and the Cuban situation—then back again to business. There is high discussion about storage batteries to drive America's "horseless carriages". Someone points to young Henry Ford, Chief Engineer of the Detroit Edison Company, and says: "There's a man who has built a *gas* car!"

At once, Edison eagerly begins to ask questions—and to listen. "How do you explode the gas in the cylinder—by contact or by a spark?"

On the back of a menu, Henry Ford sketches the details of his engine. Edison in his enthusiasm thumps the table so hard the glassware tinkles.

"Young man, that's the thing—you have it. Keep at it. Your car is self-contained—carries its own power plant—no fire, no boiler, no smoke, and no steam. *Keep at it!*"

Here was just the challenge and encouragement which Henry Ford needed most. It was something he never forgot. And through the years, keeping-at-it has remained a firm tradition of the Ford Motor Company as it has moved forward in the creation of 30 million cars and trucks.

It is this keeping-at-it in research, in engineering and production, that has made the Ford name a synonym for smart, comfortable, economical transportation, priced to serve the needs of the greatest number.

In peaceful days ahead, the new Ford, Mercury and Lincoln cars will reflect all the established Ford skills and inventiveness. Their advanced styling will match their quality leadership. They will benefit by the newer knowledge of materials and techniques being achieved as Ford *keeps at it* in making tools for victory.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY Ford

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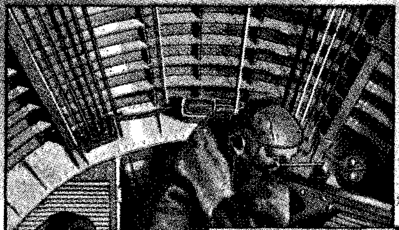
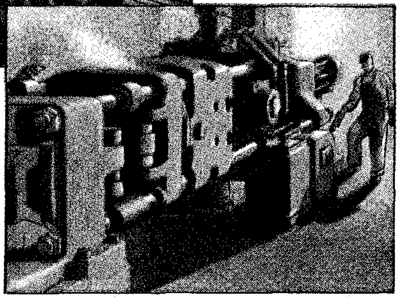


The flexible flame-resistant coatings for these airplane electrical cables are a combination of Lindol and vinyl compounds.



In this vital die-casting operation, the non-flammability of Lindol, as the hydraulic fluid, is guarding against fire in case of accident.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mounted and stirringly played, with Katharine Hepburn, Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon, and Akim Tamiroff. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Sept. 13.)

The Eve of St. Mark—A revised and improved edition of Maxwell Anderson's play about a G.I. on furlough and at war, featuring fine performances by William Eythe, Anne Baxter, and Vincent Price. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 10-12. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 12-14.)

Going My Way—An easygoing, homespun account of some of the practical functions of the Catholic Church. Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald, and Risë Stevens. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs., Sept. 7. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Thurs., Sept. 8-14. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 9-12.)

Kismet—Marlene Dietrich and Ronald Colman make decorative gestures in a not too heavy costume piece about old Bagdad. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

The Mask of Dimitrios—The biography of an imaginary but versatile felon. It's slow, but it has a lot of villainy. Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, and Zachary Scott. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Sept. 8. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., Sept. 13. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Wed., Sept. 10-13. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Mon. through Wed., Sept. 11-13. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 12-13.)

Once Upon a Time—The consequences of a man's discovering a dancing caterpillar. Cary Grant, Janet Blair, James Gleason, and Ted Donaldson. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., Sept. 13. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 9-12. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Sept. 12-16. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 13-15.)

The Pearl of Death—Mildly engaging item in the Holmes-Watson adventure cycle of Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce, with the usual deviations from the gospel according to Doyle. (Rialto, B'way at 42; tentative, through Thurs., Sept. 14.)

See Here, Private Hargrove—The funnier, and possibly more improbable, side of basic training. A flattering adaptation of the book, with Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, and Donna Reed. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 9-11.)

Since You Went Away—Nigh on to three hours of home-front heartache and familiar comedy. The players, an all-star team coached by Selznick, give it all they have. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

Two Girls and a Sailor—A variety show featuring Gracie Allen, José Iturbi, Ben Blue, Harry James, and Xavier Cugat, but mainly Jimmy Durante. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Sept. 9. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 8-10. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., Sept. 10-13.)

Wilson—The League of Nations and its sponsor co-starred in a big, gaudy show that will entertain many and offend very few. Alexander Knox as Wilson, supported by almost everybody. In Technicolor. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

Wing and a Prayer—Exploits of an aircraft carrier in the Pacific, with Don Ameche, Charles Bickford, and others, all male. Clean and untricked handling of a now familiar pattern. (Globe, B'way at 46; and Gotham, B'way at 47.)

REVIVALS

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers take over a department store. (Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 12-13.)

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—Problems arising from insanity in the family. John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., Sept. 7. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. and Tues., Sept. 11-12.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 8-10.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 13-14.)

Dead End (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Wed., Sept. 13.)

A Farewell to Arms (1932)—Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper in the Hemingway story. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Sept. 9. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 13-14.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., Sept 7.)

Hold Back the Dawn (1941)—Immigration problems in a Mexican border town. Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Sept. 7. . . .

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7,
THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 12-13.)

I Dream Too Much (1935)—Lily Pons and Jerome Kern music. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Sept. 8.)

In Which We Serve (1942)—Noel Coward's picture about a British destroyer. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 12-14.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Romance on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 8-11.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' tricky treatment of the Tarkington novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 12-14.)

The Male Animal (1942)—The Thurber-Nugent comedy, with Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Sept. 8. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 12-13.)

La Maternelle (1935)—Children in Montmartre. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Sept. 7.)

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936)—Another Capra comedy, this one about the fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 8-11.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Irene Dunne as a female Enoch Arden and Cary Grant as her husband. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Sept. 9.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Ben Hecht's drollery of Manhattan life. Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Sat., Sept. 9. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 13-15.)

Pot o' Gold (1941)—Now called "Jimmy Steps Out." With Paulette Goddard and James Stewart. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Sept. 8.)

Rembrandt (1936)—The artist's later days. Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Gertrude Lawrence. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Sept. 9.)

Roberta (1935)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; from Sat., Sept. 9.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., Sept. 7.)

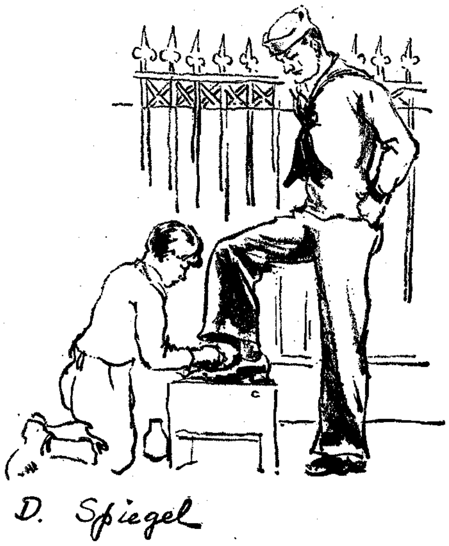
Sous les Toits de Paris (1930)—Best-known early René Clair film. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 12-14.)

Winterset (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., Sept. 7. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. and Tues., Sept. 11-12.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing documentary films, produced by the Office of War Information for distribution in liberated countries, weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule: THROUGH SUN., SEPT. 10: "The Town," "The Autobiography of a Jeep," and "Toscanini: The Hymn of the Nations." . . . FROM MON., SEPT 11: "People to People," and "Valley of the Tennessee."

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300): men to take a short training course and then serve eight hours a week, during the late afternoon and evening, in the City Patrol Corps; men and women to put in at least one afternoon or evening a week as group leaders in recreation centres for school-age children. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day making surgical dressings. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58: women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies (RE 7-3700); women to work at least five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores (PL 3-6487). . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to take a short training course and then work about six hours a week, day or evening, as orderlies in hospital wards; women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, during the day, as librarians or aides in wards and clinics.

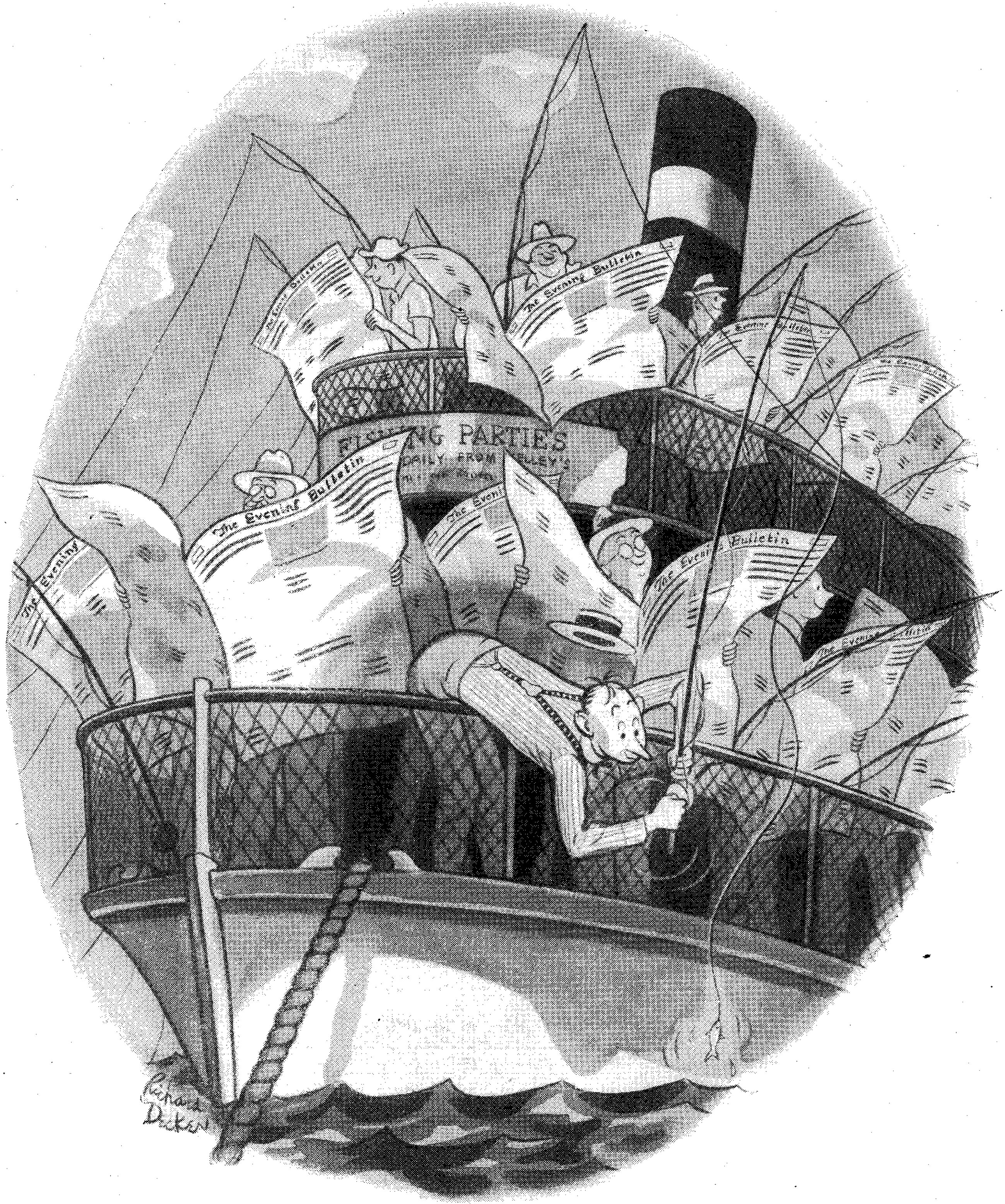


Note—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U. S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the early fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

Salvage—Wastepaper, which is vitally needed, and tin cans of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The Red Cross is greatly in need of Type O blood, to be flown overseas in whole-blood form. Volunteers who are sure they are Type O can report to the Red Cross Center, 2 E. 37, without appointment, Mon. through Fri. from 10.30 A.M. to 7 P.M., and Sat. from 10:30 A.M. to 4 P.M. All other donors, whose blood is needed for plasma, should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Greek War Relief Association (CI 5-9100) is collecting practical clothing, in good condition, to send abroad. Contributions should be taken or mailed to the Association's warehouse at 420 E. 54. . . . American Relief for France, 457 Madison, at 51 (PL 3-4571), needs French books to send to the thousands of French service men in this country and in Canada. Contributions should be taken or mailed to the organization's offices. . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for writing tables, radios, records, and pool and tennis tables. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the A. W. V. S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33); the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); and Bundles for America, 2 Park, at 33 (MU 5-1976). . . . The Red Cross Post and Hospital Committee, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455), is collecting broken cigarette lighters, which will be repaired and used by convalescent soldiers. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. Contributions should be taken to the American Legion Welfare Committee, 325 E. 38 (LE 2-0886). . . . Musical instruments of all kinds (especially drums and brasses) are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410), or to the Special Services Officer of the New York Port of Embarkation, Arsenal Bldg., 3 Ave. at 63, Brooklyn (WI 9-5400, Ext. 538).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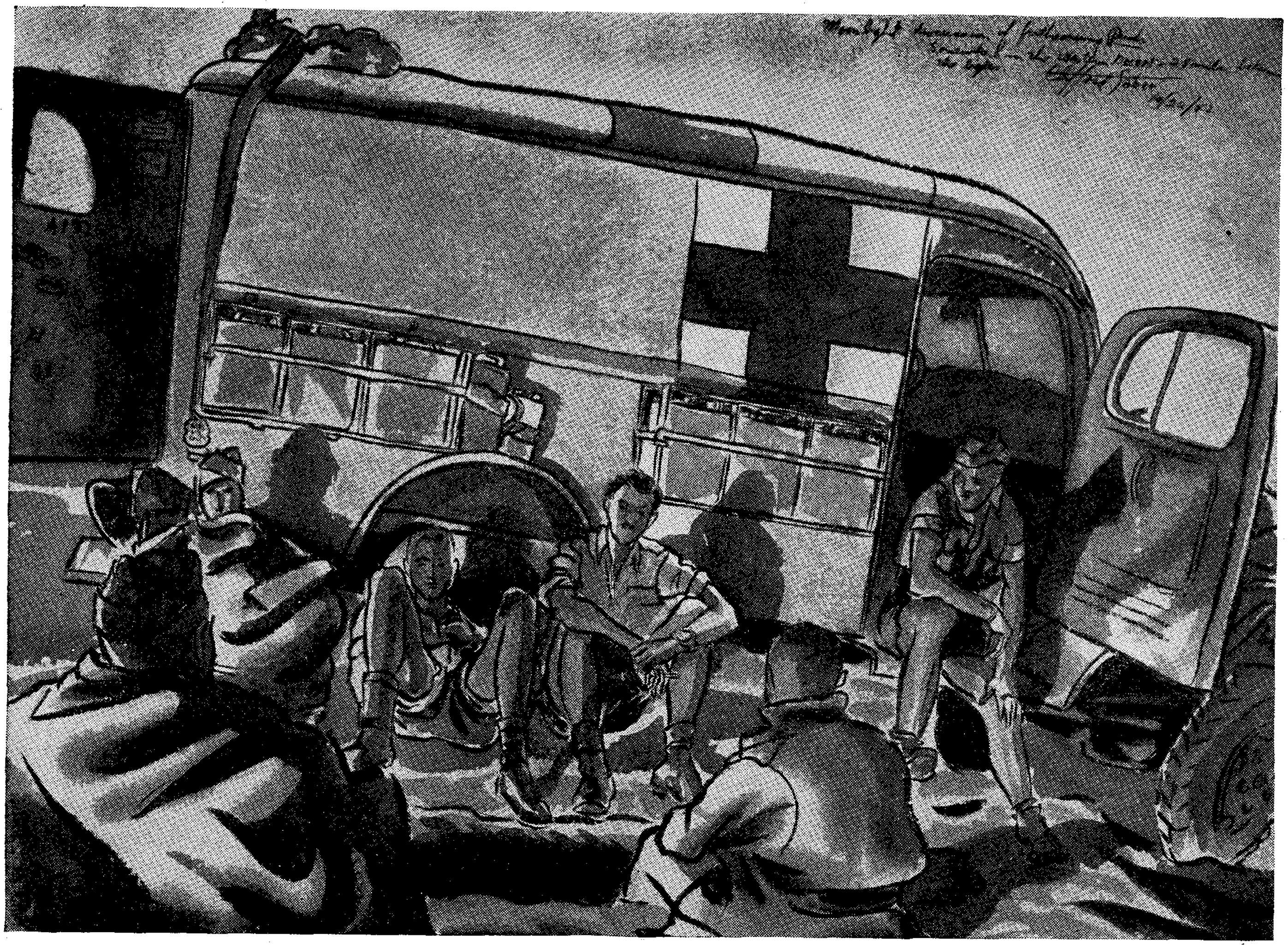

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"I MADE THIS SKETCH at a hospital camp East of Alamein. I had a lot of friends that night that I haven't got now . . . but today, in the whisper of some melody filled with their voices and their laughter, a lot of things that seemed so wrong at the time have eased off, and the distance between us seems a little less . . . in music!"

FROM EARLY CHILDHOOD, through all the joys and tragedies of life . . . there are few of us who do not rely on the power of music to set us right, to give us solace and courage, to create happiness for us.

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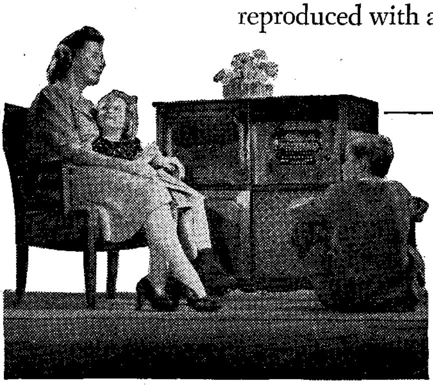
OUR "E" FLAG means many things to the men and women of Stromberg-Carlson. It means . . . keep turning out the equipment for our fighting men. It means . . . keep buying War Bonds till it hurts. It means . . . give blood to the Red Cross. It means . . . keep praying and working for victory to bring our boys home!



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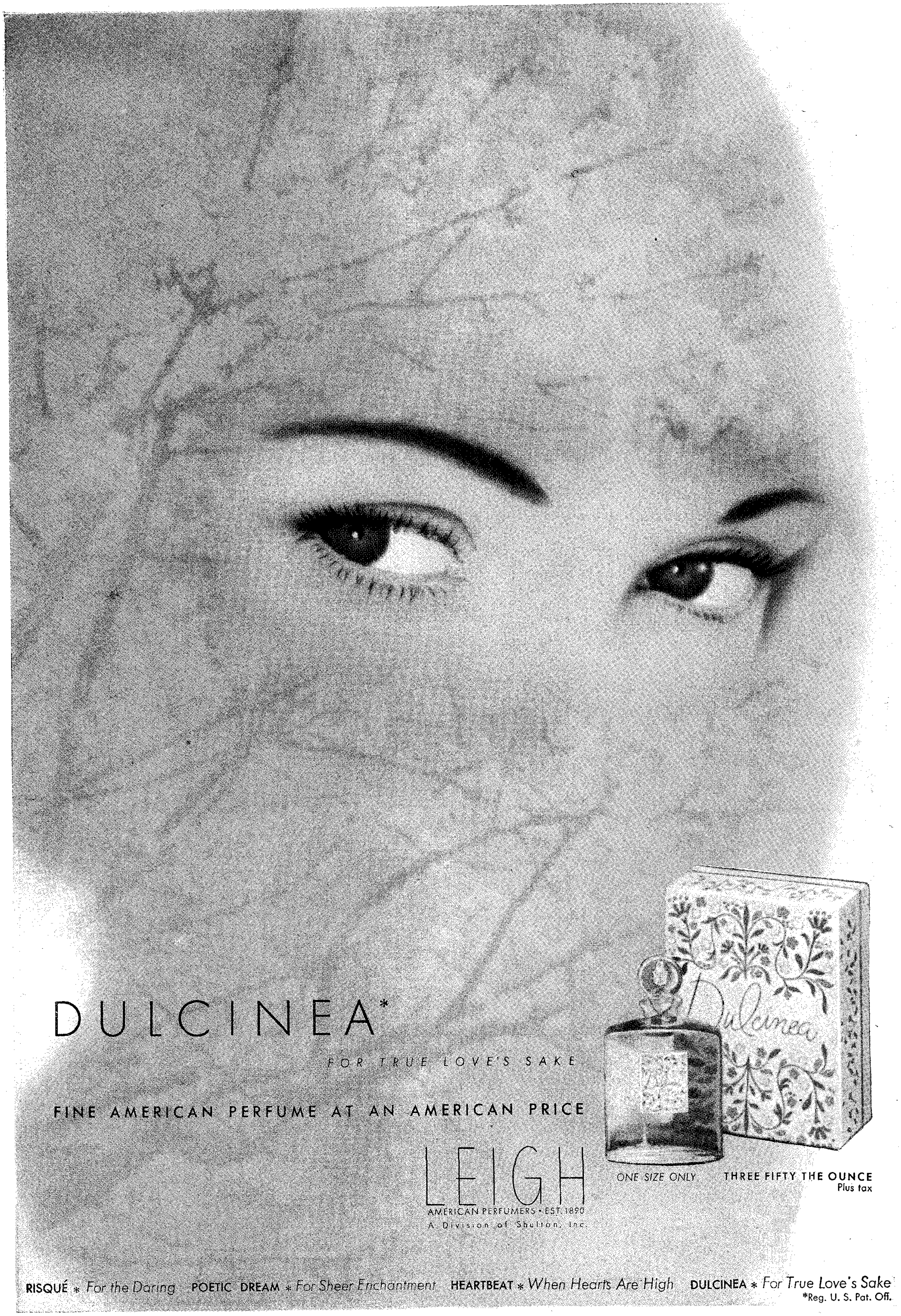

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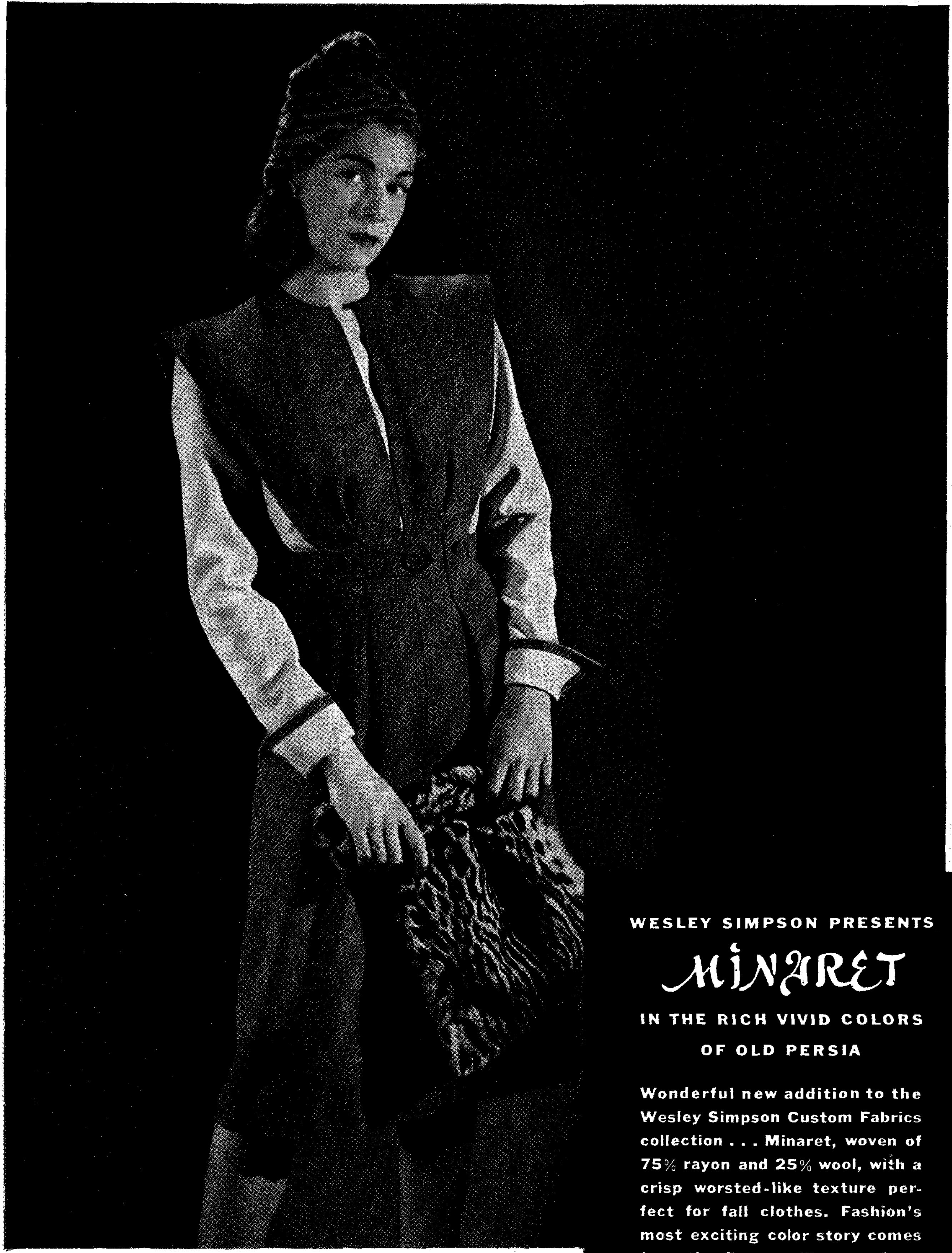

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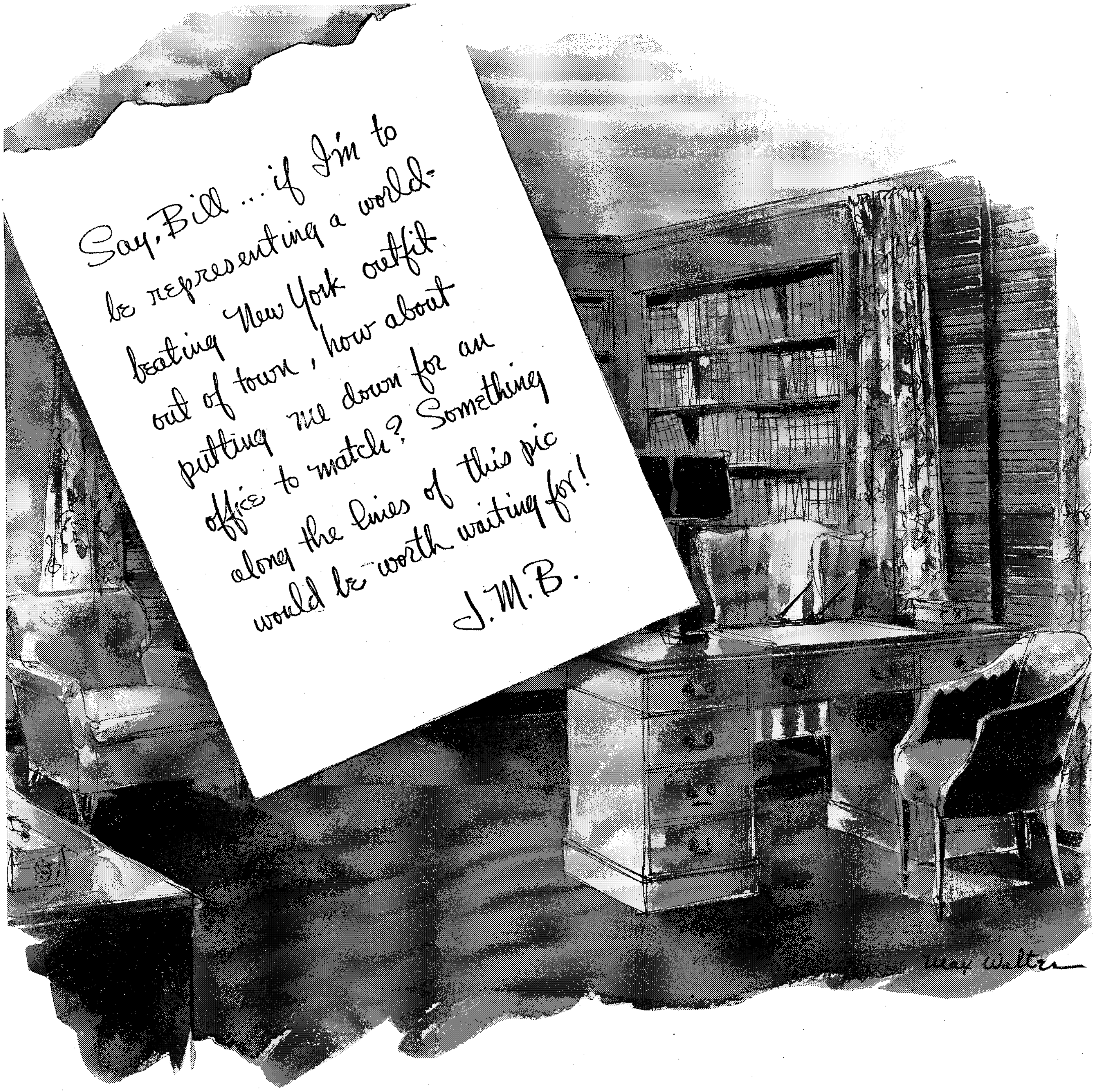

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J. M. B.

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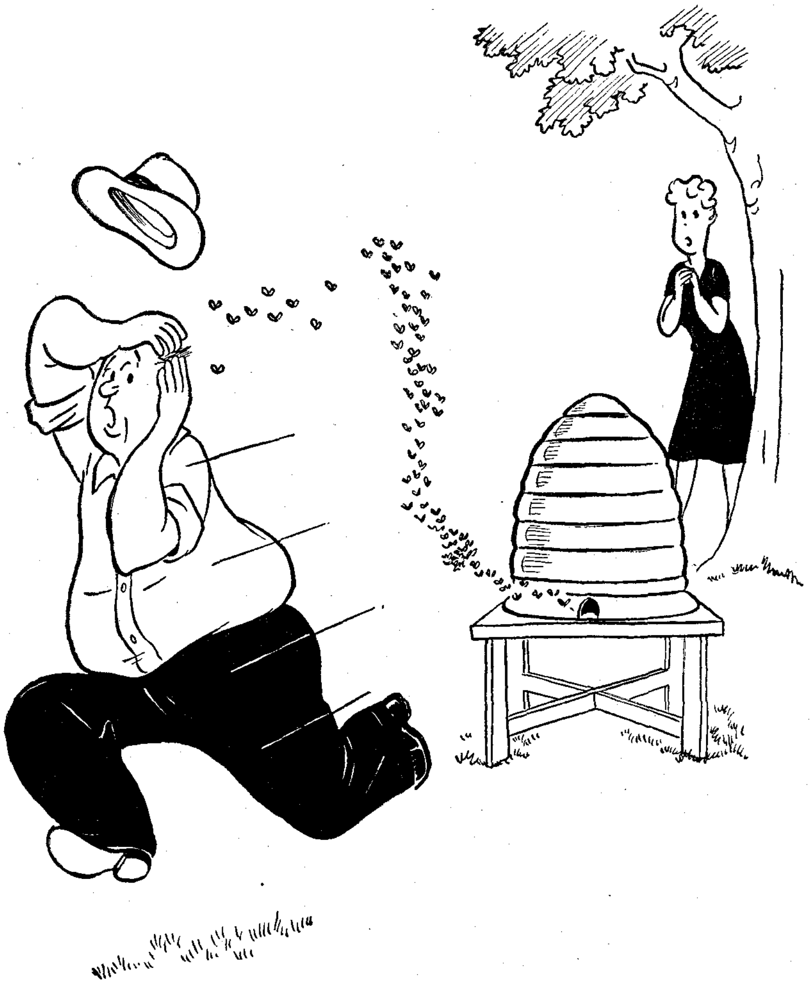
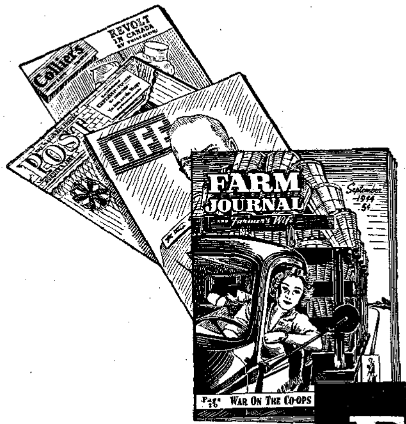


Yes, Mr. Sensenig,
bees are livestock

Very much alive, you'll agree. It's too bad you haven't been a steady reader of Farm Journal or you would have learned the proper approach. Industrious little beggars, bees, but they don't know they're working for you. To get the honey away from them requires finesse and knowledge of method. There's lots more to being a farmer than buying the old McCouch place and putting in modern plumbing.

• • • •

Reason why Farm Journal is such a popular magazine with its more than two and a half million paid-in-advance subscribers is its all-around interest. Not only discusses soil conservation and other aspects of scientific farming but gives you hints on lots of little things that make living on a farm so much fun. Even gives the latest on cosmetics and hair-dos, for farm women are interested in beauty as much as city folks. Any druggist with country trade will tell you that. Knowledge of its readers and what they want to read is what made Farm Journal by far the largest rural magazine in the world.



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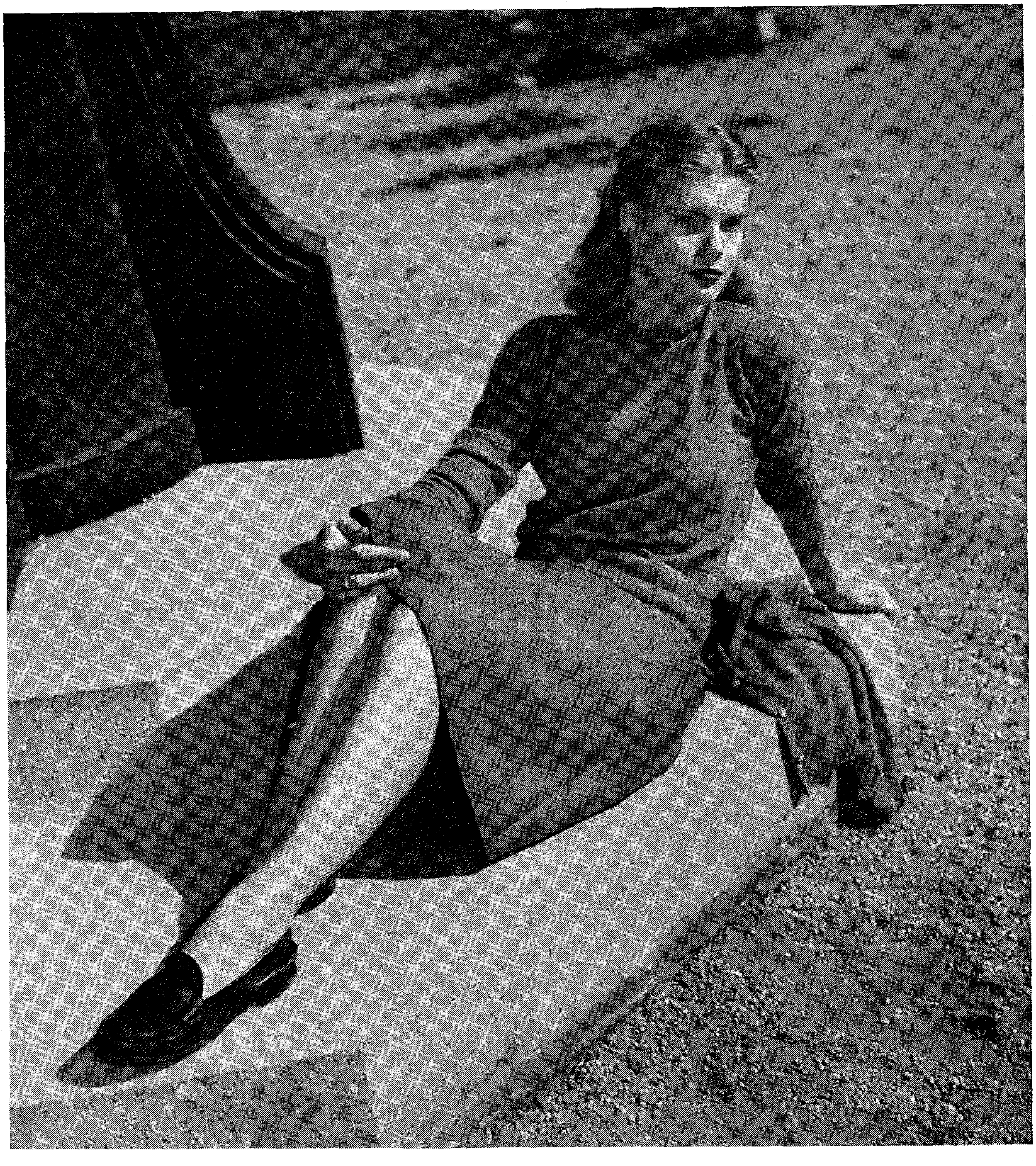

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this quest for beauty

Go back far as you can in history and you find the civilizations most noted for their achievements were most concerned with beauty. Is it coincidence that our own women and the women of classic Greece are the loveliest of recorded time? Is it coincidence that so many of America's distinguished women protect and heighten their beauty with Monteil's Beauty Balm and Monteil's Face Powder?

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOTE FOR THE A.A.F.: The *Herald Tribune's* Home Institute has discovered, or imagined, that an ordinary ladyfinger is roughly the shape of the fuselage of a bomber and that if you cut a ladyfinger in half, crosswise, and place the two cut pieces against a whole ladyfinger to form wings, you get a Liberator, or whatever. Several of these, filled with jam or jelly, says the *Tribune*, should be arranged on a tray in echelon formation.

STRATEGY NOTE: One of our former journalistic associates, now working as company clerk at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, reports on the solution of a difficult military problem. The officer in charge of assigning quarters to officers found himself faced with a Lieut. Hunt and a Lieut. Fox, a Capt. Baker and a Lieut. Goodbread. With hardly a moment's thought, he assigned Hunt and Baker to one hut, Fox and Goodbread to another, and there hasn't been a gag yet.

BEHOLD the platform speaker! He grasps the microphone as coolly as though it were a broom handle in his mother's kitchen and warns you (a thousand miles away) to beware of fantastic schemes. Standing there, speaking in a natural tone of voice, he is of the very nature of fantasy. His words leap across rivers and mountains, but his thoughts are still only six inches long.

WE have received ample assurance from practical politicians that a federalized world is preposterous and fantastic. But we have also been assured that the short range of the present rocket bombs will soon be corrected. Every day the importance of being fantastic becomes clearer. It does not seem a bit too fantastic to us that the people of this small world should indulge themselves in a common government, or that a Britisher, a Portuguese, and a Hollander should live under the same bill of rights.

THE men of Dumbarton Oaks are hunched over their U-shaped table as we write this. We wish them strength, wisdom, vision. Specifically, we wish them the strength to be fantastic. If they arise from their table with a diagram that is less fantastic, we'll say, than a radio set or a rocket bomb, then they will have failed and we shall have been betrayed. Of what use is it to equip our ships with the most sensitive detection devices, so they can hear faint vibrations at great distances, only to entrust our lives and fortunes to the deaf, who can't even hear the vibrations of a kettle drum in the same room with them? We wish the conferees strength, wisdom, vision, keen hearing. There are universal vibrations that must be picked up at just this moment in history. They are as insistent as insects in the grass.

EVERYBODY likes to hear about a man laying down his life for his country, but nobody wants to hear about a country giving her shirt for her planet. Why is that? You would think that after such a demonstration of self-sacrifice as we have seen, any nation would gladly bleed and die for the world. Who are we to play the peace safe? After such deeds.

QUERY: What does Mr. Hull mean when he speaks of "all peace-loving nations"? Who is to decide what nation is peace-loving, what nation war-loving? Germany and Japan, by their own definition, are peace-loving nations, engaged in establishing world peace according to their lights. To many Finns, Russia must seem a war-loving nation. Is Italy a peace-loving or a war-loving nation? It depends on whether you're talking about Italy in the first World War, when she was on our side, or in the second World War, when she was on the other. We will never get anywhere till we stop talking about "all peace-loving nations." The phrase is "all nations."

SIR ALEXANDER CADOGAN, head of the British group at the conference, said that "the nations of the world should maintain, according to their capacities, sufficient forces available for joint action when necessary to prevent breaches of the peace." A good point. A good point but an old story. The peace of the world was breached when Fascism began to spread its crimes against society in the nineteen-twenties, but although there was at that time among the nations of the world plenty of force available to prevent the breach, there was no tendency toward joint action. Nor will there be any tendency toward joint action as long as the world is run on the principle of national sovereignty, by a system of agreements between sovereign nations. There will never be any tendency toward joint action until it is too late. Therefore, the problem is not how to make force available for joint action but how to make world government available so that action won't have to be joint.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Man of Decision in the advertisements for Lord Calvert whiskey may also be seen on page 479-F of the Sears Roebuck catalogue, wearing nothing but a suit of long underwear.

Macy's has a stock of metal sand pails in its toy department which are hardly recognizable for what they used to be—chemical canisters for civilian gas masks.

On the afterdeck of the model of the Kungsholm in the window of the Swedish-American Line's office in Radio City is a full-sized mousetrap, baited with a full-sized piece of cheese.

A private in training at Camp Crowder, in Missouri, has discovered that the cartridge belt issued to him was made by the Betty Ann Bag Company.

Cross of Lorraine

DE GAULLE probably chose the double-barred Cross of Lorraine as the standard for the Free French troops because, before the fall of France, he had commanded a mechanized regiment recruited chiefly from Lorraine men. The cross dates back to the early Middle Ages, for it was part of the coat of arms of the hereditary Dukes of Lorraine. In Nancy there's a double-barred stone cross which commemorates a victory in 1477 by the then current Duke, René II, over the Duke of Burgundy, who wanted to sell his beer in both duchies. Every Fighting Frenchman who has been with the movement since 1940 wears a cross with his identification number engraved on the back. Six-fifty will buy a silver one for a civilian at the local headquarters of France Forever and in addition will send a package of food to an Allied war prisoner.

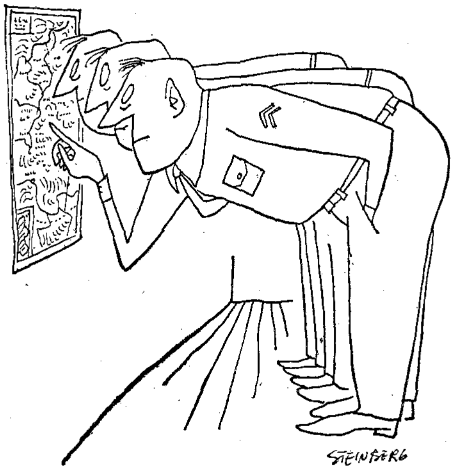
The Cross of Lorraine, as it is now called, appeared a thousand years or so before the Christian era, in Egypt, where it was regarded as a symbol of goodness. Egyptians who thought they were good would hang one over their doorway. The cross dropped out of sight until after the Catholic Church had become well established; then it was revived as the sign of the patriarchs. (The single-barred cross stood for the Church itself.) It was used more frequently in the Greek Orthodox Church than in the Roman Catholic, and figured prominently in Byzantine architecture. We skip now to the eleventh century, when Godfrey de Bouillon, a Lorraine nobleman, got an attack of conscience after burning down a church and took a vow to lead a crusade to Jerusalem. This cross was his emblem. He made it and, upon reaching the Holy Land, became King of Jerusalem. After this the cross was known as the Jerusalem Cross and was taken up as a symbol by a group of ambitious young French nobles who had banded together under the name of the Knights Templars.

People still argue about the Knights Templars, and we're not going out on a limb. It's a fact, certainly, that their announced purpose was to help spread Christianity throughout the world and that they had an elaborate ritual that centred on the figure 3—each knight had three horses, observed three fasts a year, made three vows, and so forth. Somehow or other, they got themselves exempted from taxes and military service and clumped around through all of Europe behind their double-barred cross, acquiring enormous properties and wealth and doing practically what they liked, for a hundred and ninety-odd years. Then the leaders were arrested and most of them executed at the order of Philip le Bel of France. By this time, the Knights were so unpopular that nobody would defend them at their trial. The Knights who escaped death fled to Scotland, where they went underground and emerged eventually as Freemasons, as full of ritualism, mystery, and hocus-pocus as ever.

Excuse

THERE isn't much to be said for the sort of language used by Army men when they're communicating through official channels, but you've got to admit that it can spruce up the old alarm-clock-didn't-go-off gag; witness a document that has just come into our possession. Leaving out names, dates, and other extraneous details, it reads as follows:

> SUBJECT: Explanation of failure to arrive on time for scheduled meeting of observers.
>
> 1. The arrangements which this soldier had for his awakening and which had at the time seemed wholly adequate did not prove effective. As a result, he overslept.

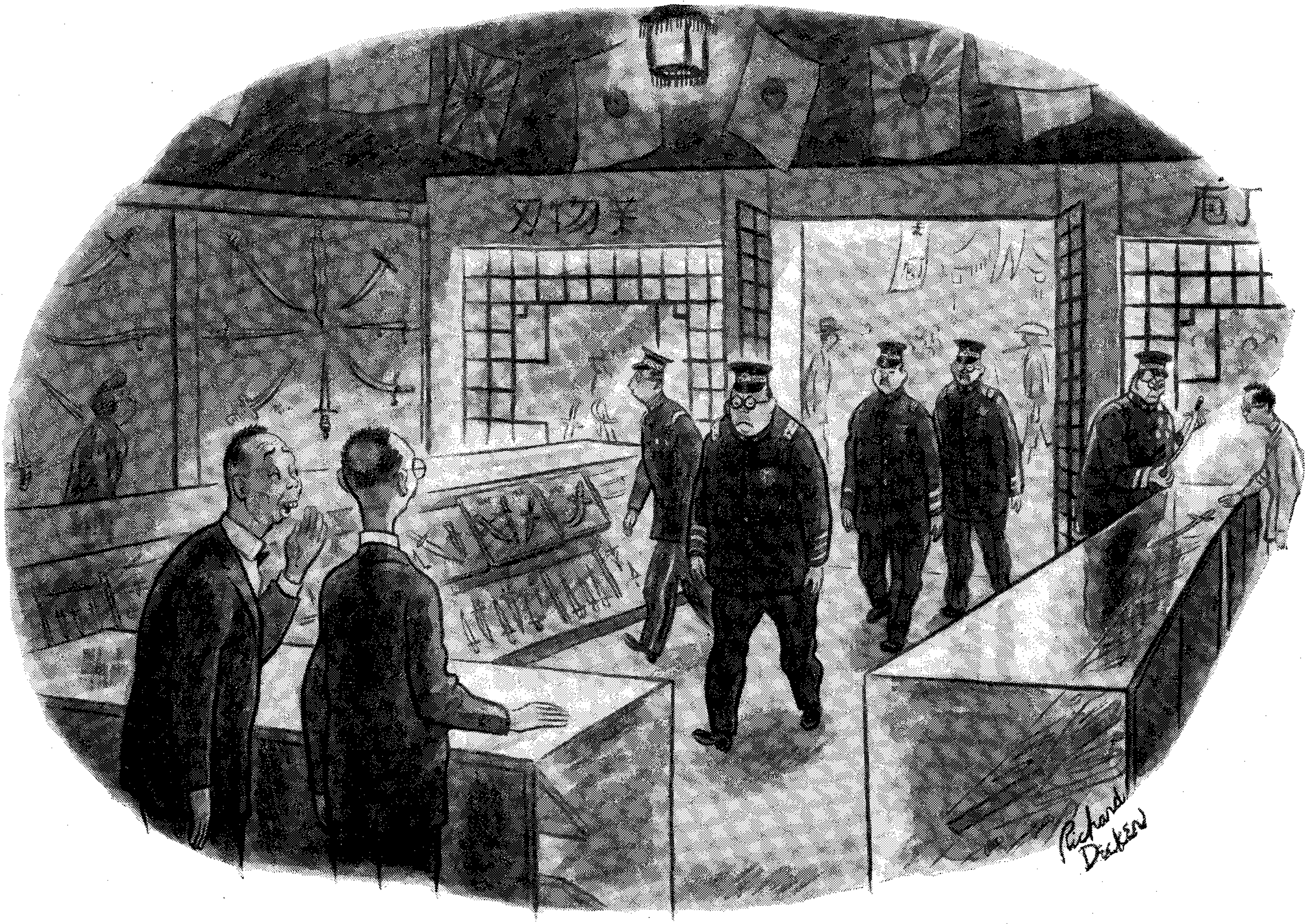


Craftsme

WE have been hearing lately about a man in Bryn Mawr who is the inventor of a paper-filled vest which he is talking up as a garment for wintertime in countries devastated by the war, and last week we had the good fortune to interview him. He is Henry H. Collins, a small, hearty fellow in his seventies, with a bobbing bald head and a cheerful sparkle in his eye. He was slightly coy about his past, but we did worm out of him the fact that he had a good Philadelphia education at the Episcopal Academy and the University of Pennsylvania and that for many years he was president of the A. M. Collins Manufacturing Company, which concerns itself with paper products. Mr. Collins did not invent his vest until after he had retired, which was in 1931. "It was all those people not having enough clothes during that depression and my not having anything to do but think about them," he told us.

Mr. Collins first experimented with vests actually made out of paper, but this proved to be a blind alley, as the vests had a tendency to shred away. The successful model (the Collins Emergency Vest, Pat. No. 2,331,962) is made of cloth—a series of pockets into which the user may stuff as many thicknesses of folded newspapers as the state of the weather calls for. Back in the days when prosperity was just around the corner, a good many people discovered that newsprint kept out the cold, and Mr. Collins' vest is simply a scientific adaptation of this. Mr. Collins showed us a Collins Emergency Vest that he happened to have with him; it was a sturdy affair of khaki cloth and white tape, and, we discovered by peeping, the pockets were filled with Philadelphia *Bulletins*. "Personally, I prefer the *Inquirer* to read, but the *Bulletin* is warmer to wear," Mr. Collins remarked. "But no matter which you use, always keep in mind that *nothing* is warmer than newspaper. You can talk about your wool or felt or fur, but that's just talk."

Mr. Collins recommends the Emer-



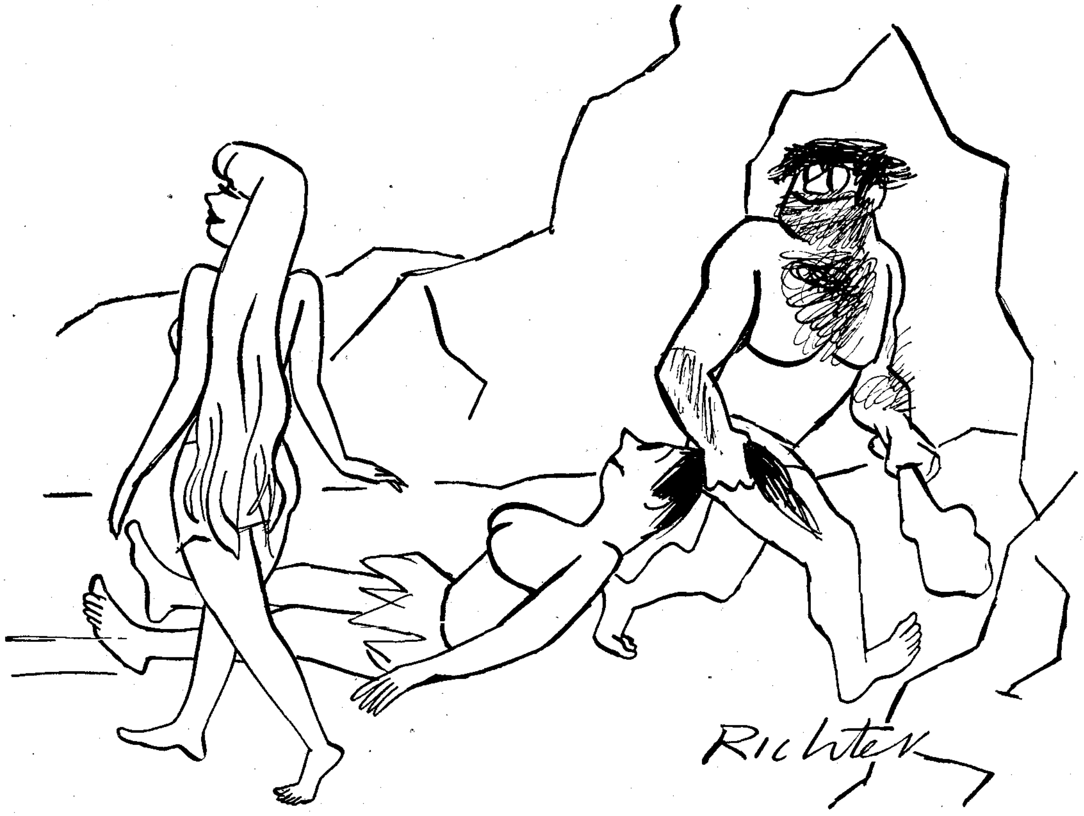
"Oh, oh! Look out for bad news."

* * *

gency Vest for soldiers, sailors, airmen, air-raid wardens, campers, and everybody else likely to be exposed to the cold, but commercially he is concentrating on the foreign relief front. Any government agency or foreign government interested enough to send Mr. Collins a dollar can get a sample. He hasn't had an honest-to-goodness nibble yet, but one outfit did investigate the idea to the extent of figuring out that the vests could probably be manufactured in quantity for about thirty cents apiece, not counting the Philadelphia *Bulletins*. The paper shortage is naturally a thorn in Mr. Collins' side, but he takes the stand that his vests, if they ever came into general use, would be another good reason for saving paper. It just happens that Mr. Collins never gets cold, so he hasn't really had a chance to find out for himself how the Emergency Vest works. "There have been times when I have toyed with the thought of marrying an Eskimo girl and bringing her to my cottage in Bryn Mawr so that I could be sure of not being cooked to death," he said. "But I suppose that would have been the cause of some comment in the town of Bryn Mawr." Mr. Collins says that there's a story going around that the Emergency Vest crackles as you move; he denies this. The brochure that describes the Emergency Vest says that it is designed and manufactured by the Collins Craftsmen, Inc. "That is a little trick on the public, that 'Craftsmen,' " Mr. Collins told us. "There are no craftsmen, there is just crafts*me*. But I felt that 'Collins Craftsman' would look too insufferable."

Tête-à-Tête

AN enormous corporation which has some war contracts recently threw a big cocktail party in Washington, dispatching thither its Eastern publicity man, who is based in New York but has charge of all cocktail parties and such held east of Pittsburgh. His instructions were to act as host at the party, pay the check, sleep that night in the suite where the party was held, and come home next day. Well, it was a pretty successful party, our man figured, up to a certain point. After much coming and going, it got to be nine o'clock and one guest still remained. He was seated in an armchair, drinking Scotch at a leisurely pace, and obviously had no intention of leaving soon. Our man had a couple more drinks with him. This brought them to ten o'clock. The guest was still sitting, utterly relaxed, drinking Scotch and talking about this and that, so our man, venturing upon a hint, asked whether he shouldn't, since it was way after dinnertime, send down for a tray of sandwiches. The other fellow, not a whit abashed, said he thought that was a fine idea. It took them until well after eleven to eat the sandwiches, and then our man, resolved to be really brutal, stood up, stretched, and said, "Well, I have to get up early in the morning. I hope you won't mind if I go to bed." The other man said no, it was time *he* went to bed, too. Whereupon they both headed for the bedroom. Turned out that the late guest was the publicity man covering the territory west of Pittsburgh and that he had been



given the same instructions as the Eastern man.

Our Own Baedeker

THE area of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, one of the few remaining little independent European states, is 999 square miles, and the last census put the population at 296,766, which means that Luxembourg is just a bit smaller than Rhode Island and has about half its population. People who would like to be considered authorities on Luxembourg must know that geographically it is divided into two districts. The northern half, known as the Esleck, is hilly, rocky country, and includes part of the Forest of Ardennes. The southern half has broad, fertile valleys, just like Westchester County, and is accordingly called the Bon Pays. Luxembourg, the capital city, has a population of fifty-seven thousand, and there are other cities, called Differdange, Dudelange, and the like.

The country, of course, was in its early days a playground for the Romans, Celts, Gauls, Goths, Huns, and Merovingians. The city of Luxembourg dates from 960 A.D., when a Count Siegfried of Ardennes, a descendant of Charlemagne, built a castle there. Bits and pieces of it are still standing. In the succeeding centuries, Luxembourg was ruled by a number of more or less interesting people, among whom we might specially mention the Countess Ermesinde and John the Blind. Ermesinde was a water sprite on her mother's side, and this may have influenced her political views; at any rate, in 1244 A.D., she presented the city fathers of Luxembourg with a Letter of Franchise which established some rather advanced principles of democracy. John the Blind, in spite of his obvious unfitness for active service, insisted on fighting in the battle of Crécy, in which he was killed. The next day, Edward, Prince of Wales, the Black Prince, found the body while inspecting the battlefield. From it he took the three plumes which have ever since been the crest of the Princes of Wales. In modern history, Luxembourg has had its share of the misfortunes of a buffer state. It was handed around from France to Austria to Burgundy to Spain and back again, and hardly a treaty was made anywhere that didn't partition Luxembourg or change its affiliation. It was the Treaty of London, in 1867, which finally guaranteed its independence and neutrality. The present ruler, who will presumably go back to work as soon as the Nazis are chased out, is the Grand Duchess Charlotte of the House of Nassau. She is married to Prince Félix de Bourbon-Parme, who is the brother of the ex-Empress Zita of Austria and is the only Bourbon still on a throne anywhere.

Luxembourg has one mile of railway track for every three square miles of territory, which is good. Ninety-seven per cent of the population is Roman Catholic, but there are (or were) flourishing Protestant and Jewish congregations. There was no official relation between church and state. French and German have alternated as the official language, but the everyday speech is a patois called Letzeburgesch, which is Teutonic in origin but contains strong elements of French, Celtic, and Saxon. It is unintelligible to Frenchmen and Germans, but they say an Englishman can pick out a few words here and there. Iron mining and steel making are the big industry, and after that comes farming. In normal times the country exports a certain amount of china, cement, gloves, fancy fabrics, and tobacco. The local quisling is a professor Kratzenberg and the national poet is a Michel Lentz, from one of whose poems comes the national motto: "*Mir Woelle Bleiwe Wat Mir Sin,*" which means "We want to remain what we are." In Luxembourg the fire department is the chief social organization in all the towns. A fireman's helmet and a fireman's funeral are both so luxuriant that they have to be seen to be believed. The country abounds in quaint superstitions, most of which seem to have come straight from the Black Forest. There is one story about a girl named Griselinda who has such a beautiful voice that anyone criticizing her is turned to stone. The children believe in St. Nicholas and have Christmas trees, but they are also likely to believe in Père Fouettard, who is a sort of anti-Santa Claus. The chief sport of the Luxembourgeois is boar hunting, which is carried on, usually on Sundays, in the winter and involves the use of an impressive number of stools, flasks, and umbrellas. The Grand Duchy used to maintain an army of two hundred and fifty men. The Delano branch of the President's family stems from Luxembourg.

Critique

A HISTORIAN we know, a specialist on Rome under the emperors, let himself be persuaded by one of the up-to-the-minute publishing houses to write a "modern" book on Rome for supplementary high-school reading. It was to be written as a thriller, so that the students could absorb their knowledge of Roman history and life painlessly, on the side. Our historian sweated over it and turned out a corker, or anyhow the publishers said it was a corker—an oracle stolen from one of the temples, knifings, kidnappings, screams in the darkened cellars of the Colosseum. The high schools snapped it up. Several months later the author got his first fan letter. "I am a fifteen-year-old boy," it read, "and I greatly enjoyed your fast action mystery, despite several minor historical inaccuracies."

The American Way

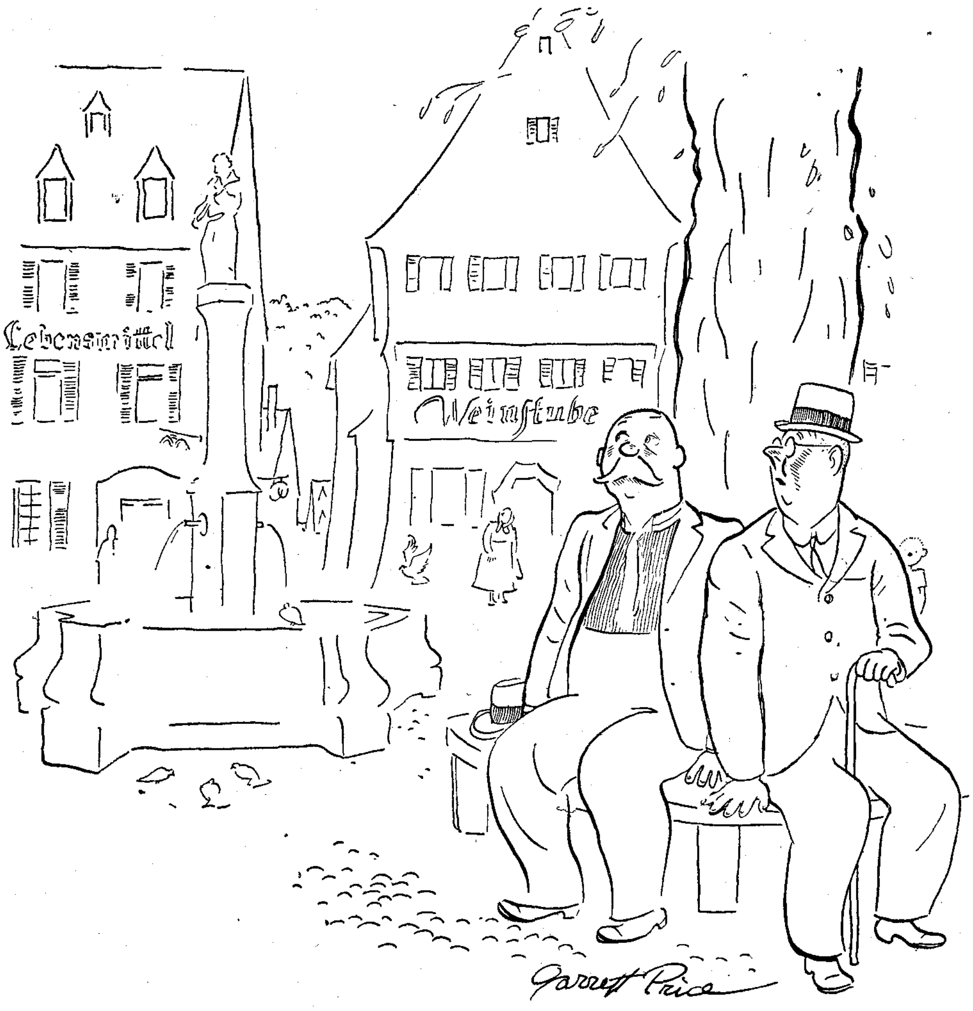
NO Presidential campaign would be complete without a report on Mrs. Preston Davie, the Republican lady who, in 1936, composed the series of ominous little editorials that ran in the *Herald Tribune:* "Only thirty days left to save the American Way of Life . . . ," "Only twenty-nine days left to save the American Way of Life . . . ," and so on. We checked up on her last week and found that she has been, to date in this campaign, politically dormant, but that she won't remain so. "I've just been frightfully dull," she told us. "With my war work and running the house and garden and all that sort of thing, I just haven't had time for another thing." Several years ago, she and Mr. Davie, a genial lawyer with little or no interest in politics, moved from River House to Westbury. "We have a lovely garden there," she said. "I dig in it." Mrs. Davie is going to be back in politics very soon; on September 19th, to be exact, when she will be in charge of a luncheon given at the Waldorf by a ladies' money-raising committee. They asked Clare Luce to speak, but she couldn't make it and they're getting Governor Saltonstall instead. "And after that," said Mrs. Davie, "well, you can put down that I'll be available for anything. Anything."

On her trips to town, Mrs. Davie has occasionally bumped into Hoover or Dewey and had a chat, but she hasn't seen Willkie in months, except to wave to. She is firmly optimistic about her party's chances this fall. "I know Mr. Dewey and I like him," she told us. "He has a tough fibre to his thinking and he's devoted to his wife and children." We ventured to ask Mrs. Davie what she thought the key issues of the campaign would be, and she replied confidently, "Dewey will develop some, I'm sure of that." She attended the Republican convention but took no part in it. "Some of the people had some very interesting things to say about private enterprise," she reported.

If Mrs. Davie disliked Roosevelt before the 1936 campaign (and she certainly did), she dislikes him even more nowadays, because, she said, he stole the phrase "The American way of life" from her and has been using it ever since. "He uses it in his speeches as though it had been his idea all along," she said. "I'll never forgive him for it." Then she added, somewhat bitterly, "And as far as that goes, I'll never forgive him for packing the Supreme Court. I said he'd do it, and he went right ahead and did it." Another thing that Roosevelt went right ahead and did after Mrs. Davie had predicted he would was accept the nomination for a fourth term. We asked Mrs. Davie what had become of the National Republican Builders, which she founded back in the days when Landon was running. "Well," she said, "it just became unincorporated. I can't remember when, but it must have been a long time ago. I used to place things by the Presidential terms they occurred in, but of course that doesn't mean much now."

O. K.

THIS happened in a bank in one of the remote suburbs, and we're not supposed to say where. Anyway, a rather bedraggled lady showed up with a check she wanted cashed. The cashier didn't remember ever seeing her before and asked if she could get somebody to vouch for her identity. She said yes, she could, and went out into the street. A few minutes later she returned with one of the town cops. "Do you know me?" she demanded of the cop. "Sure," the cop said. The teller paid out the money and the lady left. The cop hung around for a few minutes and the teller seized the opportunity to apologize for embroiling him in such a trivial matter. "Oh, that's O.K.," the cop said. "I guess I know her better than anybody else. I arrest her for being drunk and disorderly about once a month."



"Of course, it may be just thunder."

MY FRIEND DOMESTICUS

If, to Man, the cricket seems to hear with its legs, it is possible that to the cricket Man seems to walk on his ears.
—*Anon, 19th Century.*

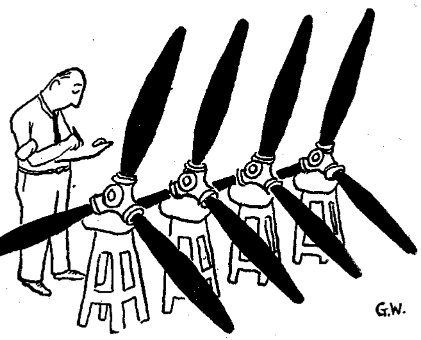
IT has been established beyond doubt that the auditory organs of the Gryllidae (crickets) are situated in their front legs, but it will be the purpose of this article to suggest that, in the case of a certain group of crickets, this morphological oddity may also serve as the sensitive apparatus of a much more remarkable function.

In the country it is possible to be oblivious of a million crickets and conscious suddenly of one. This soloist, whose violin rises so compellingly out of the full orchestra, is *Gryllus domesticus*, the house cricket. He is the cricket on the hearth, but his appearances there are fleeting, for he spends most of the time, when he is audibly in residence, deep in the wall of the fireplace chimney. He is also, as we shall see, the cricket behind the grandfather's clock and the cricket in your lady's blue satin mule. It is useless to pick him up and put him out on the lawn "where he belongs," because he doesn't belong there at all and he will come in again as soon as your back is turned. He is not to be confused with *Gryllus campestris*, the field cricket, who has a burrow under the grass and is only casually interested in houses constructed by man. If you do put *domesticus* out, it is well to take him up in a handkerchief, because he may bite. The house cricket is companionable, but he resents the taking of liberties. The house is big enough for both of you; he will keep his place if you will keep yours.

Early in September, two years ago, a *domesticus* began to chirp from somewhere inside the chimney of the dining-room fireplace in my house in the country. He took part in conversations at table and joined lustily in concertos for violin, cricket, and orchestra when they were played on the victrola. He appeared to enjoy the special quality the human voice has when it is reading aloud, but it is probably my imagination that *domesticus* offered, in occasional long silences, an adverse criticism of certain noisy half-hour radio programs. If he was spoken to loudly and sharply by a voice very close to his winter quarters, he would abruptly cease chirping. It was easy to entertain a friendly feeling for *Gryllus domesticus* even though we caught sight of him only on rare occasions, when, it may be, he was starting off to forage for crumbs in the kitchen. There were never any signs to bear out the common suspicion that the house cricket, like the field cricket, eats carpets, shawls, dinner jackets, and the seats of bathing suits.

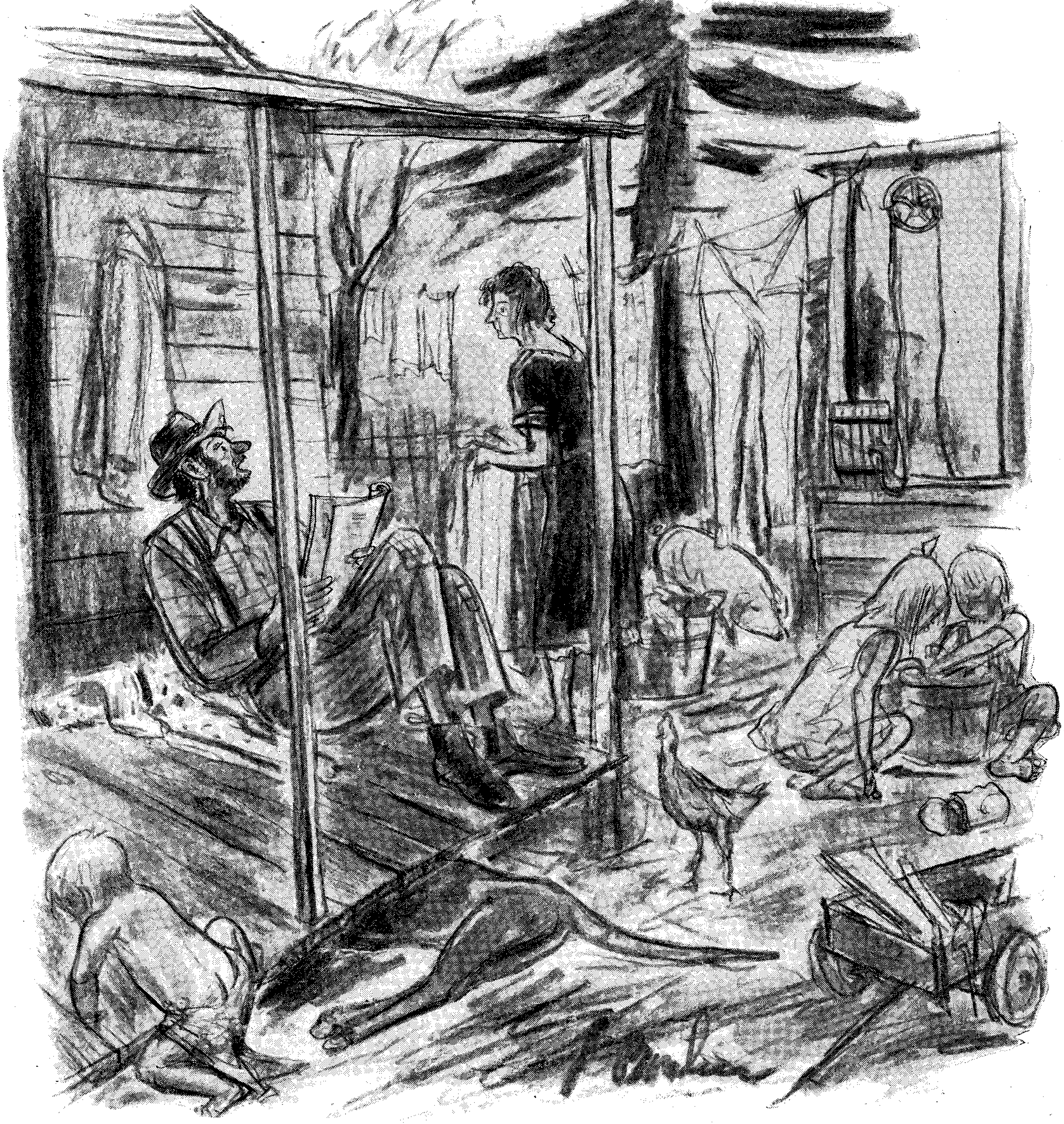
The cricket left the chimney in late March or early April, or at least I thought he'd left. All I actually knew was that he stopped chirping. There was silence in the fireplace for five months, but when September came round again the fiddling in the wall was resumed abruptly one night just after the dinner candles were lit. It was like a familiar knock at the front door. We had the feeling that the season had begun, as it used to begin in Saratoga with the advent of E. Berry Wall. The winter passed, and again in late March or early April the chirping in the fireplace stopped.

IF my interest in house crickets up to this point had been casual, it has been sharpened into curiosity by the unusual events of the month that has just gone by. The chirping in our fireplace wall this year began several weeks ahead of time, at the very height of the mid-August heat wave. Furthermore, the dining-room cricket did not come alone. He was accompanied by a string quartet of *Grylli domestici*, who scattered gleefully about the house like a detachment of billeted soldiers. One began to tune up in back of the grandfather's clock in the hall, another made for the kitchen, a third hopped upstairs and got under a chest of drawers in the master bedroom, and the fourth began to saw away at prophecy behind a set of F. Marion Crawford on a bookshelf in the living room. They brought with them at least one female. (The sex of the cricket can be determined by the fact that the female has no stridulating apparatus and thus is invested with "inviolable mutism," to steal a phrase from the late William Bolitho.) In the days that followed she took to hopping up and down the stairs leading to the second floor. There was a wild abandon in her descents which led me to believe she was having as much fun as a skier.



I have used the word "prophecy" in connection with the song of the cricket advisedly, because I have been won over to the natural philosophy of old Mrs. Selby, a profound student of portent in our neighborhood with whom I discussed the cricket situation one day over a glass of elderberry wine and a slice of saffron cake. Her own empirical study occasionally gives way to intuition or superstition, as when she holds that mirrors attract lightning and bees will not inhabit an unhappy house, but I think her analysis of natural phenomena is, on the whole, sound. She told me that various signs indicate a chill and early autumn. The goldenrod bloomed several weeks ahead of time, the tree spider began to twirl lower toward the earth than is his custom in August, and the house cricket began to play his bright arrangement of foreboding nearly a month ahead of schedule. Mrs. Selby contends that the house cricket differs from the field cricket in that he is more concerned with foretelling the weather than serenading his mate. She says that the cricket who comes late to the hearth means an Indian summer, the cricket who comes before September sings of early frost.

There are indeterminate or undetermined factors and phases in the morphology and behavior of many animals, but I have no intention of basing on this misty region of knowledge a body of purely romantic speculation and conclusion. In a word, I have turned to science as well as to Mrs. Selby in my investigation of *Gryllus domesticus*. I first consulted the Encyclopædia Britannica, which I found to be not a little haphazard and uncertain in its treatment of the salutary Orthoptera. Under the heading "cricket" it moons along loosely, as if it were repeating information casually picked up at a rather noisy dinner party. Its report is not only incomplete; it is also occasionally in error, as when it assumes that the house cricket chirps only at night. It affirms cautiously that house crickets "frequent" houses, particularly those in rural districts, but to "frequent" means to "drop in," and there is no explanation of the whereabouts of my house crickets in their silent months or of what they are up to. There is a brief quotation from a treatise by a man referred to only as "Bates," but when I tracked him down in another volume of the encyclopædia, there was nothing about crickets under "Bates, Henry Walter (1825-1892), English naturalist." The Britannica



"It says here, Stell, that after the war all you'll have to do is press a button."

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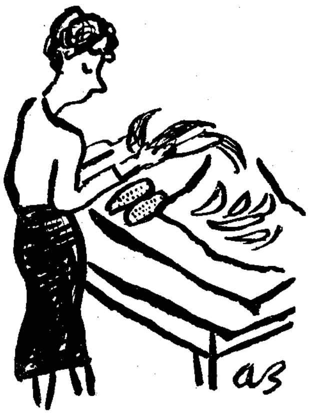
notes that house crickets like warm places, especially the vicinity of fireplaces and ovens, but it does not explain why my crickets put in their appearance this summer when it was ten degrees cooler in the house than outdoors because we had shut all doors and windows to keep out the mid-August heat. There is a somewhat sentimental description of the love life of the field cricket but nothing about the love life of the house cricket.

It is under, of all headings, "Hearing, Sense of," that the Britannica offers its most extended examination of the Gryllidae, but here again *domesticus* is largely overlooked. This treatise is chiefly concerned with the experiments of one Regen, an Austrian naturalist, who discovered that field crickets, like roosters, call in rotation rather than in concert, each male trying to outdo in volume every other male within earshot. These experiments were conducted partly to determine the auditory responses of crickets, and Regen and his disciples went pretty far. A male cricket, which was most certainly a field cricket, although this is not stated, was set to chirping into the transmitter of a telephone while his mate listened near the receiver of a telephone in another house. She instantly made for the sound and this clearly established that crickets can hear and that the female is attracted by the stridulation of the male. I arrived independently at this same conclusion, but in a far less impressive and diverting way, by observing a female house cricket making for the exact part of a wall in which an unseen male was chirping. For indoor experiments, involving telephones and the like, the house cricket is patently the perfect subject, and I can only conclude that naturalists feel more at ease in the fields than they do crawling about a house on their hands and knees, listening at walls, removing bricks from fireplaces, peering under bureaus, and shoving grandfather's clocks and bookcases around. The notable tendency of the human female to disapprove of, or even put a stop to, experiments of this nature has, no doubt, operated more strongly than any factor in diverting the attention of the naturalist from *Gryllus domesticus* to *Gryllus campestris.*



AFTER setting down the foregoing, it occurred to me that my treatise, based on the scanty references of the Britannica and my own meagre observation, scarcely did justice to the orthopterist, the cricket, myself, or even perhaps the human female (or common housewife). Two considerations, however, militate against a long and thorough investigation of the subject. First, my interest in the house cricket may conceivably deteriorate, and second, circumstances of a meteorological nature, obviously beyond my control, set a time limit on the validity of prophecy, and prophecy is the point and essence of the conclusions I have arrived at in this fascinating field of research. The range of this prophecy has been immeasurably extended by certain scientific data which have come to hand during the writing of this article. I had originally intended only to advance the theory that the appearance of warmth-loving *Gryllus domesticus* in a house perceptibly cooler than the outdoors, during a period of extraordinarily high summer temperature, indicated an awareness in the creature of the premature approach of cold weather. The cricket's prescience, I figured, grew out of the functioning of some highly sensitized apparatus, perhaps the curious tympanic membrane on the cricket's front legs, hitherto believed by naturalists to be the auditory organs of the creature and nothing else. If I am right, this apparatus may record something more than the sexual plaint of the male. If I am right, the male may be crying, on occasion, not "Sweet! Sweet!" but "*Vite! Vite!*" or, freely, "Look out, here it comes!" It is absurd to assume that any animal would sing all night and much of the day exclusively of love.

The scientific data I have mentioned, which have abruptly enlarged the scope of the cricket prophecy for me, were contained in a recent article in the *Herald Tribune* by John J. O'Neill. It begins as follows:

> Hidden behind the prolonged dry torrid heat which smashed temperature records through the Middle Plains states, through the Ohio Valley and up to New England during this summer may be the transition to a new type of climate for the whole Northern Hemisphere and perhaps the entire earth. Weather-bureau officials, limited to day-by-day reports and short-range forecasts of the weather, have nothing to say about this larger aspect of the weather change, but the weather maps reveal a change which may be of tremendous importance, insofar as it may be an indication that the North Pole ice cap is in process of moving to some other part of the earth.

This momentous climatic change is predicated on a shift in the world's high- and low-pressure areas, and Mr. O'Neill foresees the possibility of an ice-capped Sahara and a riotously verdant North Pole. Moreover, there is a note of ominous urgency in his forecast of a world turned wrong side to. The shift of the great ice cap may not be so very far off, he suggests. "*Vite! Vite!*" Is it too fantastic to suppose that a greater agitation than I had at first suspected is exciting the tympanum of the house cricket and sent him scurrying, perhaps earlier than ever, into a sanctuary dubious enough, God knows, in the light of what may come?

It would be fair for my readers to cry "*Rien ne va plus!*" if I postponed this article until even human beings could sniff November in the late September air and sense the cold that never was, descending from the North. But even at the risk of overstepping the deadline for prophecy, I have taken the time at the last moment to supplement what little the Britannica and I know about house crickets by consulting in a roundabout way a volume called "Blatchley's Orthoptera." I say "roundabout" because Blatchley on *Gryllus domesticus* was read to me over the telephone by a charming and gracious lady at the Museum of Natural History. Blatchley begins where Regen left off, and unless the ice cap is too fast for me, I intend to explore his book more carefully. Perhaps I shall find in it what I failed to get over the telephone: where the house cricket goes in the summer, if he goes anywhere. Blatchley would have us believe (if I heard aright) that the house cricket may not exist in the summer. I myself have a strong conviction, growing, it may be, out of wishful thinking, that *domesticus* has a much longer life expectancy. But let us have the courage to examine the gloomier theory. Perhaps his adulthood is short-lived and is never attained in the period between April and August. Perhaps *domesticus* dies in the spring, leaving children who are not old enough to show themselves in the house and stridulate until late summer. If so, my fireplace *domesticus* may be the grandson of *domesticus* 1942, born, however, like his ancestors, with a gift of song and a sense of foreboding. I shall at any rate believe in his feeling for the future until I find out I am wrong.

ONE of the most interesting and colorful items of cricket news supplied by Blatchley concerns the house cricket's avidity for fluids. He will leap into a pan or bowl of almost any liquid if it is placed on the floor. Blatchley set down a basin of beer one night and in the morning it was full of lifeless crickets who had died of submersion and acute alcoholism. In my own living room there is a small bar and on the top of it drops of Scotch and rye must occasionally accumulate. You surely see what I am getting at. I am convinced that most of the time the lady cricket who uses the living-room stairs for a toboggan is as high as a kite.

Perhaps a new simile, "as drunk as a cricket," may be my only lasting contribution to the literature and science of the Orthoptera. Meanwhile, we must all wait as calmly and patiently as possible until it can be ascertained whether the end of summer and the end of the world are actually just around the corner.

—JAMES THURBER

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STENOGRAPHER, experienced or beginner, in law office. Call TR 5-2474. 110th W. Unusually artistic front, single, 2 windows. Holcombe, 2850 Bway.—*Adv. in the Times.*

All right, Holcombe, no day dreams!

THE PROPER CIRCUMSTANCES

MY grandfather, a most amiable clergyman of the Church of England, had a terrible record with horses. He never bought a horse till he was sure it was the horse he needed, but no sooner was the beast in the rectory stable than it developed glanders or bit my grandmother or trampled on a churchwarden or couldn't walk uphill. In a month or so my grandfather, sanguine as ever, would be buying another horse. My grandmother said it was destiny.

I have never had to buy a horse. Why I have my grandfather so much in mind just now is because of Mrs. Moor and Evie, our evacuees. Mrs. Moor, when I first saw her, was sitting on a piano in a Rest Centre, holding a mug of tea. Three things about her made me notice her among the rest: she was so very large, she looked so very mournful, and she was the only person in the room who wasn't talking. I paused in front of her, much as one might pause before some oversized basalt deity in the Egyptian gallery of the British Museum, and just because she was silent and I can never let well enough alone, I asked her what part of London she came from. She replied that she came from Herne Hill.

Actually, the words she sighed out were "Urn Ill." And if I had listened to the sound instead of the sense . . . But instead I began to think of Grace, my nurse when I was a little girl, who lived at Herne Hill after she married, and of the tea set I chose for her wedding present, with poppies and ears of corn rambling all over it, and of how much I had admired it, and also of how much dear Grace, if she were still alive and living at Herne Hill, would have disliked flying bombs. Meanwhile, I was asking Mrs. Moor how she felt after such a long journey in an open bus.

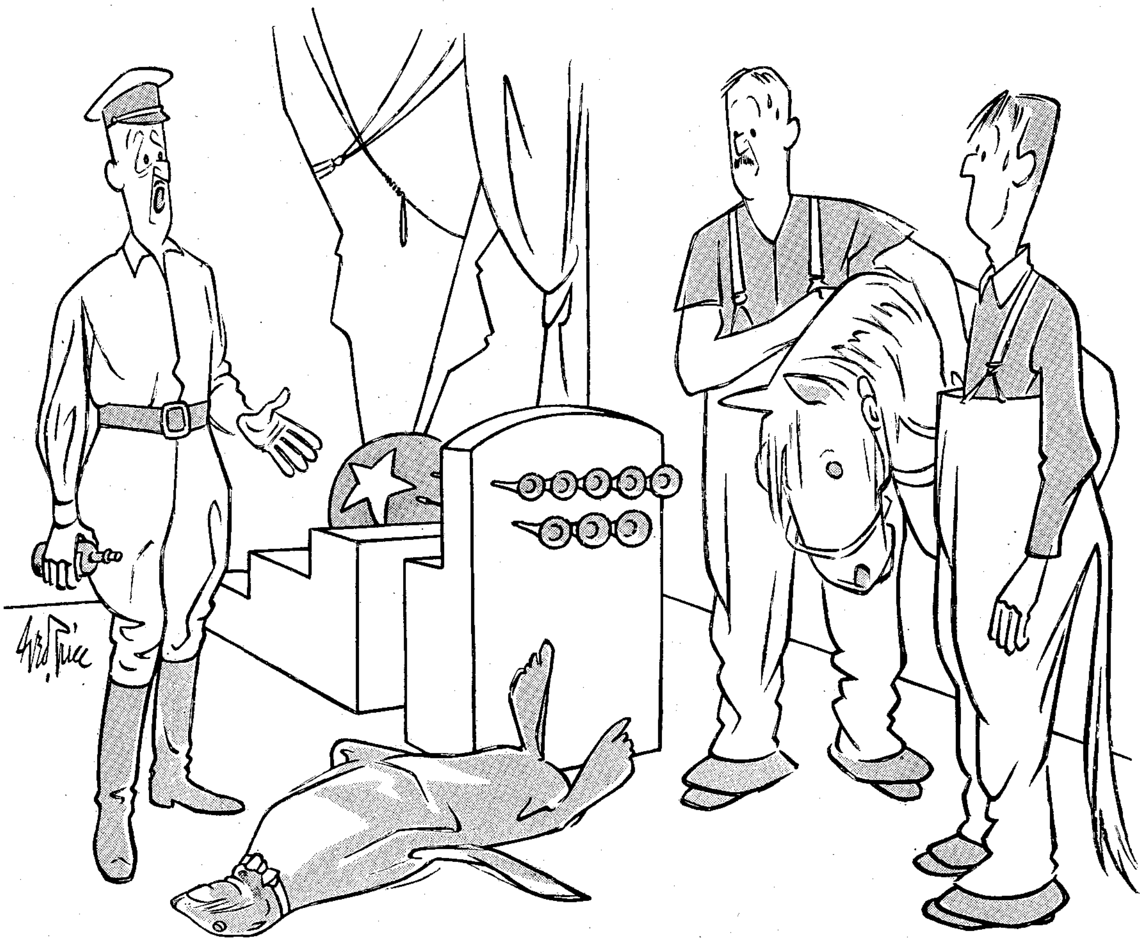
"*I'm* all right," she said. "It's Evie that preys on my mind. Because of her valve."

Following the direction of her gaze, I saw Evie, a tremendous blond girl with a heavy jaw.

"Bronichal, too," continued Mrs. Moor. "She's got a doctor's sirstifficket to say so, and he said to me, 'Mrs. Moor, you must get her out of London or I can't be answerable.' So we packed up and come. Not that I know where we are, for I don't."

To see so large a woman not knowing where she was seemed to me peculiarly sad, considerably sadder than if she had been a small woman in the same predicament. Though I saw many women as pitiable as Mrs. Moor and many more prepossessing, during the remainder of an afternoon that I spent going from one Rest Centre to another with a disillusioned relieving officer, the thought of Mrs. Moor weighing so heavily upon the soil of Dorset without knowing where she weighed obsessed me, and by evening I knew we must have her. Evie, too, of course.

It was at this point that my grandfather cropped up. My friend Valentine, who lives with me, having listened to my reasons for thinking the Moors just the sort of evacuees she and I needed, changed the subject by asking me if I had inherited my eyebrows or my eloquence from my grandfather, to which I replied that as far as I knew I did not resemble him in any way. But I could only give him a passing thought, for we had to reorganize the house in order to give the Moors two bedrooms and a sitting room and that "access to water and cooking facilities" insisted on by billeting regulations—access to water and cooking facilities consisting in our case of removing the "Memoirs of Casanova" from the bathroom window sill and some cobwebs from the kitchen. We were still breathless with the task of finding suitable landscapes to cover the damp patches on the walls of the room that was to be the Moors' sitting room, and enough chairs with strong legs, when the Moors arrived. They were both much larger than I remembered. Even in the vasty halls of the Rest Centre, they were notably tall and big, but inside our house they seemed at least eight feet high. As majestic as a state funeral, they followed me round their new home. At intervals Mrs. Moor



"Are either of you gentlemen musically inclined?"

said, "That'll please Evie," and Evie said nothing whatever unless Mrs. Moor referred to Evie's sirstifficket. Then Evie said coldly, "Certificate."

At last, bowing their heads, they vanished into their sitting room, where tea was ready for them. Tea is supposed to make English people feel happier, and Mrs. Moor had remarked that Evie felt hungry, not having fancied the dinner at the Rest Centre. But when I looked in half an hour later, Mrs. Moor and Evie were sitting mute and impassive, contemplating two boiled eggs that seemed by comparison to them to be the eggs of hummingbirds.

"Now, she can't fancy eggs," explained Mrs. Moor. "Rather strange, isn't it?"

Duty called me away from analyzing this fascinating problem. When Valentine and I saw Mrs. Moor again, she was alone and in much better spirits. Evie, she told us, had taken a hot bath and had been so revived by it that she had put her hair in curlers and gone to bed, where she was waiting for her mother to make her a cup of hot cocoa. Stirring briskly, Mrs. Moor began to tell us something of her own sufferings through aerial warfare, matrimony, childbirth, nervous debility, and her best shoes. "Sevens and a half is what I take, with a wide fitting, but these having rubber soles, they should have been eights. And when they got me out I was insensible, and remained so for hours on end. You never saw such a ruin—the chimney vases from my bedroom on the kitchen mat, and the pillows the girl was sleeping on two gardens off, and the lino, all inlaid it was . . . Never been able to scrub since," said Mrs. Moor, looking at us firmly.

Hastily I explained that if any scrubbing got done in our house, it was done by us.

". . . on account of my rheumatism," continued Mrs. Moor, "rising into my knees from my feet. Dr. Wilson, he begged me to stay at the hospital after I come to, but naturally my first thought was Evie's valve and the shock it would be to her to hear of her mum being buried, and her nervous from a child, and no wonder—never having had a home of our own till the bomb blew us out of it. Eighteen long years we lived with my husband's mother, bombs raining down all around us. Night after night I'd go down on my hands and knees and pray out loud, 'O Lord, will I never be left in peace?' But that was after we'd moved to Herne Hill. Then it got quiet again and we really began to enjoy ourselves a bit, being on our own at last. I often say to my husband, joking-like, 'Funny thing, it took us eighteen years to get a home of our own.' Have to be tactful about it, for he fair worshipped his mother, being a widow."

"Was she in the house when it was bombed?" Valentine inquired. Mrs. Moor nodded emphatically.

"Was she killed?" I asked.

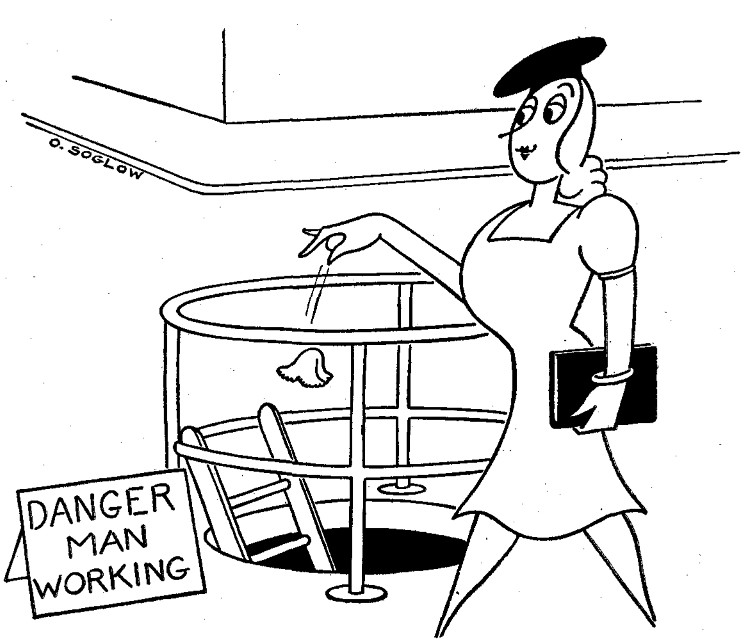
"Not as much as scratched," said Mrs. Moor. "But she died of it. Six weeks later she died. From the shock. Evie was called after her, poor child. Ah, I shall never forget that night with the incendiaries. Might have been burned in her bed but for sliding downstairs as white as a sheet and spraining her ankle. All the top of the house burned out before we as much as noticed it, being so taken up with Evie. Two baskets and a canister they dropped in all, and I so heartbroken I never even went upstairs to look at it but slept for six weeks on the bare boards without as much as a blanket under me and losing my flesh daily till my own relations didn't know me. 'Lil,' my sister-in-law said, 'whatever's become of you?' And I couldn't speak a word, but I took her out into the garden and showed her all those lovely young cabbages I was counting on, burned as black as a crisp. Not that I ever eat greens myself."

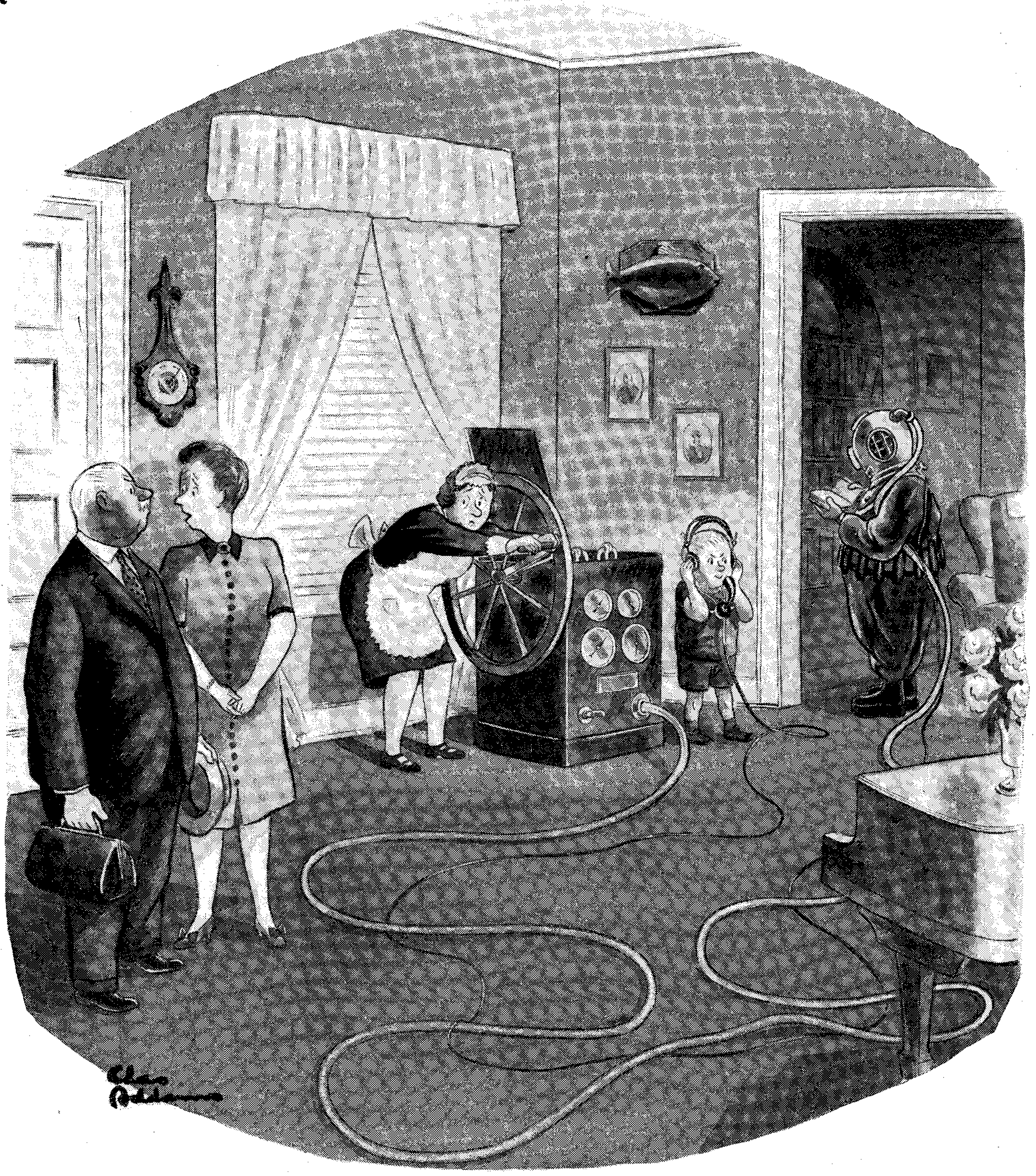
Still stirring Evie's cocoa, Mrs. Moor assumed a mystical demeanor. "And then something came over me, and I packed a suitcase and walked right across the common and sat down in the bus shelter and said to myself, 'I'll take a fivepenny ticket and end it all.' But every time a bus come up, I seemed to see Evie. Perhaps you think it a bit strange?" We assured her that we thought it very natural.

"There's not a hair on my head," said Mrs. Moor, "that isn't wrapped up in that girl."

WHEN, in my W.V.S. capacity, I have to cheer reluctant hostesses about receiving evacuees, I lay stress on the importance of arranging some sort of program for their first few days. Day 1, a trip to the county town to register at the Food Office and choose a butcher. Day 2, stroll round the village: "This is our church. This is our ironmonger. Good morning, Mrs. Doe. This is Mrs. Rowley from London." Day 3, a visit to the doctor. Day 4, with any luck, is Sunday. If not: "Perhaps you would like to do a little washing." Under this treatment, talents and proclivities unfold and confidence is established. Naturally, I applied it to the Moors. Mrs. Moor responded most flatteringly. Before the end of the week she had rearranged her furniture, launched into making jam, and found herself a part-time job at the paper mills. But with Evie the method was a total flop. Even the Day 3 visit to the doctor, on which I had pinned my best hopes, miscarried. Though he renewed her sirstifficket and gave her a tonic, it was clear that he did so merely in deference to that Hippocratic oath which forbids one doctor to overthrow immediately the verdict of another doctor, for he refused an application for extra milk and extra eggs, and said that what her valve needed was more exercise. All this I learned from Mrs. Moor, when she had left off crying. Evie, with a brow like thunder and a jaw like murder, had dragged herself upstairs, panting, and gone to bed. "Evie feels things so," said Mrs. Moor. "Though she doesn't say much."

I agreed that Evie was





"I'm at my wits' end, Doctor. We simply can't convince him that he isn't living underwater."

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taciturn. I had heard her say "No" seven times, "Don't mind if I do" twice, and "Hullo" once. Otherwise, I had only heard her say "Certificate." Remarks addressed to Evie were answered by Mrs. Moor, if Mrs. Moor was present, otherwise not at all. Having agreed that Evie was taciturn, I went on to say that she probably felt bored in the country but that we might reasonably hope she'd be happier when she'd made some friends of her own age. Mopping her eyes, Mrs. Moor said that Evie didn't like Americans. I said that we had some Royal Artillery, too, in the neighborhood. Mrs. Moor replied that Evie really thought of no one but a boy friend in India, and that might be why her appetite was so uncertain. One moment she'd want a thing and the next she wouldn't look at it. She'd been like that ever since she was a wee thing. Stung into speculation, I asked Mrs. Moor if she had any pictures of Evie as a wee thing, and she produced a snapshot of a very small Mr. Moor, peeping out from behind a monster in satin.

During the rest of the day, Evie was a veiled presence to us—a sense of something resentful in a bedroom. At intervals we heard Mrs. Moor carrying things upstairs on trays, and at intervals we heard the bathroom toilet being savagely flushed, but even without this we should have been aware of Evie overhead, for she diffused a kind of atmospheric pressure which led me to tap the barometer whenever I passed it, though in vain. At evening there was a glimmer of hope. Evie's bedroom window opens, most romantically, above our small river, and Evie was observed leaning from the window, lost in girlish dreams, with one hand pillowing her cheek and the other gracefully dangling a tear-sopped handkerchief, while on the further bank stood an R.A. corporal, similarly lost in manly meditation—meditation about our chimney pot, apparently, though a moment's thought, as Valentine pointed out, must have shown that his mind was far from architecture or he would have been running for his life, since it was obvious that if Evie leaned out much farther her specific gravity would tilt the house on top of him.

On the morrow, Mrs. Moor greeted us with the glad news that the post had brought no less than six letters for Evie, all from abroad, and that this would cheer Evie up when she saw them on her breakfast tray. She also mentioned that during the night one leg of her bed had gone through the floor. It was providential, really, for it might have been a leg of Evie's bed. Evie was such a light sleeper and if anything *did* wake her, it took a hot meal to get her off again.

Musing on Evie's insomnia, and on the worldwide nature of the war, and on what a cheered-up Evie would look like, I went off to my work. Throughout that day I heard myself saying—I hoped persuasively—that one cannot expect evacuees to be angels from head to foot, that faults can be found on both sides, and that above all one must not drift into becoming prejudiced. I may have persuaded others, though I doubt it. Myself I could not persuade. It was clear to me that I had drifted into being prejudiced against Evie; otherwise, why should I feel such distaste at the prospect of seeing her cheered up and why the curmudgeonly conviction that a cheered-up Evie would croon?

But the only crooning about the house when I returned that evening was being done by a great quantity of wasps. I followed the wasps to the kitchen, where Mrs. Moor was tying on jam covers and looking mournful. Evie, it seemed, was still upstairs in her bedroom (with appropriate trays), answering her letters. And tomorrow she'd have one of her headaches.

"Does Evie have bad headaches?" I asked.

"Awful," said Mrs. Moor, and though there was pride in her voice, there was also apprehension.

Tactfully I turned the conversation to air raids, and Mrs. Moor was well away on an account of the flying bomb that wrecked the fish shop and how she could never forget the kindness of the Indian doctor who understood her sinking sensations and what she said to the lady in the Rest Centre who threw up all night—what else could you expect if you brought cold sausages all that way by open bus and never as much as offered to share them round?—and how the noise was for all the world like a giant that wasn't there riding a motor bike right over your head, not to say through it, when I became aware that there was a noise over our heads, too—a noise like a giantess who was weeping convulsively. Since Evie was above us, it was natural to connect this noise with her, but Mrs. Moor went on talking and hospitality constrained me to go on listening until the convulsive weeping turned to a steady cascading and Mrs. Moor broke off to exclaim, "Don't say that girl's left the tap on!"

It was the house cistern pouring its contents through the overflow pipe onto the back porch. I turned off the water at the main and rang up Mr. Bobbin, who is not really a plumber but does his best. Mr. Bobbin came and borrowed a flashlamp and disappeared into the attic. Presently he reappeared with cobwebs in his hair, saying that he couldn't positively account for it but that he had found some string in the cistern, which might have been the trouble. He had removed the string and, unless it was grit or something perished, he hoped we'd be all right now. Just as he was leaping on his bicycle, I said we'd turn on the water and see. The cistern filled and overflowed, so again I turned the water off, and again Mr. Bobbin borrowed the flashlamp and a hammer and some wire and disappeared into the attic. After a while he came down and wandered about the house, peering wistfully into cupboards for stopcocks that might be at the bottom of the mischief, and turning faucets on and off. Then he named one or two plumbers in the county town who might have come out if it weren't wartime, said he would consult old Mr. Bacon, who'd be as good as any of them if he weren't past work and getting a bit rusty, and promised to come again when he had time.

When Mr. Bobbin, a busy man, has time and comes again, there will be some more things for him to look into. The door of the cupboard under the stairs has stuck immovably, plaster is dribbling from above the kitchen sink, the lintel of the back door has shifted several inches out of plumb and looks as though Samson had been at work on it, and something undiagnosable has happened to the larder screen, so the larder is now quite unbelievably full of bluebottles. Though we assure ourselves that all this may be caused by Mrs. Moor going up and down stairs so often with trays for Evie, the theory—since Evie never sleeps on the roof—cannot account for the fall of soot in my bedroom or the flashes that come from the electric switch in the bathroom. Even if Mr. Bobbin can deal with these ailments, we shall still have the magpies that are eating all the green peas and the swarms of clothes moths that have suddenly infested every room in the house.

Many years ago I read a book called "Wild Talents," a book about vampires, werewolves, and poltergeists. All of us, so the author implied, are potentially one or another of these things. It is just a matter of circumstances being right for us to develop that way. The proper circumstances to develop poltergeistism include being adolescent, preferably female, far from home, dull-witted, oppressed, and resentful. Dull-witted girls who are far from home and don't like it can achieve quite remarkable feats of poltergeistism. Water will fall from a clear sky, fires break out on tea tables, flatirons and buckets fly through the air, hornets swarm, crops wither, beds turn somersaults, mirrors leap from walls, and treacle climb out of jars, while the young lady who is doing it sits brooding in a corner, not stirring hand or foot.

I say nothing yet. It is unscientific to jump to conclusions. It is uncharitable to give way to prejudice. I will wait till flames spout from my teapot or a flatiron bounds from its shelf and knocks me senseless before I conclude that circumstances have been right for Evie to develop her particular wild talent. I don't think I shall have long to wait. Unless Evie's sirstifficket is renewed, she will come under the Conscription of Labour (Female) Act and be called on to work. That, as Mrs. Moor herself says, will be the Great Divide. And if I am not greatly mistaken, catching the eight-thirty train every morning will be just that ripening touch needed to develop Evie's talent to its fullest.

Meanwhile, to complicate things yet further, I am growing attached to Mrs. Moor. She is like that horse of my grandfather's who was such a nice, goodhearted beast, nothing wrong with it at all until it broke its loosebox to matchwood and disabled the sexton. My grandfather said it was thunder in the air.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

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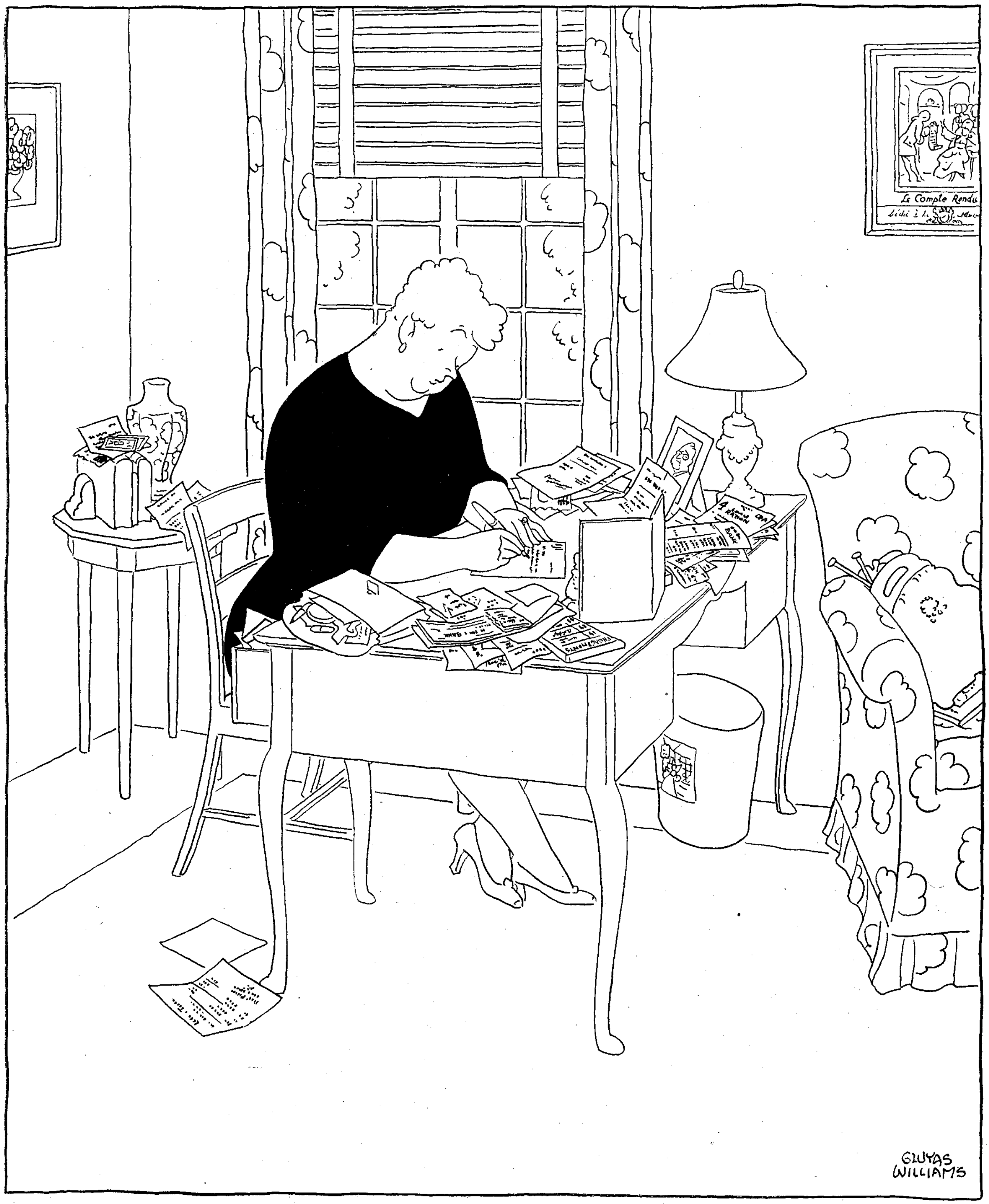
THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*From Army Regulations 380-5, dated March 15, 1944, in a section entitled "Safeguarding Military Information"*]

Philippine Commonwealth—Flying by any aircraft other than those of the United States and Philippine Governments within a distance of 6 miles from the perimeter of Corregidor Island, Fraile Island, Carabao Island, and Caballo Island, Manila Bay, and Subic Bay, Island of Luzon, and within 2 miles of the perimeter of Cavite Peninsula, Manila Bay, is prohibited by section 80, Air Commerce Regulations, the Government of the Philippine Islands, dated 15 October 1935.

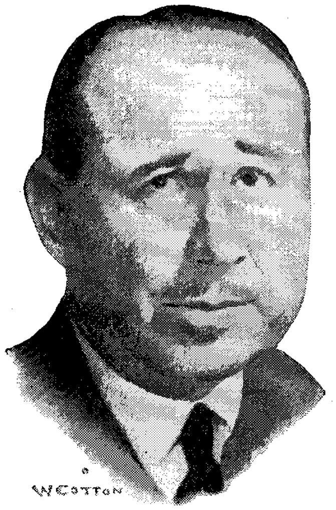


THE WRITING PUBLIC

"Gentlemen:—You have evidently made a mistake in last month's bill, if the item of $3.79 for towels means the pink bath mat with a blue design which I returned for credit after finding that it did not match—also the charge for gloves is wrong, because I took back the suede gloves and exchanged them for kid, and when they were delivered I was out, so I called up and a woman's voice answered, and I distinctly remember asking . . ."

PROFILES

PUBLIC RELATIONS—IV



Russell Birdwell

SHORTLY after Carol of Rumania hired Russell Birdwell to handle his public relations last year, two New York columnists remarked that the press agent was getting more publicity than the client. Hollywood columnists would have added, "As usual." It is no novelty for Birdwell, who has public-relations offices in New York and Hollywood, to get more publicity than his customers. Like a fashionable painter or sculptor, he is usually more talked about than the sitters. Next to the ex-King, Howard Hughes is the most spectacular tail to Birdwell's kite. The young multimillionaire produced and directed "The Outlaw." In four years he has paid Birdwell more than a quarter of a million dollars to press-agent the picture. When "The Outlaw" had its première in San Francisco early last year, some of the leading film critics reviewed Birdwell's publicity campaign at length and barely mentioned the picture.

Birdwell was thirty-two years old when David O. Selznick hired him away from William Randolph Hearst in 1935. In his first talk with his new employee, Selznick mentioned his father, the late Lewis J. Selznick, who years before had built the biggest electric sign on Broadway—"Selznick Pictures Make Happy Hours." That gave Birdwell an idea. Without consulting his boss, he hired hundreds of painters and had them paint a sign more than two miles long on the asphalt pavement of a boulevard in Culver City, announcing "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which was Selznick's first picture as an independent producer. Anything that breaks a world's record is news, and the sign received much attention from the newspapers. It was too big to photograph, but it nevertheless lent itself to art. "Art" is Southern California newspaper jargon for legs and figures. Fine art is available at practically every street corner because of the feud between Los Angeles women and the clothing industry. Cameramen found art swarming like ants all along the boulevard, trying to read the world's greatest sign letter by letter.

Birdwell's next publicity feat got a good deal of newspaper space but also nearly lost him his job. He engaged Joseph E. P. Dunn, a famous ex-G-man of seventeen years' experience, to guard the ideas in the Selznick studio. Bodyguards were an old story, but a brainguard was a novelty. G-man Dunn patrolled the studios with two automatics ready for instantaneous action. There was criticism, however. The stunt was alleged to make Hollywood look like a mining camp. It was said to be ridiculous to guard strokes of genius with pistols. Selznick complained that the idea lacked taste.

Birdwell was disconcerted to learn that he was supposed to be a press agent and have taste, too. He indignantly resigned. As he started to walk out of the producer's office, he pointed at a portrait of the late Lewis J. Selznick. "I've been working for the wrong Selznick," he said. The younger Selznick instantly reconsidered. Admitting that his father would have liked the G-man idea, he spoke a few kind words to the publicity man, who went back to his desk. Birdwell had come safely through the greatest crisis of his life. If he had allowed taste to win the upper hand, he would never have amounted to anything. A press agent who worries about taste is as badly miscast as a soldier who faints at the sight of blood.

Birdwell's subsequent career shows that the incident did not break his spirit. One of his devices for attracting attention to Selznick's picture "Nothing Sacred" was to hire a Lady Godiva to ride through the streets of Los Angeles on a white horse carrying a banner that bore the words "Nothing Sacred." The Lady Godiva was costumed to give the illusion that she was wearing nothing but a wig. Either the white horse or the white lady stopped traffic. Later Birdwell used the same idea in San Francisco, but with a variation. This time Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom flew from Hollywood to San Francisco and, claiming that he was engaged to Godiva, tried to stop her historic ride on the ground that it was in bad taste. He told her to choose between him and the white horse. She made the only sensible choice, and Maxie flew sadly back to Hollywood.

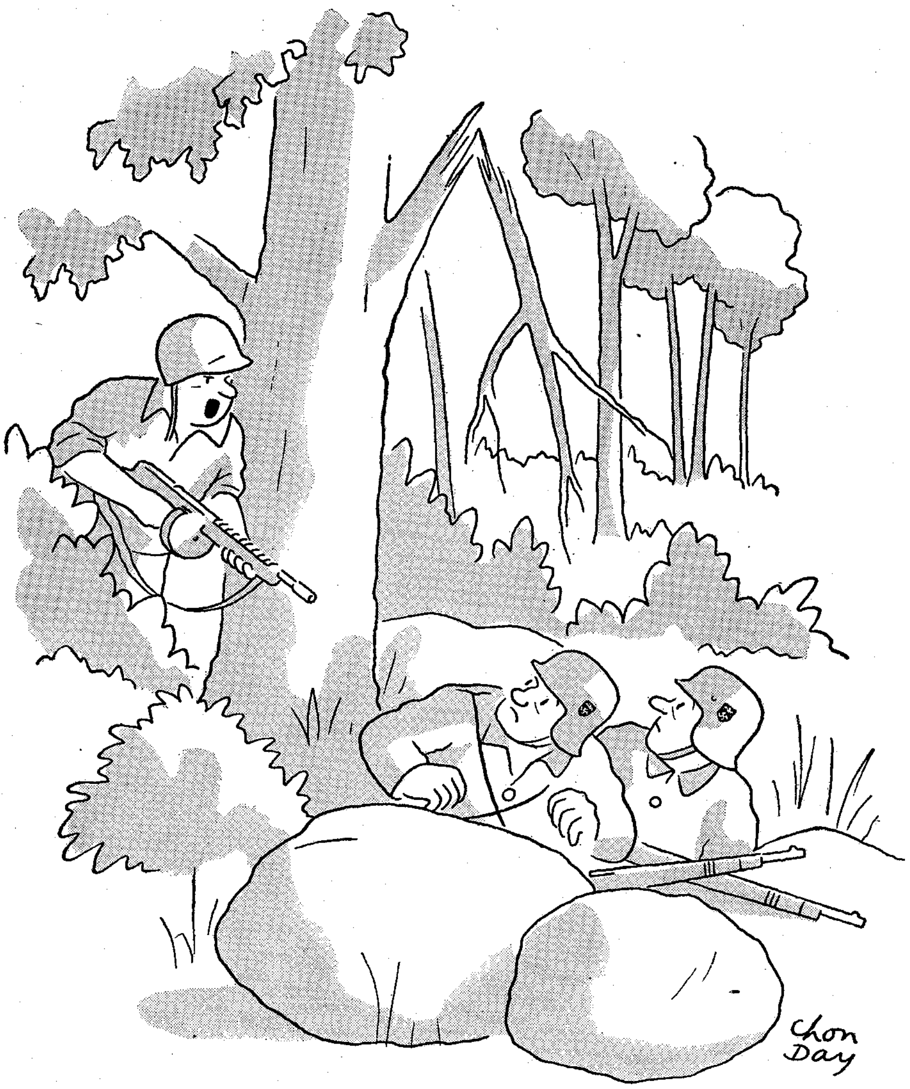
All the Good-Taste Charlies in Hollywood rose against Birdwell in 1940, when he staged the world's slowest strip-tease act to publicize "So Ends Our Night," a war picture being produced by David Loew and Albert Lewin. Because of the grimness of the picture, the press agent thought it needed frivolous publicity. Therefore, Gerta Rozan, a bit player in the film, took off her coat in front of the studio. She said that this was the first move in a campaign to compel the producers to give her a better part in the picture. She announced that, shedding a garment a day, she would picket the studio, Gypsy Rose Lee fashion, until the producers were embarrassed into capitulating. Birdwell was bitterly criticized for hurting Hollywood's standing as a world centre of good taste. The strip-tease picket line was boycotted by some editors on the ground that it was beneath the dignity of journalism. But as a garment a day (the girl seemed to be wearing dozens) flew off with relentless regularity, the situation became intolerable. Getting scooped over and over again on popular art was more than respectable journalism could stand, and toward the end there was a daily rush of reporters and cameramen to the scene. The girl had hardly made a dent in her wardrobe, however, before the producers surrendered.

Birdwell was again criticized for bad taste because of his Career Insurance movement. He was accused of inspiring an insincere petition to the governor and legislature of California. The petition was a plea for a law by which the state would hold on to ten per cent of the earnings of all stars and geniuses until they were aged or broke. It was signed by nine former headliners, then working as extras in "The Young in Heart," a picture which Birdwell was press-agenting. Any good publicity man likes to graft his publicity onto some universal topic of conversation. There are few adults who have not at one time or another shaken their heads mournfully over the destitute Croesuses of yesterday. Nearly every discussion of the subject winds up with the statement that there ought to be a law compelling a few hundred thousand dollars to adhere to any person who once had millions. Happening to hear one of the standard conversations about a former pet of the nation, then working for seven-fifty a day and no carfare, Birdwell rounded up nine used idols, had them put to work as extras in "The Young in Heart," and had them sign a petition for Career Insurance, or the Mandatory Film Savings Law. The signers were Jean Acker Valentino, one of the wives of Rudolph; Henry Otto, a master director in the early days; Gertrude Astor, Anne Luther, Alice Lake, Elinor Fair, Rosemary Theby, Harry Myers, and Mahlon Hamilton, all guaranteed to have been good for four figures a week in their day. Birdwell was accused of exploiting the heart throbs of a nation and commercializing the American social conscience. He replied that publicity men have a constitutional right to promote good causes.

Birdwell's ideas of propriety are strictly geographical—bad taste in the West, good taste in the East. Instead of a white body on a white horse, swallow-tailed statesmanship marked the opening of "Nothing Sacred" in the East. The première was an exclusive party in Washington, thrown by the late William Gibbs McAdoo and attended by platoons of senators. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" opened in the West with the two-mile sign and other barbarities; on this side of the continent, it opened with a quiet première for children under treatment at Warm Springs. In the West, Birdwell would, as the saying goes, vulgarize the Day of Judgment; in the East, he is as refined as an undertaker's helper. He wears incredible sports outfits in California, chairman-of-the-board suits in New York. His Beverly Hills office is modernistic and back-slappingly informal; his Radio City office is a museum of austere three-century-old pieces from the Hearst and Mackay collections.

NONE of Birdwell's fantastic inventions ever won him so much prestige as a piece of news of natural origin. He was in Carole Lombard's dressing room one day in 1938 when a $7,000-a-week director was railing at the income tax. The man reviewed the standard arguments of those days of peace to the effect that no professional politician was worth more than $17.50 a week and that every politician was in the habit of looking at other men's honest earnings and saying, "How much of that can I get for myself and my relations?" Ordinarily, Miss Lombard might merely have been bored by these threadbare truisms. But the director happened to be a foreigner and it hurt her to hear the country abused by an imported mental giant. She suppressed her rage until the director left and then began to denounce him. She carried her fury against the alien to the extent of defending the income tax. Birdwell stopped her right there and telephoned to the United Press. Within a couple of hours an interview was clicking out over the telegraph wires to hundreds of newspapers: Carole Lombard loved to pay her income tax. The interview told her life story and what the country had done for her and how happy she was to fork over a hundred thousand a year or so for the privilege of being an American. This was a natural, or a "unique," from the news standpoint. Reproaching the tax gatherer is one of the oldest recreations of the wealthy, and Miss Lombard was said to be the first plutocrat in history to cheer the soak-the-rich policy. Probably no other news item ever did so much to increase the popularity of a star. David Selznick said that the story gave the whole industry a better standing with the public. Birdwell has always said that he never had the imagination to think up such a story and that he did no more than recognize the news value of Miss Lombard's wild remarks.

AFTER three years with Selznick, Birdwell decided to go into business for himself. This was a bold notion, considering that he was not yet a member of the press-agent aristocracy. The publicity men of the big studios are among the most illustrious creatures in Hollywood, but the Selznick organization was a comparatively small one. In order to improve his standing, Birdwell thought it necessary to write a book. A book gives a social accolade to a young fellow in Hollywood, like the first pair of shoes in some parts of the South. The volume, entitled "I Ring Doorbells," was not a literary success. It consisted of two hundred and fifty-three pages filled with busy little words running across the page from left to right but



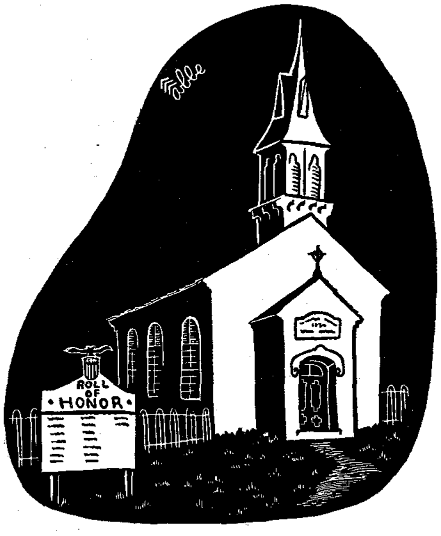
"This is a stickup!"

leaving a confused impression that they were going in the wrong direction. The book, however, was a social success. One Hollywood hostess had motion-picture society divided into A, B, and C classifications. She entertained them on different days, so that A people would not be called upon to mix with B's, or the B's with the C's. Before his book came out, Birdwell was not even in the C category. After the book came out, he vaulted over the B's and C's and landed among the A's at one bound. Somebody asked the hostess how he had climbed so quickly from twenty thousand leagues below nothing to the highest peak in society. "Why, Russell's an author now," she said.

The book concerned Birdwell's newspaper experiences and had a foreword by Gene Fowler. Most of the reviews were favorable. The average reviewer is a big-hearted slob who would find some reason for praising pied type. The Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* intimated, however, that it would have been better if the introduction had been written by Birdwell and the book by Fowler. The book is not the worst ever written, but it's a good bet for place or show.

"I Ring Doorbells" is a landmark in the history of literature in one respect. It is the first book ever launched with a modern public-relations campaign. First, there was a national referendum in which literary editors and critics voted whether the title should be "I Ring Doorbells" or "You Can't Kill a Newspaperman." The former won by a landslide, 1,304 to 598. Then the literary editors began to receive new and different biographies of Birdwell at the rate of one a day. Then came photos of bathing beauties devouring advance copies of "I Ring Doorbells;" then sheet music of "I Ring Doorbells," a song composed in honor of the book by W. W. Ferguson and Lou Forbes; then complete orchestrations of "I Ring Doorbells" for dance bands. Next the editors found their desks stacked with phonograph records of "I Ring Doorbells," made by leading Hollywood nightingales. Then came phonograph recordings of various scenes from the book acted out by Carole Lombard, Madeleine Carroll, and other great ones. In order to dramatize the title, Birdwell went to Treasure Island, the international exposition site in San Francisco Bay, and rang the forty-four giant bells of the carillon there. Through some magic power over the press, he was photographed and interviewed as he manipulated the forty-four-bell keyboard. This set a literary precedent of some kind. It is on record that, in the eighteenth century, crowds of happy villagers rang the church bells when the last installment of Richardson's "Pamela" came out with the news that the heroine had escaped from her attempted seducer by dexterously leading him to the altar. But the Birdwell case was slightly different. It was the happy author, not the happy readers, who rang the bells on Treasure Island.

The book dealers of the country suffered more than the literary editors from the public-relations scourge. In addition to everything from thumbnail sketches to phonograph records, they received fifty-two-page books of directions for stunts for popularizing "I Ring Doorbells." Five treatises were furnished on window displays for the masterpiece. "I Ring Doorbells" was written on a Royal typewriter; window displays were suggested playing up this fact as the greatest event in typewriter history since Jack Dempsey, after being knocked through the ropes by Firpo, fell on a Corona and bounced back into the ring. Every book dealer was urged to put a piano in his window, hook it up with a loudspeaker on the sidewalk, and have a vaudeville star play and sing "I Ring Doorbells" all day long. He was furnished with a list of the lecturers on books in his vicinity and urged to hire a crew of them to lecture incessantly on "I Ring Doorbells" in the handiest auditoriums. He was urged to rush to the nearest radio station and have it broadcast the transcriptions of the dramatizations of "I Ring Doorbells" by Hollywood stars. One chapter in the promotional literature instructed book dealers to lay in a supply of cheap, strongly perfumed ladies' writing paper. A girl who wrote in an intriguing feminine hand was to be put to work by the dealer writing notes to critics and book editors, telling them that she loved them and making trysts at the bookstore. The notes were to be signed "Irene Doorbeltz." When the victims came

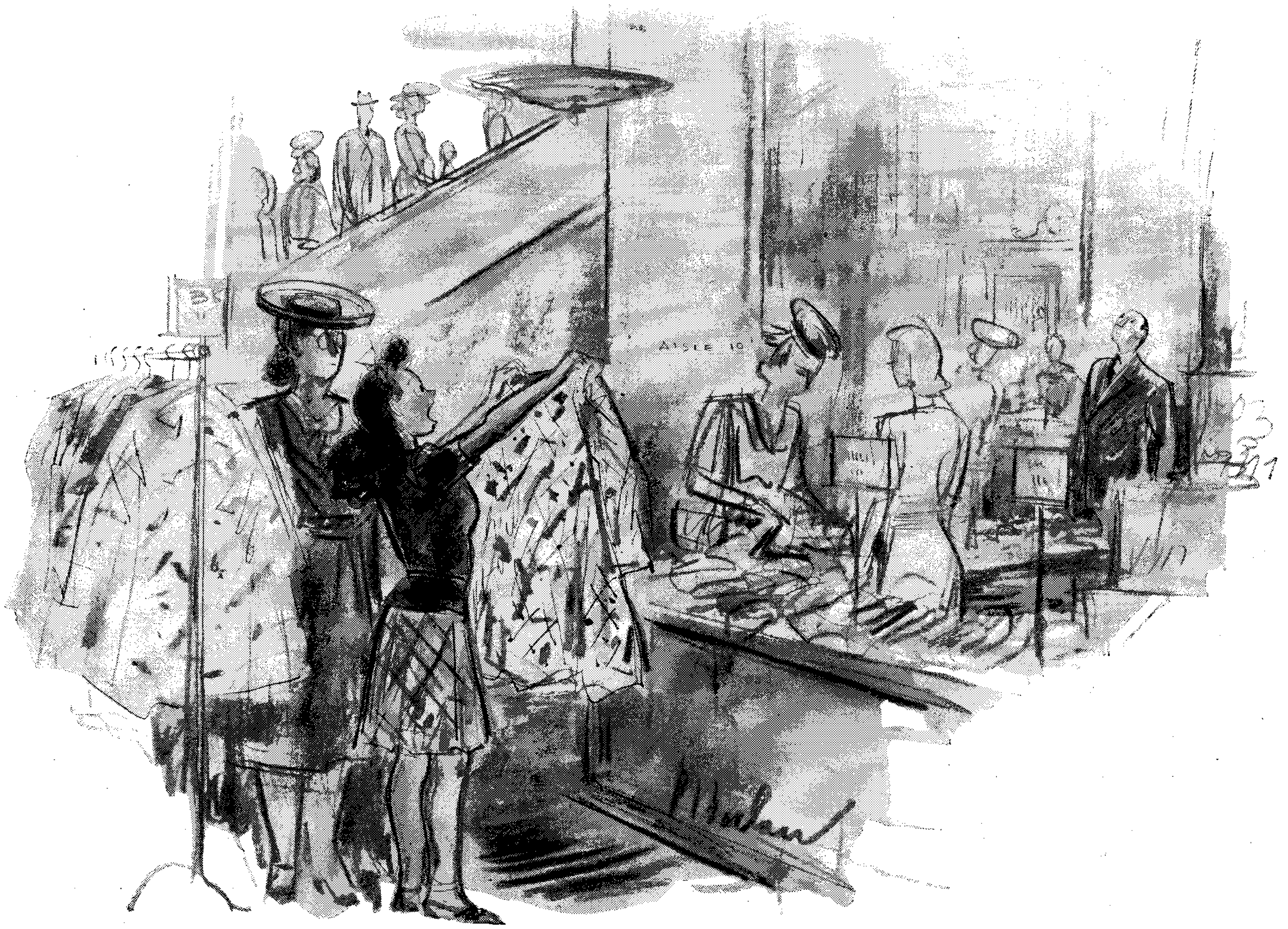


SEPTEMBER IS SUMMER, TOO
OR
IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO BE UNCOMFORTABLE

Well, well, well, so this is summer, isn't that *mirabile dictu*,
And these are the days when whatever you sit down on you stick to.
These are the days when those who sell four ounces of synthetic lemonade concocted in a theatre basement for a quarter enter into their inheritance,
And Rum Collinses soak through paper napkins onto people's Hepplewhites and Sheratons,
And progressive-minded citizens don their most porous finery and frippery,
But it doesn't help, because underneath they are simultaneously sticky and slippery,
And some insomniacs woo insomnia plus pajamas and others minus,
And everybody patronizes air-conditioned shops and movies to get cool and then complains that the difference in temperature gives them lumbago and sinus,
And people trapped in doorways by thunderstorms console themselves by saying, Well, anyway, this will cool it off while we wait,
So during the storm the mercury plunges from ninety-four to ninety-three and afterward climbs immediately to ninety-eight,
And marriages break up over such momentous questions as Who ran against Harding—Davis or Cox,
And when you go to strike a match the head dissolves on the box,
But these estival phenomena amaze me not.
What does amaze me is how every year people are amazed to discover that summer is hot.

—Ogden Nash

• •



"Mr. Hirschberg! This O.K. to do mechanical drawing in?"

• •

panthering to the rendezvous, they were to discover from the window display that "Irene Doorbeltz" was a pun on "I Ring Doorbells." After the joke had been worked on the literary set for a few days, the columnists were to be let in on it. Part of the fifty-two-page book of publicity suggestions was devoted to ideas for prize contests for the best essays, short stories, and letters on the subject of doorbell ringing. Autographed copies of "I Ring Doorbells" were to be offered for the most exciting experiences of peddlers, canvassers, and other professional bell pushers. Special prizes were suggested for the uncensored recollections of Fuller Brush men. There were outlines of other prize contests, for brief tales of tragedy, romance, and slapstick, as suggested by hair-raising episodes in the book.

"I Ring Doorbells" was more or less a failure. In spite of all the heat and pressure, only fourteen thousand copies were sold. This was Birdwell's last effort to put life into the moribund literary world. In 1941 he wrote "Women in Battle Dress," a serious book about the war, which was published without ballyhoo and was moderately successful.

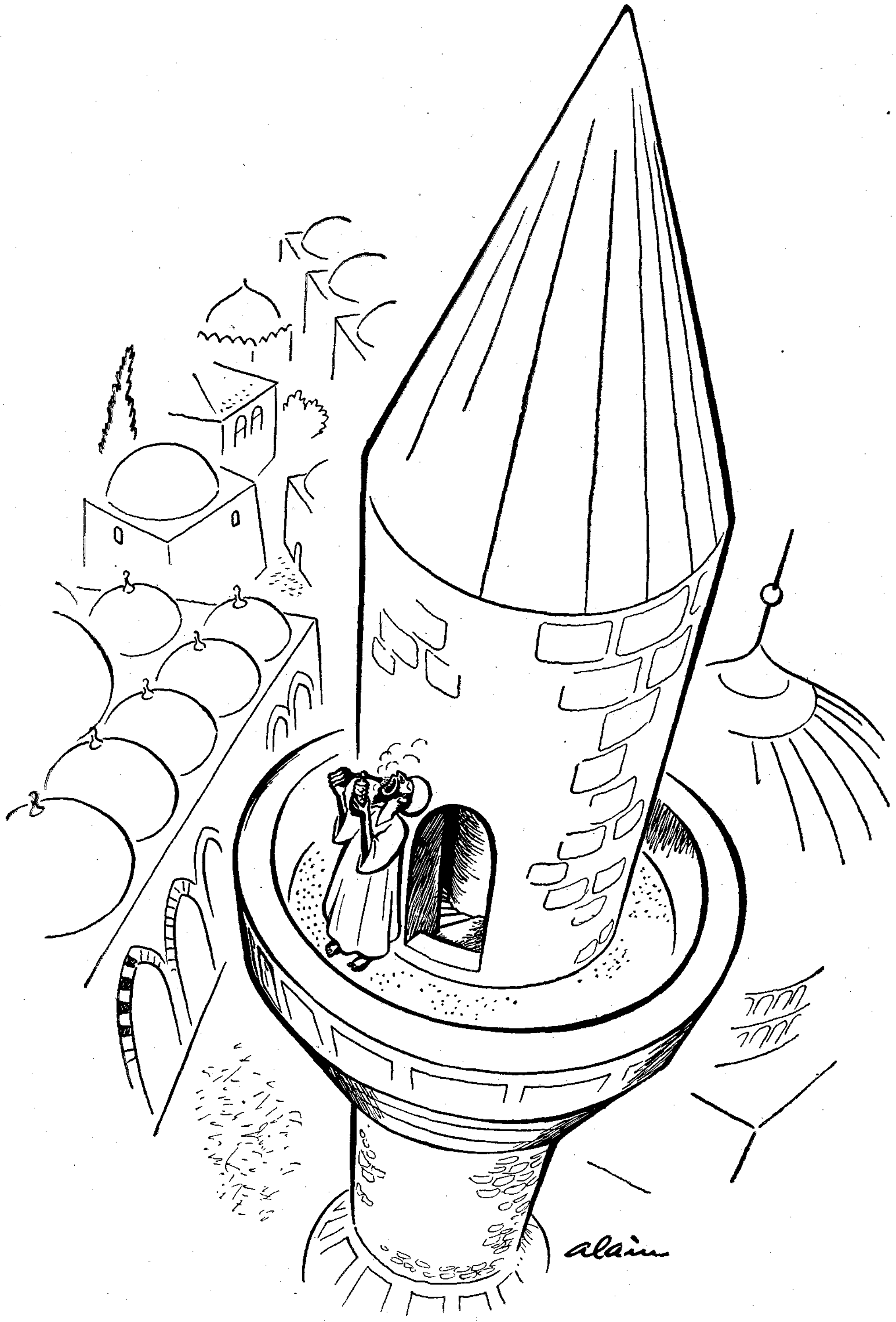
BIRDWELL prizes the ideas that pop into his head above those acquired by study. When he went into business for himself, in 1939, the idea popped into his head of charging twenty-five thousand dollars per year per client. This seemed conservative enough, since nobody in Hollywood worth bothering about could possibly miss twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Six leading stars snapped him up so quickly as to show that he had thrown himself on the bargain counter, but he stuck loyally to his ridiculous price. Now and then he takes a promising unknown on speculation.

He started in 1940 on his masterpiece of promotion, for the Howard Hughes picture "The Outlaw." In searching for a publicity keynote, Birdwell usually looks for an argument in which everybody can join. In the case of "The Outlaw," he hit on the age-old debate whether the perfect woman should have a well-rounded figure or not, a subject on which everybody poses as an expert. Jane Russell, the star of "The Outlaw," is a choice example of the convex idea of womanhood. She is what Mae West and Lillian Russell started out to be. Birdwell threw himself with more than his usual fervor into the ancient controversy. For over four years now he has crusaded for the pouter pigeon as against the bean pole.

"The Outlaw" was Jane Russell's first movie, and since fan magazines have a rule against pictures of girls who have not yet appeared in a film, her photographs were sent to other publications, where they were recognized as sensational art. Her pictures attack the eye. She has some curious power of jumping out of the magazine page like a bareback rider through a hoop. *Life* became practically a Jane Russell album, printing four sets of pictures of her before her first film was even previewed. She became the most successfully promoted work of art since press agent Harry Reichenbach decoyed Anthony

Comstock into prosecuting "September Morn." Miss Russell turned into a news as well as a camera heroine. Taking a trip in a trailer, she discovered gold. A Pasadena chemist, seeing her picture, rushed into his laboratory and invented a perfume called the Outlaw. Cultural organizations presented her with loving cups to commemorate her construction. Dozens of college and service organizations adopted her. Governor Miles of New Mexico visited her on the set. Mayor Rossi of San Francisco declared Cinderella Day in her honor. Fan magazines broke down and joined the Jane Russell parade. According to the Birdwell office count, more than sixty magazine articles were printed about her before her first screen appearance. The publicity campaign had one serious setback. A weekly illustrated magazine presented camera studies of Jane Russell in a sweater. This was too much. It was like dressing the Kremlin in a sweater. The Hays organization issued ban after ban against sweaters.

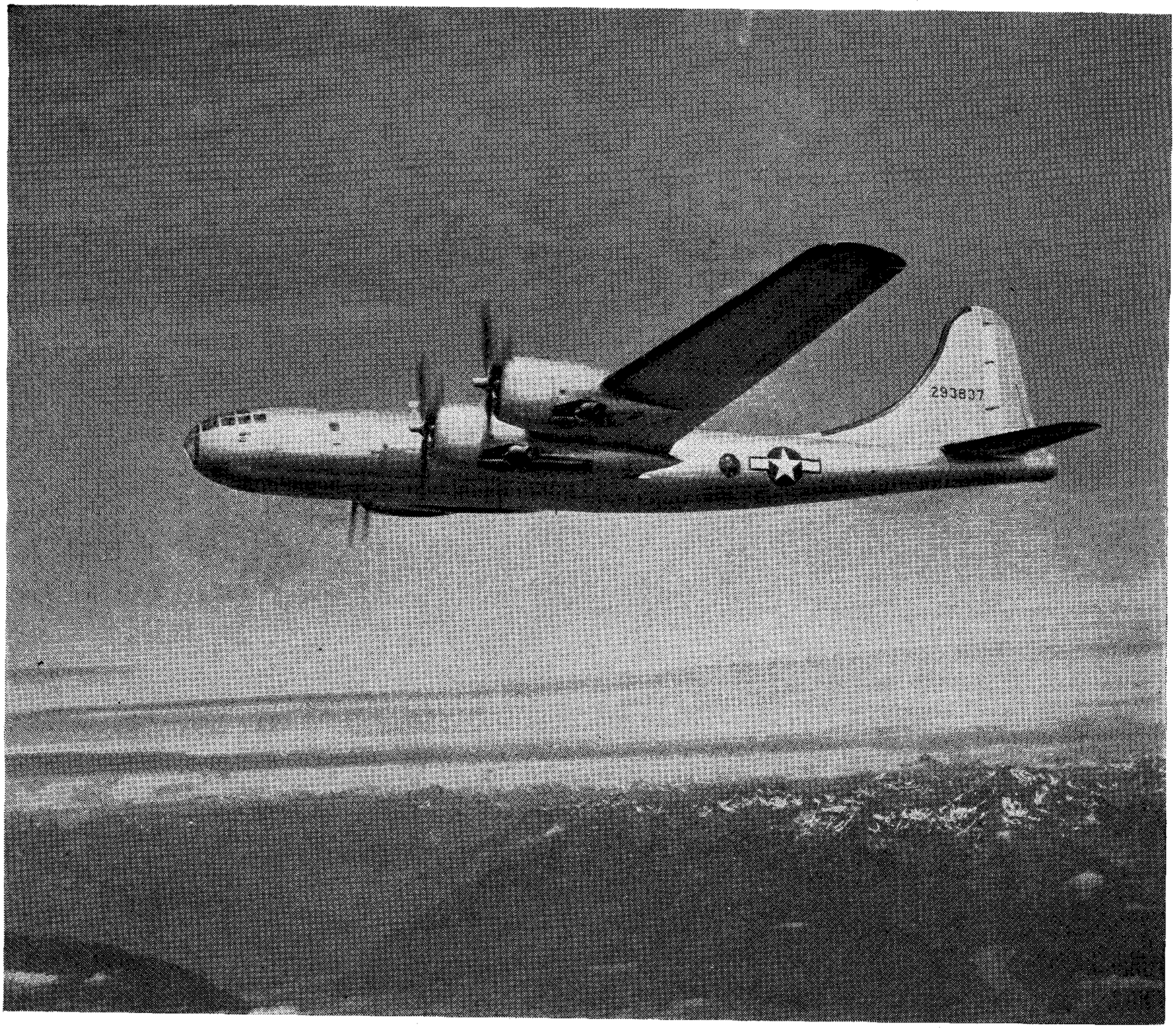
Miss Russell became the pin-up girl of the British corvette flotillas in the North Atlantic. Birdwell handled her North Atlantic publicity himself. He occasionally has causes of his own; one of these was to get this country into the war. He advocated this in flaming full-page magazine ads several months before Pearl Harbor, and was described by the *Daily News* as "the one-man campaigner for war." In recognition of this, England offered him a trip on a bomber flight to Berlin or a cruise with a corvette flotilla in the North Atlantic. He chose the latter, supplied Jane Russell art to the whole flotilla, and cabled stirring accounts of the cruise to the Hearst papers, ringing in little references to Jane Russell and other clients between German air attacks. When Birdwell felt that the pin-up-girl business had been done to death, the press services carried news from Africa that a commanding officer had issued orders forbidding his men to pin up pictures of Jane Russell on the ground that they interfered with military activities.



"The Outlaw" was shown in San Francisco in February, 1943, but has not yet been released elsewhere, for reasons known only to Howard Hughes. Birdwell staged a campaign in San Francisco before the opening. He took a five-room suite at the Mark Hopkins and put the press on a ten-day caviar-and-champagne diet. He arranged for a junket of fifty columnists and correspondents from Los Angeles. His hospitality was engulfed but resented. Caviar-stuffed critics abused "The Outlaw" unmercifully. Birdwell was accused of putting over a Western B picture as an epic of epics. The kindest thing written about it was that it was a pretty fair cow-stealing shivaree. "The Outlaw" was a terrific success. It ran ten weeks and took in a hundred and sixty-six thousand dollars.

"The Outlaw" looked like a modest promotional assignment at first, in 1940. Howard Hughes wanted only four weeks of publicity at fifteen hundred dollars a week. The campaign has now been running for more than four years at fifteen hundred dollars a week. Birdwell uses it as an object lesson to subdue over-enthusiastic young employees who want to smother his clients under avalanches of publicity at the start. At regular intervals, he assembles his staff and tells them the fable of the wise old lawyer and his rash young son. It is a long-drawn-out parable, the moral of which is that when the old man took a vacation, his dashing young son went into court and wound up an estate which had been the lawyer's chief source of income for more than twenty years.

Birdwell holds that a publicity man should know when to keep quiet. Richard Greene, a promising English actor, came to him for advice late in 1939. Hollywood was engaged at the time in one of its periodical persecutions of Brit-



Boeing B-29 Superfortress in Flight

Size alone wasn't enough

The Army wanted an airplane that would carry a *heavier bomb load* . . . *farther, faster* and *higher* . . . than any had before.

Size alone wasn't enough. There were already single, experimental models of massive airplanes; but they lacked the required speed and altitude.

There were also high-performance airplanes. But these were small, lacked long-range and load-carrying ability.

The problem of combining both extremes in one airplane was put before America's aircraft industry. One company, Boeing, was in an exceptional position to meet the Army's requirements, because of its background of pioneering work in developing such four-engine airplanes as the B-17 Flying Fortress, the B-15 Bomber, the Stratoliner and the Pan American Clippers.

The Boeing design was accepted. And then, even before the first experimental model had been completed and tested, the Army committed the Boeing Superfortress to one of the greatest manufacturing programs ever placed behind any weapon of war!

Seldom has such engineering and production responsibility been given to *any* organization. It meant that the new plane *had* to be right; that no basic design changes could be made. It meant that Boeing had to work out the manufacturing plan of the B-29 at the same time it was completing the engineering design—and had to furnish full information about both to the companies which had been selected to help build it.

Success in planning and executing every step of the entire Superfortress program was imperative because of the important military plans built around it. Following the first B-29 operation, the Secretary of War said: "The new long-range bombers have overcome the tremendous barriers of distance to bring the heart of Japan under the guns and bombs of the Army Air Force."

When peace finally comes, Boeing principles of research, design, engineering and manufacture will again be applied to products for your use. True now, it will be equally true of any peacetime product . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

MICHAEL TODD PRODUCTIONS
MAE WEST
in
Catherine was Great
Directed by ROY HARGRAVE
SHUBERT THEATRE, 44th St. W. of B'way
Eves. incl. Sun. 8:30. Mats. Sat. & Sun. 2:30

BOBBY CLARK in
Mexican Hayride
GEORGE GIVOT · WILBUR EVANS · PAUL HAAKON
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
SONGS BY COLE PORTER
WINTER GARDEN, Air-Conditioned
B'way & 50th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"AN IRRESISTIBLE DELIGHT!"
—BARNES, Herald Trib.
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr.
presents
Margaret Elliott
SULLAVAN & NUGENT
in
JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
Comedy
the Voice of the Turtle
with
AUDREY CHRISTIE
MOROSCO, 45th St. W. of B'way.
Evenings 8:35 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:35

"Hilarious, Irresistible."
—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY
with
SIDNEY BLACKMER · LOIS WILSON
AIR CONDITIONED—PLYMOUTH Thea. W. 45th St.
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:40

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S New Play
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER * DENNIS KING * DUDLEY DIGGES
in
The Searching Wind
with BARBARA O'NEIL
FULTON W. 46 St. Eves 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40. Air Cond.

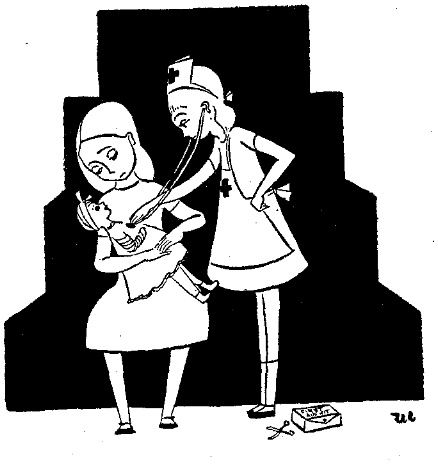
FOLLOW THE GIRLS
with GERTRUDE NIESEN
Jackie GLEASON · Irina BARONOVA · Buster WEST · Tim HERBERT
Air-Conditioned 44th ST. THEATRE W. of B'way. LA. 4-4337
Evgs. 8:30 Sharp. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday, 2:30 Sharp

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT — 2nd YEAR
KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS · Royal BEAL
BILTMORE THEA., W. 47 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ish actors. There was a sudden furious clamor for information about why Richard Greene was not at the front. As Greene had already offered his services and was winding up his Hollywood affairs, he wanted to outshout his critics. Birdwell shut him up and secretly shipped him to England. Nothing was made public on the Greene side of the controversy except a photograph of him in uniform climbing out of a tank.

Birdwell also let the facts speak for themselves when the camera work started on "Gone with the Wind." For more than a year reporters had been asking when the shooting would start. The first scene to be filmed was the burning of Atlanta. Instead of making an advance announcement, Birdwell let the newspapers find out for themselves. The fire scene covered several acres and lit up the night sky for miles. The papers shot reporters out to Hollywood to learn what the conflagration was. When they traced it to the Selznick studio, they found a long row of telephones set up and stirring news stories already written for them.

WHEN Birdwell started in business for himself, he opened offices in New York, the headquarters of Big Business publicity. The great enterprises of the country made the discovery some years ago that they were suffering from a bad reputation. They were practically in the position of Falstaff when he exclaimed, "I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought." The solution seemed to be public-relations counsellors and more public-relations counsellors, plus advertising men. The business publicity man is supposed to bark not only for particular brands of merchandise but for the capitalist system as well. He is a demagogue for big business, a soap-box orator on the other side of the street. Some philosophers think that the future depends on the ability of private enterprise to develop



THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
THE MUSICAL HIT
OKLAHOMA!
Based on LYNN RIGGS' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Betty GARDE · Harry STOCKWELL · Joseph BULOFF · Evelyn WYCKOFF
ST. JAMES. Air-Cond. W. 44th. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

(in association with Jack H. Skirball)
JACOBOWSKY and the COLONEL
The FRANZ WERFEL · S. N. BEHRMAN COMEDY
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
LOUIS CALHERN · ANNABELLA · OSCAR KARLWEIS
AIR-CONDITIONED
MARTIN BECK Thea. W. 45th Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
MARY MARTIN
JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH : Lyrics by OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by Agnes de Mille
Associate producer JOHN WILDBERG
AIR-CONDITIONED
46th ST. Thea. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"As pretty as it is melodious."
—Morehouse, Sun
EDWIN LESTER Presents
The New Hit Operetta
SONG OF NORWAY
Air-Cond. IMPERIAL Thea. 45th St., West of Broadway
CO. 5-2412. Evgs. 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"BERGNER is MAGNIFICENT"
—Life Magazine
Robert REUD & Paul CZINNER present
ELISABETH
BERGNER
In The TWO MRS. CARROLLS
By Martin Vale
AIR-COOLED · with ONSLOW STEVENS
BOOTH Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat.

"THRILLS, LAUGHS, SUSPENSE, EXCITEMENT." Rascoe, World-Tel.
AGATHA CHRISTIE'S
Mystery Comedy
10 LITTLE INDIANS
AIR-COND. BROADHURST THEA. • Evgs. 8:40
West 44th Street. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
50th St. & 6th Ave.
M-G-M's Production
"DRAGON SEED"
KATHARINE HEPBURN
WALTER HUSTON · ALINE MacMAHON
AKIM TAMIROFF · TURHAN BEY
Spectacular Stage Presentation
1st Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

An Old World Spot off 5th Ave.
Cortile
37 West 43rd St.
36 West 44th St.
(Opposite Stern's)
AIR-CONDITIONED · Luncheon from 50c
Cocktail Bar · Dinner from 75c

propagandists equal to the Communist propagandists.

This work was something new to Birdwell. He couldn't use the Lady Godiva or cellophane-bathing suit technique to popularize chairmen of the board. He didn't know what the word "difficult" meant until he had dealt with a few of the industrial prima donnas. Corporations are soulless but temperamental as hell. Birdwell had to use his inventiveness along new lines, legging it over hundreds of acres of factories and grubbing through mountains of statistics in search of news bombshells, heart throbs, and camera angles. Today, when nearly every pushcart man feels that he needs a public-relations counsellor, the private-enterprise publicity field is the most promising of all.

Other departments of publicity in which Birdwell has made an appearance are foreign and domestic politics. The extent of his activity in domestic politics is uncertain, since no man has to register with the State Department in order to go electioneering within the country. International affairs promise to be a public-relations gold mine. America abounds in angels ready to pour millions into anything global. If Birdwell succeeds in doing something for King Carol, he will probably be able to develop a lively traffic in hot crowns. After the last war some of the big press agents had a fine line of nations, and there ought to be good openings ahead for all men in the Barnum-Talleyrand class.

—ALVA JOHNSTON

(*This is the last of four articles on Mr. Birdwell.*)

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Balaam maintained that their peculiar nature was impervious to all assault—but one. This was assault through the senses.

King Balak launched this assault. He sent his Midianite maidens to mingle with the Israelites and to worship their God, Baal-Peor, in the presence of the Hebrews. The worship consisted of sacrificing their virginity to Baal with the aid of any passing stranger. This rite was performed on a couch, according to scholars.

The Israelites, beholding these religious observances, grew restive and, with unusual tolerance, began assisting at the rituals of these pagans. In a short time the tents of all the Hebrew chiefs and rabbis were full of Midianite religious activity, and the great work of Moses seemed certain to be undone.—*Ben Hecht in the Post.*

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And Scribner, where was he?

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

Here's the long and short of the whole story. Instead of shopping around in half a dozen different places—you can get everything needed for School and College all in one store: BROOKS BROTHERS. Everything for Undergraduates and Schoolboys of every age...everything from head to foot...everything in Brooks Brothers' assured good taste and approved scholastic manner...and everything at sensible prices.

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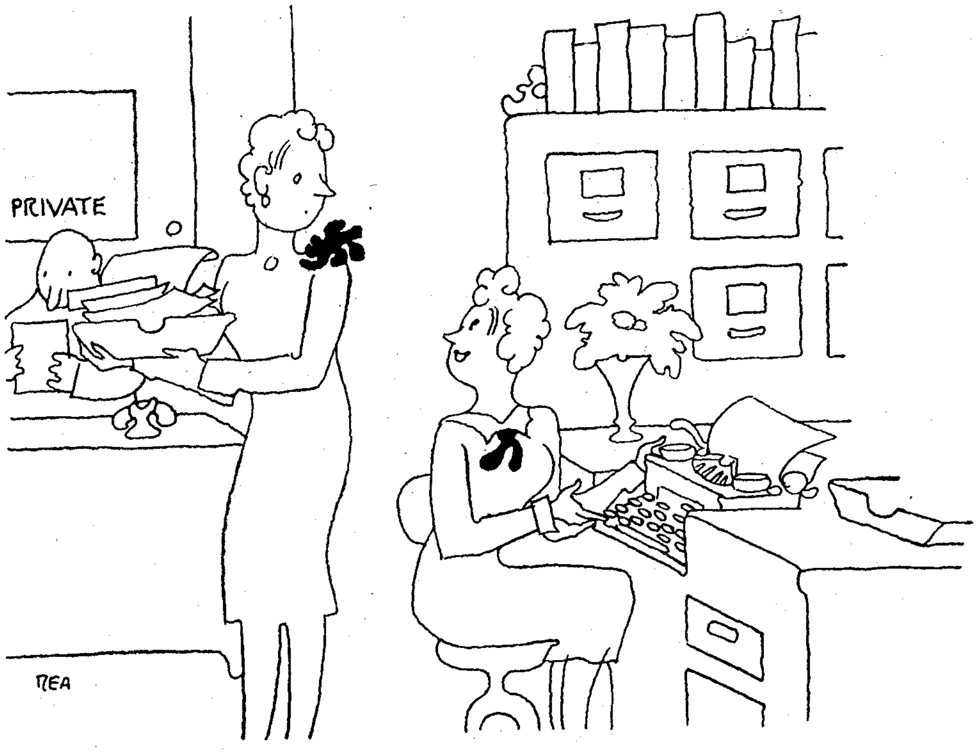
THE THEATRE

BAD GIRL

WITH the exception of a foolish and quite unbelievable final curtain, the Broadway version of "Anna Lucasta," at the Mansfield, is a dignified and often exciting enterprise. As you probably know, it is the story of a colored prostitute who lends herself to a scheme to marry a virtuous young Negro with eight hundred dollars, apparently a lot of money in a small town in Pennsylvania. She makes, however, the mistake of falling in love with him, and when her incestuous father exposes her past, she goes back to her old life rather than take the risk of jeopardizing her husband's career.

I didn't see the Harlem production, but I understand that up there the ending was tragic, culminating in Anna's suicide. For not entirely inscrutable reasons, it has been decided to end things happily at the Mansfield, with the hero and heroine reunited and all the other complications resolved in a neat manner, presumably very healthy at the box office. This is an error and a serious one, especially as it involves a curtain line that might seem coy even in "Peter Rabbit," but in view of the excellence of the whole performance, I think it can be overlooked. Philip Yordan, the author, still has a good many defects as a playwright—he likes to write "powerful" speeches and his construction is often too casual—but his characters are sharply differentiated and for the most part they talk the easy, colloquial language of the people. His first-act picture of the domestic life of the Lucastas, who combine the good, the bad, the silly, the selfish, and a hundred other qualities that make up almost any family group, is, I guess, as honest and convincing as anything I've seen for a long time. The rest, particularly two scenes in a colored saloon presided over by a dismally moral bartender, is never quite up to the beginning, since Mr. Yordan seems to have some weakness for the picturesque, but it is continuously moving, and I can think of nothing at the moment more worthy of your attention.

The all-colored cast, directed by Harry Wagstaff Gribble, is on the whole as good as it could possibly be, resisting what obviously must have been a considerable temptation to act all over the place. Hilda Simms, as Anna, has, of course, the biggest part and achieves a combination of abandon and pathos that seemed to me very impressive. Of the others, I admired Rosetta LeNoire, Georgia Burke, Frederick O'Neal, and Canada Lee, who swaggers through a rather minor part with his usual authority and grace. If, in fact, I have any complaint to make, it might be that George Randol, as Anna's pathological pop, plays some of his scenes as they might conceivably have been done by Jimmy Savo, and Earle Hyman hasn't quite the presence or style you might expect in an actor who is supposed to be a great lover. Frederick Fox's domestic interior and Brooklyn bar gave me the horrors, which naturally is just exactly what they were supposed to do.



"I'm new here. Would you mind showing me the little thing you push so the words won't run together?"

THERE is almost everything in the world wrong with "Lower North," at the Belasco, but it has its moments. Martin Bidwell, the author, is a pamphleteer rather than a playwright; David Burton, the director, has contributed a good deal of amateur grouping and incomprehensible business; the actors, theoretically representing sailors in a training school, behave as actors unfortunately will when not sufficiently curbed by the management; and the first act consumes more time getting nowhere than any other first act in my memory. That the play is not a total disaster can be laid to the fact that from time to time Mr. Bidwell has some reasonably interesting things to say, even though he is not too happily equipped to say them. There is a scene dealing with a shell-shocked victim of Guadalcanal that has been hammed up according to the best Hollywood tradition but which nevertheless manages to be moderately effective theatre; there is something about a travelling salesman who has engaged the two best rooms in a hotel for a party while a sailor and his new bride can find no place to sleep; and there is that number, old but almost always good, in which two ladies of the town acquire a couple of gobs to pay for their drinks. Mr. Bidwell is fairly painful when he is going on about the war and "the little people," or when he is engaged with the comedy of the barracks, with special reference to a tough instructor whose heart is actually as soft as butter, but generally he seems to know what he's talking about, and his piece has an air of authenticity that I found instructive, if not exactly fascinating. The actors, as noted above, seem determined to get a good deal more out of the script than the author has put into it, and since their names for the most part are probably unfamiliar to you, I see very little point in listing them here. Raymond Sovey's sets, which fell down and nearly ruined all the stagehands on the date originally set for the opening, are routine, though I'm sure quite accurate.

"SLEEP NO MORE," a small, glum operation purporting to be a farce, opened one night last week at the Cort. It was about a crew of chisellers and how they got mixed up in the racket of selling pills to keep people awake; its humor was fast, repetitive, and awful; and it was acted by a cast that seemed to me very neatly geared to its material. For the information of posterity, the authors were a couple of cards known as Lee Loeb and Arthur Strawn; the particular star was Robert Armstrong, a moving-picture actor, best known perhaps for his work in "King Kong;" and the proceedings were directed by Cledge Roberts, a great believer in the humor of a man with his foot caught in a wastebasket. A respected colleague of mine stated during an intermission that he got one laugh out of "Sleep No More;" he was certainly one up on me.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

Fur provides the lustrous frame for your entire ensemble. Whether you choose a sleek M40 Rat, which is the newest shade, or a handsome fitch, it is defined as the newest in lines, by the tuxedo front and immense cuff.—*Adv. in the Rapid City (S.D.) Daily Journal.*

We rather lean toward a B-26 Mouse.

•

It is unthinkable, under our system of government, that the Army and Navy should launch an invasion of Africa, or Italy, or France, or the west coast of China without first consulting closely with the President and obtaining his approval. —*The Times.*

They better consult with the National Geographic Society before they try the west coast of China.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Francisco Chronicle*]

HILLSDALE, MICH. (U.P.) — Mrs. Birda Sindecuse's milkweed floss has gathered big returns.

Last fall when she gave the Agricultural Department three pounds of floss gathered by her mother 50 years ago, she thought she was just cleaning out her attic.

LISTEN: SEPTEMBER 9, 1944

The likelihood that you'll get fine-screen television, either in black and white or in lifelike color, long before the pessimists predicted it, took a long and realistic leap forward the other day in Washington.

You recall that in April CBS urged that the amazing wartime progress in electronics be applied to making such postwar pictures possible—and that the whole industry concentrate enthusiastically on that goal instead of muddying the market with coarse-screen television.

The proposal stirred up a tempest: the pessimists roared "Can't be done". But quietly behind the scenes in Washington a group of government experts met as the Interdepartmental Radio Advisory Committee to study the situation and come up with a specific recommendation. This committee (IRAC for short) has just reported-out a hearty confirmation of the CBS proposals.

Here they are:

1. CBS proposed much wider television channels (14 to 16 megacycles wide instead of prewar 6) to permit pictures with twice as much detail, in black and white, or in full color.

IRAC PROPOSES CHANNELS 16 MEGACYCLES WIDE, AND PERHAPS AS WIDE AS 20.

2. CBS proposed that television "move upstairs" in the radio spectrum—above 200 megacycles (it's below 100 now).

IRAC PROPOSES THAT TELEVISION MOVE UP TO CHANNELS BETWEEN 450 AND 1000.

3. CBS proposed at least 30 such channels so as to encourage free competition, better picture product, and national service.

IRAC PROPOSES 31 SUCH CHANNELS.

4. CBS proposed that present (prewar quality) television service continue on the low narrow channels until service is ready "upstairs" on the wider bands.

IRAC'S PROPOSAL PERMITS PRECISELY THIS FLEXIBLE AND LOGICAL STEP.

Now the next move is the FCC's assignment of channels.

There'll be a hearing soon now in Washington. As shortly thereafter as the FCC decides, you'll know more definitely when you can expect the fine-screen pictures, rich and well defined, in either black and white or in natural color—right in your own living room—on a screen sizeable enough for the whole family to enjoy at once.

★

How would you like to be able to hear a first-hand story from Christopher Columbus as he set foot on San Salvador? Or Washington, bidding his grave goodbye to his officers in Fraunces Tavern? Or the true voice of Lincoln at Gettysburg, Lee at Appomatox, Dewey at Manila, Hobson sinking the Merrimac in black Santiago Harbor, Samuel Woodfill under fire at Cunel?

Historians from now on may turn not only to picture and print for first-hand source material, but to the record made by radio. For CBS just sent the National Archives 67 sixteen-inch special recordings of the first full 16 hours of news the network broadcast on D-Day, June 6, 1944. Your grandson—the one your boy is fighting for—will go one day to the Archives in Washington and ask to hear those records...the first flash of the German rumor...the prayers of the kings and commoners...the sounds of men under fire at sea, on the beaches...the grave voices of the correspondents, the trumpet call of Eisenhower's first communiqué.

This volume of recordings is No. 2 in a shelf CBS started in the Archives with the first 24 hours of World War II. "This" (said the letter of gift) "is a different kind of recorded history than students of prior generations have had passed on to them, since it is preserved in the medium of the spoken rather than the printed word....In finding room for this second presentation, we hope you will be able to reserve space for a third, so that happier Americans may in better days hear how peace returned to the world."

The recording needle is poised...

★

This is CBS

the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

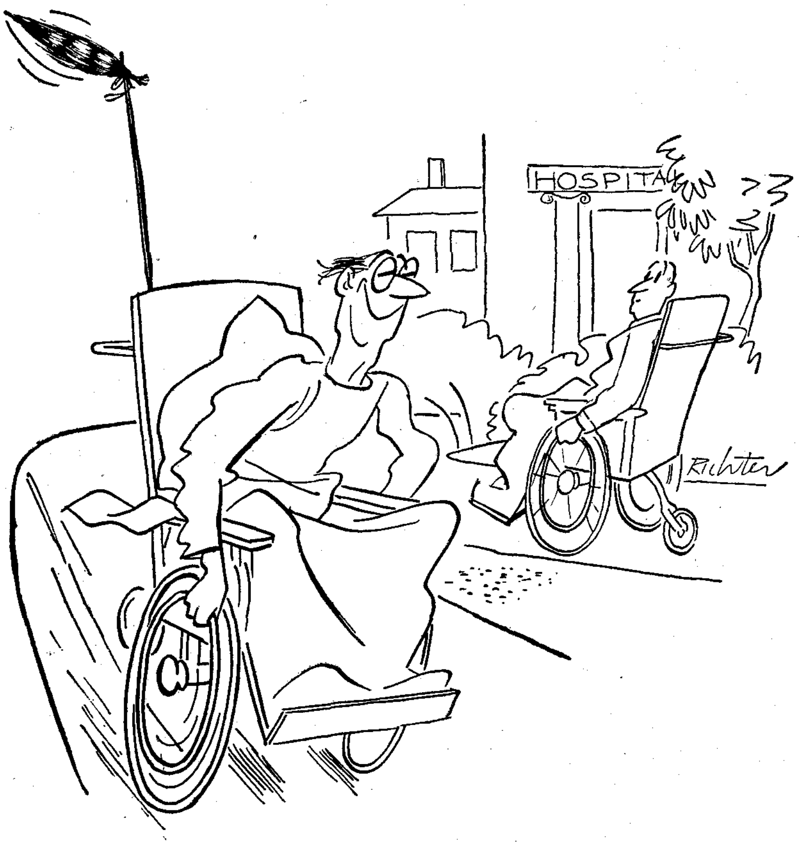
LETTER FROM PARIS

SEPTEMBER 1 (BY WIRELESS)

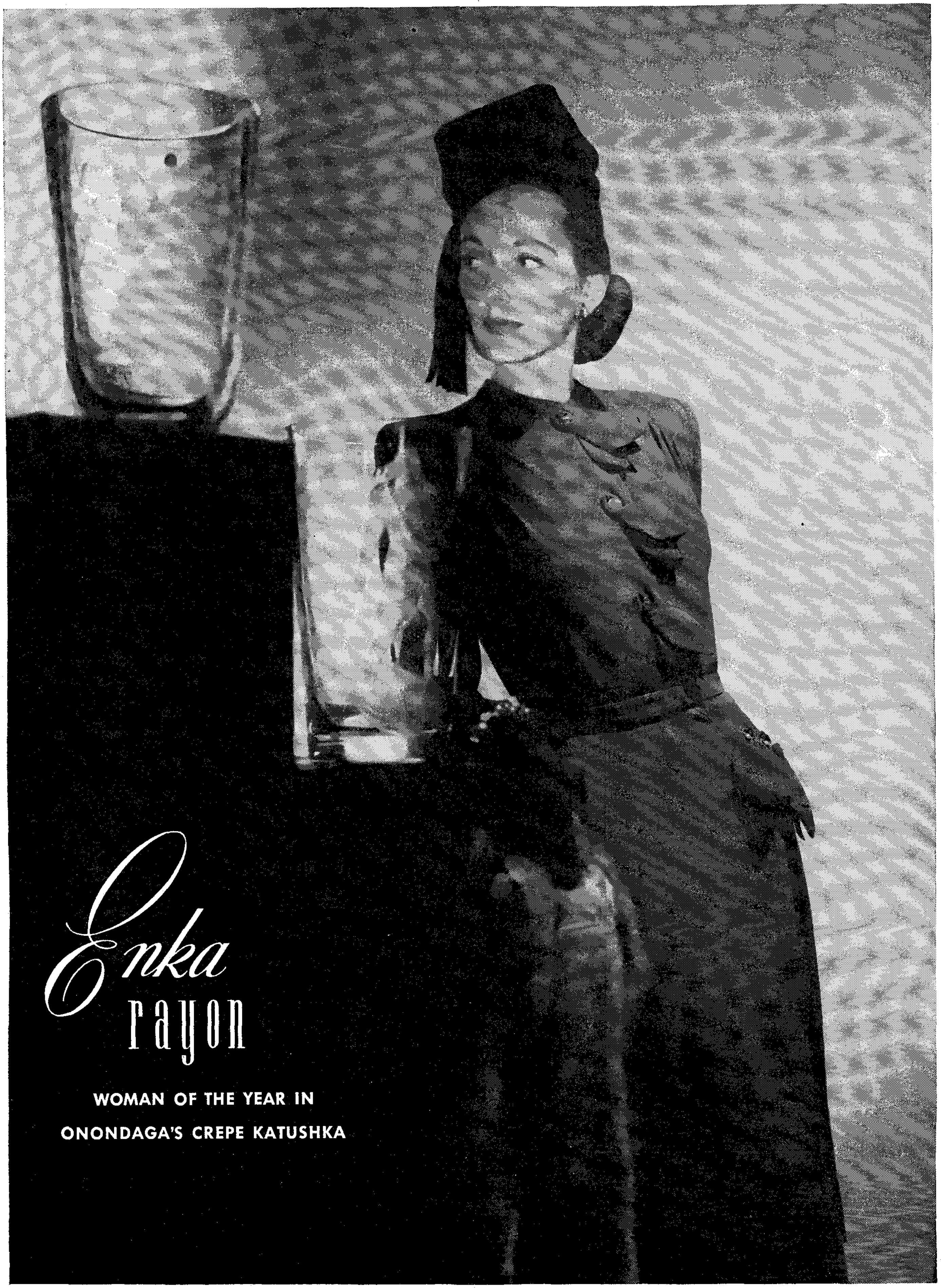
FOR the first time in my life and probably the last, I have lived for a week in a great city where everybody is happy. Moreover, since this city is Paris, everybody makes this euphoria manifest. To drive along the boulevards in a jeep is like walking into some as yet unmade René Clair film, with hundreds of bicyclists coming toward you in a stream that divides before the jeep just when you feel sure that a collision is imminent. Among the bicyclists there are pretty girls, their hair dressed high on their heads in what seems to be the current mode here. These girls show legs of a length and slimness and firmness and brownness never associated with French womanhood. Food restrictions and the amount of bicycling that is necessary in getting around in a big city without any other means of transportation have endowed these girls with the best figures in the world, which they will doubtless be glad to trade in for three square meals, plentiful supplies of chocolate, and a seat in the family Citroën as soon as the situation becomes more normal. There are handsome young matrons with children mounted behind them on their bikes, and there are husky young workmen, stubby little *employés de bureau* in striped pants, and old professors in wing collars and chin whiskers, all of them smiling and all of them lifting their right hands from the handlebars to wave as they go past. The most frequently repeated phrase of the week is "*Enfin on respire.*"

Happiest of all, in the French film manner, are the police, who stand at street intersections with their thumbs in their belts and beam paternally at everybody instead of looking stern and important, as they used to. Cyclists wave to them appreciatively. When, occasionally, a truck passes through a street, taking policemen to their beats, people standing on the café *terrasses* applaud and shout "*Vive la police!*" For Paris, where the street cry has always been "*A bas les flics!*" (Down with the cops!), this is behavior so unprecedented that the cops sometimes look as though they think it is all a dream. There is good reason for the change of heart; for the first time since Etienne Marcel led a street mob against the royal court in about 1350, the police and the people have been on the same side of the barricades. It was the police who, on August 15th, gave the signal for a mass disregard of the Germans by going on strike. It was also the police who, four days later, began the street fighting by seizing the Prefecture of the Seine, their headquarters, across the square from Notre Dame on the Ile de la Cité. Three thousand of them, in plainclothes and armed with carbines, revolvers, and a few sub-machine guns, took the place over and defended it successfully for six days before being relieved by the arrival of the French armored division of General Leclerc. This was the largest centre of patriot resistance during the struggle. Because it is in the middle of the city, it was the knot that kept the network of patriot strongpoints together. The Germans held fortresses in the Place de la Concorde, the Place St. Michel, the Luxembourg Gardens, and along the Rue de Rivoli. Von Choltitz, the German military governor of the city, was finally captured by soldiers of the armored division in the Hôtel Meurice, and the Crillon was fought for as though it were a blockhouse. During the five days of fighting before the first elements of Allied troops began to penetrate the city, the Germans sallied from their strongpoints in tanks and systematically shot up the town. The Forces Françaises de l'Intérieur had erected barricades to stop the tanks, and boys fourteen or fifteen years old, with courage that was more than a riposte to the fanaticism of the Hitler Jugend, often destroyed tanks by throwing bottles of incendiary fluid through their ports. The bottles were usually filled with mixtures prepared by neighborhood druggists. The youngsters who did the fighting were not always of the type that is ordinarily on good terms with the police. They included the problem children of every neighborhood as well as students and factory workers. So the oldest of all Paris feuds has ended.

It has perhaps already been hinted in the New York press that our army had not expected to take Paris quite so soon. The city was to be bypassed and encircled to save it from street fighting, on the theory that the last elements of the German garrison would withdraw just before being cut off. Thus a certain amount of damage to the city's buildings would be prevented, unless, of course, the Germans mined them before departing. As it turned out, the Germans laid mines, all right, but they didn't set them off because they were caught sitting on them. There were ten tons of explosives in the vaults under the Senate alone. But none of this is so important for the future of the world as the fact that the French saved their self-respect forever by going into the streets and fighting. The F.F.I.s were already in control of the city when the regular troops arrived, they like to tell you when you talk with them in the cafés. And, with a fine bit of military courtesy, the Allied Command, when it was informed that conditions in Paris called for an immediate move, sent in Le-



JOFFE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Many cases of cancer are curable *if caught in time.* If you need our help, come to the nearest of our three Little Red Doors now.

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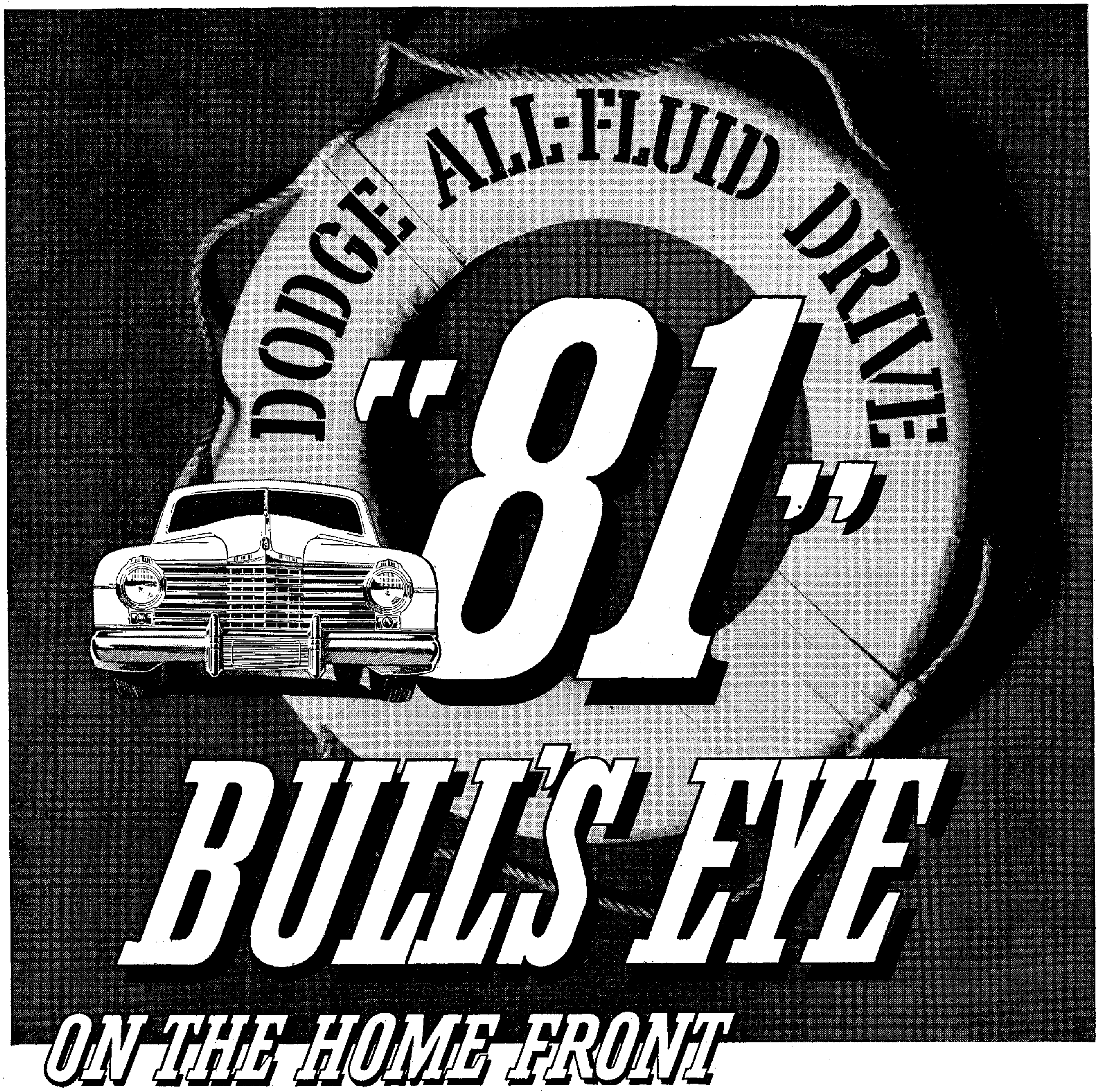
clerc's division first. Frenchmen had begun the liberation of Paris; other Frenchmen completed it. As a result, the Parisians are happy not only because of the liberation but because they feel they earned it.

The gratitude toward Americans is immense and sometimes embarrassing in its manifestations. People are always stopping one in the street, pumping one's hand, and saying "Thank you." It is useless to protest. To the Parisians, and especially to the children, all Americans are now *héros du cinéma.* This is particularly disconcerting to sensitive war correspondents, if any, aware, as they are, that these innocent thanks belong to those American combat troops who won the beachhead and then made the breakthrough. There are few such men in Paris. Young women, the first day or two after the Allies arrived, were as enthusiastic as children; they covered the cheeks of French and American soldiers alike with lipstick. This stage of Franco-American relations is approaching an end. Children, however, still follow the American soldiers everywhere, singing the "Marseillaise" and hopefully eyeing pockets from which they think gum might emerge. And it is still hard for an American who speaks French to pay for a drink in a bar.

THE city is resuming normal life with a speed I would never have believed possible. The noise of battle has receded and the only visible reminders of the recent fighting are some damaged buildings, holes in a few streets, and a considerable number of captured German automobiles dashing about loaded with F.F.I.s and their girls, all wearing tricolor brassards and festooned with German machine pistols, Lugers, and grenades. French adolescents have for years been deprived of the simple pleasure of riding about on four wheels, and if they seem to find an excessive number of military missions for themselves, all of which involve riding down the boulevards and cheering, nobody can blame them. Until very recently they seemed to have great difficulty in resisting the equally natural temptation to shoot off their new weapons, and every day sounded like the Fourth of July, but the F.F.I., whose officers are serious soldiers, is now being absorbed into the French Army and the promiscuous shooting has come to an end. On a shattered concrete pillbox in the Place de la Concorde some playful fellow has printed, in chalk, "Liquidation. To rent, forty thousand francs." And, as I write, a painter is relettering "Guaranty Trust of New York" on the building next to the Crillon that the bank occupied before we went to war.

The physical conditions of life here are not too bad. Paris was spared the most uncomfortable experience a big modern city can have, for the water system has continued to work, a very important factor not only in sanitation but morale. Only a limited quantity of electricity is available; the power plants and distributing system are in good shape, but the hydroelectric power from central France is no longer coming in and there is a very small supply of fuel. Consequently, lights are on for only about two hours every evening, except in government offices. There is as yet no gas for cooking, but it has been promised that there soon will be. For that matter, there is not very much to cook; the city had no more than a two weeks' supply of strictly necessary foods when the liberators entered it, and though the American and French authorities have been steadily pumping food into the town, there is not yet enough for the reëstablishment of good eating at home, let alone good restaurant life. Only a few small black-market restaurants still exist. The price of *petit salé* (a kind of New England boiled dinner), one pear, and a half bottle of Bordeaux is seven hundred francs. This is the best fare you can get, and seven hundred francs, just to remind you, is fourteen dollars. Butter is four hundred francs a pound. However, the day of the black-market people is ending, because there are great quantities of butter, meat, and vegetables in Normandy, Brittany, and Anjou at about an eighth of Paris prices, and bringing them here is now simply a matter of transportation. Considering that all this food is only fifty to a hundred and fifty miles away, there is little reason to doubt that the problem will soon be solved. A decent pair of leather shoes costs a hundred dollars, a man's suit three hundred, and a portable



IF EVER a car's performance feature scored a bull's-eye—All-Fluid Drive has scored one for Dodge.

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If further evidence is needed, compare the tire wear; or talk to one of these Dodge owners; or look for signs of the usual mechanical wear and tear. What you'll find are almost new car qualities after three or four years of tough, wartime service.

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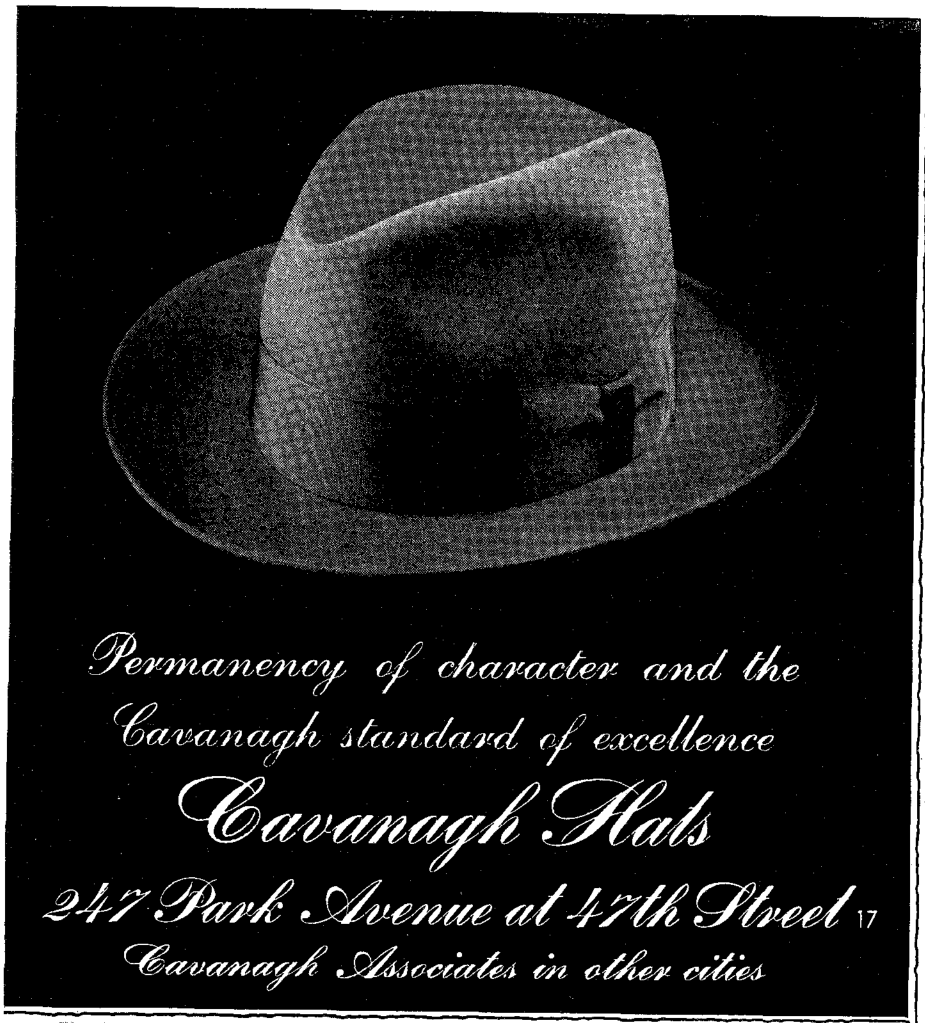
JOIN THE ATTACK—BUY MORE WAR BONDS

YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES, THURSDAYS, 9 P.M., E.W.T., CBS NETWORK

typewriter five hundred and sixty. My advice to the Frenchman who wants any of these things is to do without for a few weeks, because such a situation can last only under the rule of the Germans, who drain a country dry of everything except grace, beauty, and good sense. The German occupation gave the black market a sort of moral sanction here. In Britain the feeling has been, ever since the blitz days, that a man who bought in the black market deprived other Britons of their share. Here people said, truthfully enough, that if you had money and didn't buy in the black market, what you wanted to buy would simply go to Germany. The black-market operators themselves are an unprepossessing lot, however, and a visit to a black-market restaurant will quickly convince anyone that a fair proportion of the patrons are engaged in other branches of the same racket.

THE question of what is to be done with all this group is receiving considerable attention in the new French press. There are already eleven dailies in Paris, all almost direct offshoots of the clandestine resistance papers. Only three bear names well known before the war—the conservative *Figaro*, the Communist *L'Humanité*, and the Socialist *Le Populaire*. These three had been suppressed by Vichy, but *Populaire* and *Humanité* became as powerful as ever in their clandestine editions. Others, like *Combat*, *Libération*, and *Franc-Tireur*, are resistance papers appearing for the first time above ground and in full size. The editorial offices and printing plants of the big collaborationist papers have been handed over to the newcomers. *Populaire*, for example, is now published in the plant of *Le Matin*, on the Boulevard Poissonnière. The new papers have from the beginning taken divergent political lines; in the cases of *Figaro*, *Humanité*, and *Populaire*, it would perhaps be better to say that they have resumed them. They are in complete accord, however, on the prestige and position of General de Gaulle and his provisional government. So is every man, woman, and child I have heard speak of de Gaulle or his government in Paris. The man's prestige is so vast that it is slightly nauseating now to think of the "opposition" to him that rich Frenchmen were still telling credulous friends about in London and Washington only a few months ago. He put the seal on a personal legend last Saturday, when, on foot and towering above a couple of million compatriots, he led a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parade down the Champs-Elysées and as far as Notre Dame, where he listened to the Te Deum while snipers and F. F. I.s exchanged shots around him. Such overwhelming popularity may in time prove to be a handicap to him; he must eventually disappoint some of the people who now expect irreconcilable things of him. His hold on the public could not possibly be greater. A united France has crystallized around him.

—A. J. Liebling

•

POPULAR TENNIS PLAYER SUMS UP SITUATION

[*Adv. in the Honolulu Star Bulletin*]

CONCHEE'S SPECIAL PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT

To all beginners, have you found out your difficulties in learning tennis yourself while on the courts or learned from tennis magazines? If you have why waste your time!

First: Assume his valuable advice that you'll never be able to obtain any improvement.

Second: You don't know about tennis and unable to learn it correctly without the efficient guidance of an experienced instructor.

Third: What you really want is an experienced instructor to teach you the fundamentals of tennis.

Just mail him your reply to:

Harry A. T. Conchee, popular dexterous tennis player and instructor. Results guaranteed. P. O. Box 1512, Honolulu, T. H. Mr. Conchee has had years of tennis experience to his credit. Tennis teacher in Honolulu since 1934. During the past nine years of teaching he'd taught over 78 percent of beginners, 77 percent of them had learned his method so accurately and simple that they play like an A player. Mr. Conchee was formerly a resident of Kapaa, Kauai, had left his home town for many years. His father was widely known in Hawaii as Chinese business executive and director with several large concerns in earlier century.

He'd like to thank Mr. Joe Manuel, the radio cop, who wrote his tennis article in Sunday's advertiser. Well! Joe, when Mr. Conchee was in his prime in old days he was a good player on the following sports such as bowling, checker, indoor ball game, mandolin, ping pong, ukulele, volley ball and wee golf. These were the sports he played. He's still taking up some of these sports. Any way he likes tennis and teaching that his present hobbies. Mr. Conchee also is an expert typist, too. Twenty-three years ago this month he was the first winner, won the opened typewriting contest held in this city. His accurate speed was 93 words per minute, of which more than 100 typists participating. He's still has plenty of speed pounding his fingers on the typewriters keys and the bookkeeping machines, too. Mr. Conchee is an experienced and well-qualified office man, too.

Thirteen years ago, for the first time he played wee golf with several old timers on 18 holes golf course, Kalakaua ave. he made several lower scores. The last time he played that year he made 37 strokes.

Young-Timers "First Love"
...the wool suit, dressmaker-detailed
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OF ALL THINGS

Hungary's new premier, Colonel General Lakatos, says that his country will never desert Hitler. We can therefore assume that it will fight on for the duration of the war, or at least for the duration of Lakatos.

•

The Allies' hopes of having a few good scraps on the old battlefields of northern France are doomed to disappointment. For some reason, the Nazis don't seem to want to coöperate.

•

Lieutenant General Kurt Dittmar practically admits that Germany has lost the war. He wants us to call the silly thing off and wish his compatriots better luck the next time.

•

The Russians have long been dubious about the sincerity of Bulgaria's insistence that it wants to get out of the war. Their idea seems to have been that the best way of finding out was to send the Red Army into the country to take up the matter in person.

•

It is reported that Quisling is worrying over the possibility that the German garrison may be withdrawn from Norway. He evidently does not yearn to be alone with his beloved people.

•

The suggestion has been made that Dewey announce his cabinet before the campaign is over. The chances are, however, that he won't try to solve this particular problem until he is sure that he will have it to solve.

•

Five political parties will be given equal time on broadcasts to men in the services. Everyone seems to have forgotten the American citizen's inalienable right of freedom from speech.

•

Wendell Willkie still refuses to take sides in the political campaign. It may well be that nothing short of the advent of wintry weather will drive him down off that fence of his.

•

The alcohol industry has returned to the manufacture of war goods after a month pleasantly spent in making liquor. The distillers say that they enjoyed every single minute of their holiday.

—Howard Brubaker

OUR COMBATANT CORRESPONDENTS

O.K. WITH THE KANAKAS

ALL I knew about the Kanakas when I reached Namur, one of the Marshall Islands, with my company of United States Marines was that they were supposed to be a primitive, brown-skinned people, who, in the pictures I thought I had seen of them, wore wooden plates in their lips. This, I admit, wasn't a great deal of information, and I soon found out that it had the further disadvantage of being almost entirely wrong. The Kanakas *are* brown-skinned, but if any of them wear wooden plates in their lips, or anyplace else, I didn't see them. As for primitivism, the islanders I came to know seemed to have progressed far along the road to what passes for civilization (they even knew the value of foxholes), and their chief, who went by the name of La Malina, was a stalwart, kind, dignified, and sagacious man whose courtesy and hospitality I shall remember for a long time.

Almost everything on the island had been flattened by our naval bombardment and, by the time our invasion forces landed, all the Kanakas who had lived there had fled to the neighboring islets that lie just beyond the sharp coral reef that surrounds Namur. Three days after our forces took over and the last Japanese had been cleaned out, the Kanakas returned—sixty-five of them, looking like a crowd of movie extras. No sooner had they settled down than two of them, Alfonso and Elis, called upon our general and identified themselves as emissaries of La Malina, their king. I met Elis myself—a large, friendly man with aquiline features. "You soldier," he said in Japanese to a friend of mine who was one of our interpreters. "Marine," my friend answered. "You soldier," the man persisted, still speaking in the language he had picked up during the years Namur was under Japanese rule. "Marine," the interpreter repeated firmly. Elis grinned. "You *great* soldier," he said. It soon became apparent, from what Elis and his companions told us, conveying their meaning with gestures rather than speech, that they expected to be supported. They had lost much of their old reliance on nature and they indicated, rather emphatically, that they would consider it a privilege to become, at least for the time being, the White Man's Burden.

THE first job that faced the naval officer who became our Civil Affairs Commissioner was to put the islanders to work. He ordered his chief yeoman to find out if they would be willing to bury the Japanese dead, a task they entered into with enthusiasm. Elis, who showed a surprising ability to translate the yeoman's gestures into the Marshall language, became his straw boss. The yeoman, a former storekeeper from Libby, Montana, wrote the names of the natives across their chests in whitewash and Elis put them to work.

Elis, in his spare time, told me a few things about his native tongue. He said that the islanders had five words for "coconut" and that *bignano* meant "smell bad." *Aat*, he explained, meant "hat," *talousers* meant "pants," *lap* was the word for "island," and *lapalap* was "great big island." There seemed to be nothing in their vocabulary, however, which embraced the concept of work; the chief yeoman had to bring an English phrase into use. It was "Come on, Charlie" and it meant, on our island, "Go to work." The natives all said "O.K." in reply. Every one of them seemed to be familiar with this Americanism, but whether they learned it from the Japanese or from the missionaries who had lived among them, I never found out.

It was through Elis that I became acquainted with some of the islanders—his seven-year-old son, whose name was Boy and who soon became the mascot of my company; Emil, whose mother had gone to a missionary school on a nearby island and who could spell and read simple English words; Alfonso Capella, who spoke creditable English with the accent of a West Indian Negro and had gone to school at a Catholic mission on Makin; and a particularly amiable fellow called Allenso. Allenso, I discovered, had once been named Allenson (he was christened by an English missionary), but he had

Let these guys start it!

There's a day coming when you'll want to stand up and cheer the greatest victory in history.

But let's not start cheering yet.

In fact, let's not start it at all—over here. Let's leave it to the fellows who are *doing* the job—to begin the celebrating.

Our leaders have told us that smashing the Axis will be a slow, dangerous, bloody job.

If we at home start throwing our hats in the air and easing up before the job's completely done, it will be slower, more dangerous, bloodier.

Right now, it's up to us to *keep* on buying War Bonds until this war is won.

Let's keep bearing down till we get the news of final victory from the only place such news can come: the battleline.

If we do that, we'll have the *right* to join the cheering when the time comes.

Keep backing 'em up with War Bonds

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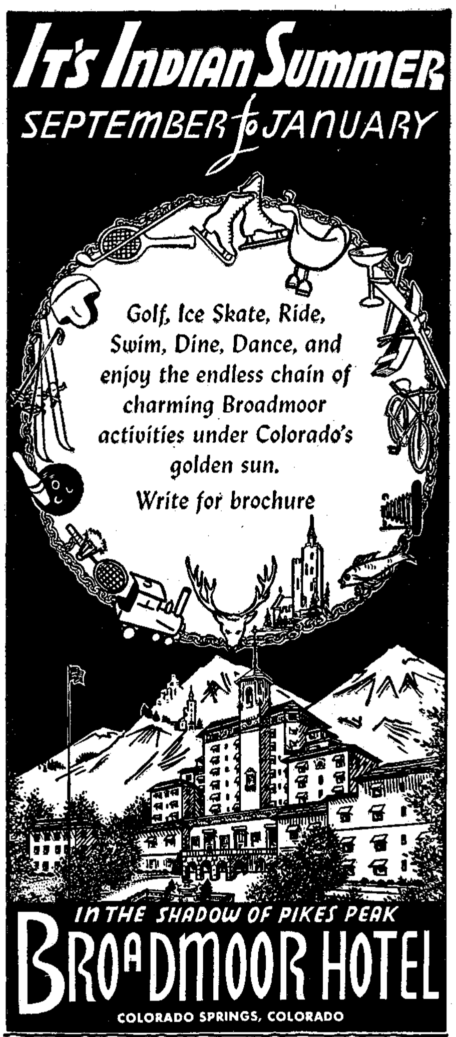
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insouciantly shortened his name by a letter. He was gracious and carefree, and he spoke practical English and, I was told, fluent Japanese. I first encountered him as he sat eating a box of K rations. I asked him how he liked American food. "Wonderful," he replied. The food, he added, was what they had liked least about the Japanese. It seemed that they were given very little besides rice and fish, although they had had plenty of those. Allenso said that the last time he and his friends had had a good meal was more than twenty-five years before, when the Germans had occupied the island. The natives had all, he added, been very fond of German cooking.

It was Allenso who told me about the missionary who had brought Christianity and a certain amount of English to Namur. He was a Mr. George Lockwood, who years ago, during the early days of the Japanese occupancy, had been sent to the Marshalls by a Boston mission board. He took with him his wife, and an adequate supply of hymn books and Bibles in the Marshall language. Allenso, who always referred to him as the Reverend Mr. Lockwood, said that he learned to speak a pidgin variety of Japanese, although he preached his sermons in Marshall. This, according to Allenso, never got much better than his Japanese. The Reverend Mr. Lockwood had abolished smoking, or, rather, had decreed that his parishioners could not smoke and remain in good standing in the church. Attendance at services fell off to nothing, as there was soon no one in good standing, not even the children—who, from what I saw, take up smoking at the age of seven. When the Reverend Mr. Lockwood and his wife left the island, after Japan had walked out of the League of Nations, the little frame building that had been used as a church was taken over by the Japanese for a granary.

After the departure of the Reverend Mr. Lockwood, the natives conducted their own services. The oldest native, named Lanlin, acted as a sort of lay preacher. One of the first things he did was to restore smokers to the church. Lanlin is still alive. I met him, also through Elis, and found him an aged, wrinkled man whose memory went back to the time when lost mariners supposedly set their course for the Marshalls by locating a huge tree, floating upright, which, carried by ocean currents, made a daily round-trip course around the island, several hundred miles out to sea. Lanlin also spoke of a certain spot in the ocean where, he said, ships used to get fresh water by lowering a corked bottle several fathoms, pulling the cork out by means of an ingenious mechanical device, allowing the bottle to fill, recapping it, and hauling it up. Mariners, he said, often went hundreds of miles off their course to get this fresh water, then frequently lost their bearings and had to find the upright floating tree in order to get back on their course.

Lanlin also told me that the Marshall Islanders could navigate solely by observing the ocean currents, a trick whose secret was handed down from generation to generation. He said that in his youth he had known men who could sail an outrigger canoe from the Marshalls to the Gilberts this way, and that the Germans, during their occupation of the island, had made a lengthy study of the art. One German sea captain had written a book explaining this method of navigation, but Lanlin could not recall that any German in the islands had ever used it. "After all," he said, "they had compasses."

OUR Marine camp was separated from La Malina's village only by the breadth of a path, which formed a sort of borderline, and the two communities had become very neighborly. We Marines played with the young children and stared at the native women, who lay on their sides on the ground, shining with coconut oil and humming to themselves. At night, the villagers sat around their fires and sang, and we sat in our own rather less cheerful bivouac and listened. Presently a Marine would burst into "Deep in the Heart of Texas" and we Americans would all sing, antiphonally, across the path that separated us from the native village. In a few minutes La Malina and his people would pick the song up—only the tune, of course. Then we Marines would accent the rhythm by clapping our hands.

One day Elis came up to me, looking very official and important and bringing Allenso along as interpreter. Elis said that La Malina, his king, had invited me and a friend of mine, Sergeant Gil Bailey, of Delphi, Indiana, to his village. Sergeant Bailey and I accepted La Malina's invitation and went over that afternoon. We were met by a Marine sentry, assigned to the king's village for some reason of protocol. He was dressed in a helmet and a loincloth that bore the name of a Los Angeles hotel. Emulating the natives' dress was the principal amusement of the Marines on our tiny island.

Sergeant Bailey and I, following Elis and Allenso, soon came to La Malina's throne. It was made of wood and above it was a panoply of palms. Allenso introduced us to La Malina, who asked us, through Allenso, if we would stay for the evening meal. I expected to eat native food—arrowroot, breadfruit, coconuts, pandanus, taros, and bananas—but what we got was canned tomatoes, canned pineapple juice, canned pork and beans (all of which the natives opened with bayonets), and K rations.

After we had finished, La Malina dismounted from his throne and led his people to the beach for a song fest. They arranged themselves, like a choir, in four groups, the women and children in a section at one end and then three sections of men—tenor, baritone, and bass. They sang what Allenso said were love songs. Their music had a chanting, singsong quality, like Hawaiian music, but more spirited and precise. The harmony was elaborate and the rhythm was very definite. The Marines came down to the beach to hear the music and applauded after each number. Finally, old Lanlin brought out a hymnal and the islanders sang "The Old Rugged Cross" in their native language. Then Allenso asked the Marines to join the natives in singing the natives' favorite hymn. Hymnals were passed around by Allenso, who asked us to turn to Page 121. The titles were in both English and Marshall, and the hymn was "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Under a full moon, with our warships casting deep shadows in the water, we all sang.

La Malina then asked that the Marines sing some American songs, and we tried a few folk songs and a little jazz—"She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain," "Melancholy Baby," "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody," and "Shoo, Shoo, Baby." The natives applauded—out of mere politeness, I thought—but the ice had been broken. They sang again; this time the tune was "Springtime in the Rockies," sung in Marshall. I later found out that this had been imported with the missionaries and was the only American popular song they knew. They were under the impression, I believe, that it was a hymn.

After the singing was over, the islanders danced—group dances like the Virginia Reel, but done to the beating of many hands on empty boxes. Then the Marines, catching the spirit of things, also danced. A young corporal

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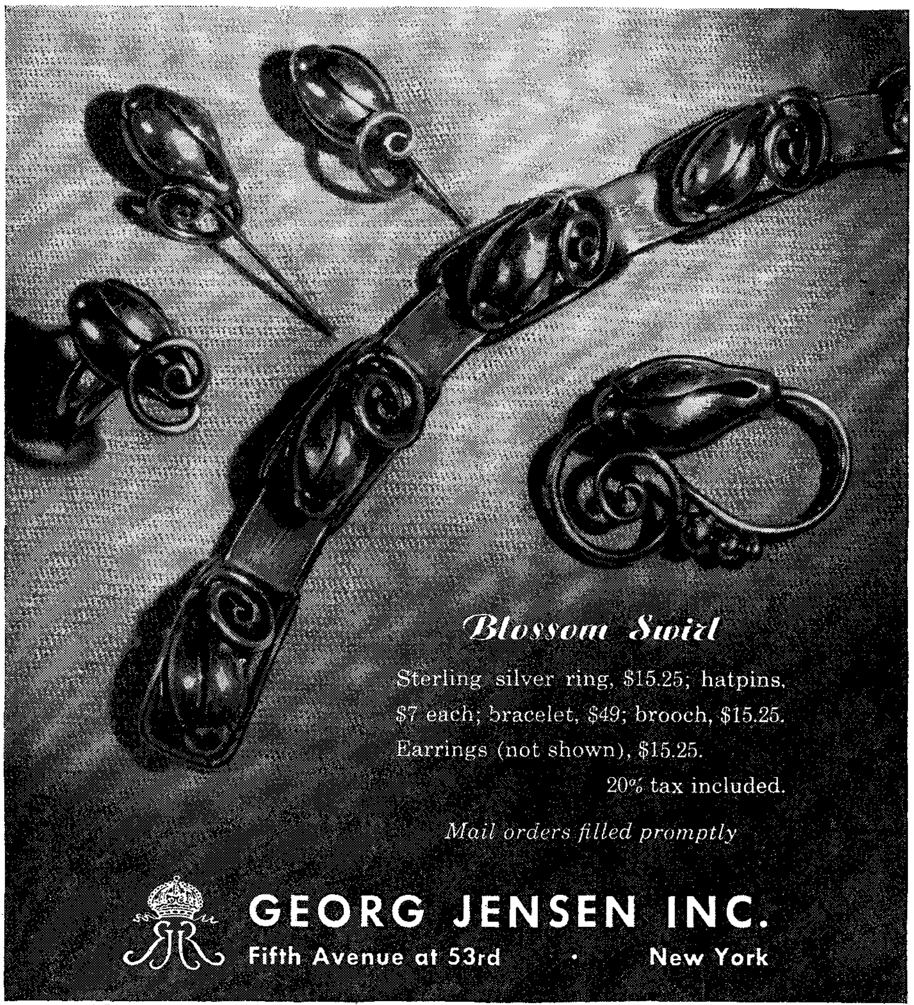

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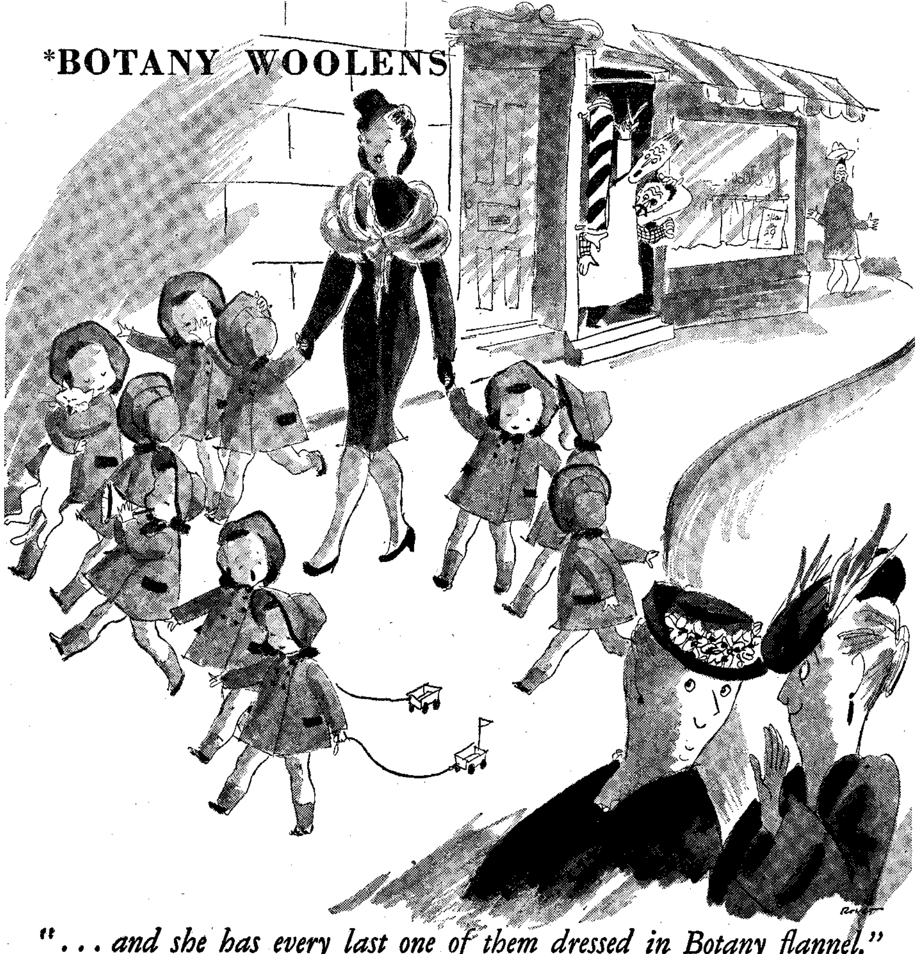


*BOTANY WOOLENS

"*... and she has every last one of them dressed in Botany flannel.*"
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Copyright 1944, Botany Worsted Mills

jumped up and, with the moonlight-flooded beach as a stage, did a strip tease. It was the most savage note of the evening and the most successful turn in the show. The natives had plainly never seen anything like it and they howled with laughter, especially the women. One of them went into a paroxysm of laughter that lasted for a good ten minutes. This set us Marines to laughing and the remainder of the natives to laughing again. In our exuberance, we sang "Pistol Packin' Mama." By the time I left Namur, La Malina's people had already added this song to their repertoire of Western music. Though there may be those who will consider our contribution vulgar, I think that it points up something Allenso said thoughtfully to me one day. The simple sense of his remark was that it was fine to be occupied by people who had never learned how to be condescending.

—S/Sgt. David Dempsey

•

CHECKING-OUT TIME

"Attention, please. The check-out time
in this hotel is noon. All rooms
must be vacated then, unless . . ."

The check-out hour is always noon.

Rise; rub your furlough from your eyes;
Stand in the shower; then put on
your shiny-buttoned uniform.
Now gather the programs of the plays,

the razor, and the socks, and all
the matchbooks (each one with the name
of a bar where you waited, but no one came),
and roll your soiled shirts in a ball.

Leave something for the chambermaid.
Slam the door on the rumpled bed,
the sodden towels, and the stale
butts, bottles of flat ginger ale,

the pints with nothing left to drink,
and the broken glass in the bathroom sink.
Settle your bill at the front desk, please.
Count up the phone calls.
Hand in the keys,

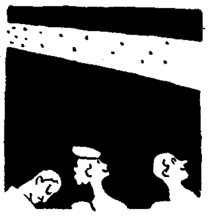
not forgetting to slip a quarter
into the hard palm of the porter.
Then, over the lobby's velvet floors,
advance to the revolving doors
with nothing but your future yours.

—Edward Fenton

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Advantages of Big Oceans

AMONG the several patterns in Hollywood's treatment of the war, there are two—one for Europe, one for the Pacific—which have given especially heavy service. The European pattern, now dated with considerable abruptness by events in France and therefore an awkward commodity for a producer to have on his hands, is the one wherein an American aviator or escaped prisoner or secret agent wanders about an occupied country playing a sort of three-cushion billiard game of emotions and escapes with the patriots who help him (including at least one woman of harmonious architecture) and the Germans who hound him. The Pacific formula I speak of deals grimly with the heroism of an isolated group of men pursuing their active and normal jobs of battle. Myself, I suspect that the first design is more nearly to the taste of most film makers, and that they are forced into their Pacific prescription by the nature of our war there—involving, as you know, broad stretches of salt sea where you sometimes go for days at a time without meeting a farmer's daughter. Forced or not, the stark, factual tone of the Pacific school gives its pictures an implicit advantage over those girl-and-Gestapo operas in which the authors, their imaginations riding free, go haywire—or, just as often, false and banal—about human relations on terra firma. Dry shoe leather and damp eyes is their policy. It works out sadly in more ways than one in this week's specimen of the European type, "Till We Meet Again," with Ray Milland and Barbara Britton, whereas the Pacific offering, "Wing and a Prayer," with one of those all-male casts which were considered pretty reckless experiments, commercially, before Pearl Harbor, is a neat and engrossing story.



For purposes of identification, the beautiful girl patriot in "Till We Meet Again" is a novitiate in a French convent. This calls for spiritual rather than profane love between her and Mr. Milland, and this in turn, as any close student of films can tell you, means that the young lady will die before the picture ends. She does, and, more or less simultaneously, Mr. Milland escapes from France and the Germans. If his expression of melancholy is not unmixed with relief at this point, it's hard to blame him, for he has just reached the end of the stuffiest rôle of his career.

The merits of "Wing and a Prayer," the story of an aircraft carrier and the fliers aboard her in the weeks that led up to the battle of Midway, do not include novelty. That is to say, while some of the specialized details of carrier life may be new to the screen, the arrangement of plot and characters is not. However, there is a minimum of trickiness and pretension in the film, and the battle action, some of it clipped in from first-hand pictures of Pacific warfare, is strong and convincing.

"ARSENIC AND OLD LACE" seems practically as funny to me in picture form as it did on the stage, and that is very funny indeed. Josephine Hull and Jean Adair administer the needled elderberry wine as gracefully as ever. John Alexander charges up the stairway again in the happy belief that he is Teddy Roosevelt, and Cary Grant and Priscilla Lane, newcomers to this documentation of madness in Brooklyn, catch on without much trouble. I guess that the only spectacular innovation is the casting of Raymond Massey as the killer who looks like Boris Karloff. Mr. Karloff himself created the part, as you may remember, and appeared to be much at home in it. Mr. Massey, made up to look like Karloff on one of the latter's most sinister days, is equally appropriate, which may mean that it is not as hard to look that way as we commonly suppose.

ANOTHER Karloffian character, referred to by Scotland Yard as the 'Oxton Creeper, has been superimposed upon Conan Doyle's "Adventure of the Six Napoleons" in "The Pearl of Death," which shows Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce in their familiar impersonations of Sherlock Holmes and Watson. Unless you're a Baker Street Irregular and object on principle to such gratuitous tinkering, you probably won't mind the addition of the Creeper and may even like the picture.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

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PARIS, REINE DU MONDE

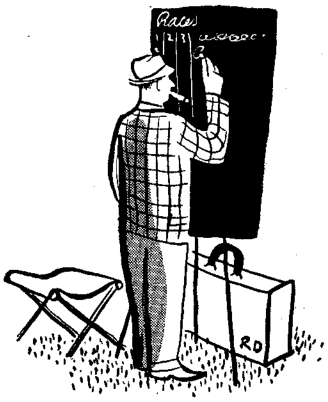
"JUST two. And we're alone," Millie Adams said to the hostess. "I mean, we have no *man* with us."

Mrs. Adams and her closest friend, Rita Scott, knew the hard-and-fast rule that women were allowed on the third floor of the Forty-sixth Street Schrafft's only if they had a man with them. But today something had gone wrong with the fine mechanism and the elevator man had let them off at the third floor, assuring them that everything would be all right.

The hostess, in the face of tradition, ignored the fact that they were without a man and waved them to a table near one of the windows that faced on Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Adams turned and spoke over her shoulder to Mrs. Scott. "It certainly does look as though he knew what he was talking about," she said.

Mrs. Scott was quietly triumphant. "Well, it's not as though we were lepers or something," she said. "I've always wondered why they took such an attitude here. It's medieval of them." She walked quickly around the table and sat down in the chair whose back was to the window, so that Millie would be the one facing the light. "Pull your dress up a bit before you sit down, dear," she said. "I noticed you have sort of a bulge in back."

Mrs. Adams hiked up her dress and lowered her body carefully onto the chair. "Clothes!" she exclaimed. "They make me sick. I don't intend to do anything about them this winter. Not anything at all."



Mrs. Scott picked up the menu the waitress set on the table in front of her and squinted at it. "You look very nice," she said. "Considering that dress of yours lived through that frightful hot spell, you look very nice."

"Nice or not, I'm perfectly satisfied," Mrs. Adams said. "At least, I'm not going to be sucked in and dictated to the way I was after the last war. And that's what they're up to again. Those Parisian women in their chic little black dresses worn with a simple string of pearls! Catch me being sucked in again!"

"Oh, the *Tribune* this morning," Mrs. Scott said. "That Miss Sonia something. The one who was having champagne at the Ritz."

"It was the *Times*," Mrs. Adams corrected her. "And her name is Tania something."

"I never read the *Times*," Mrs. Scott said. "I don't like the print. The woman I'm talking about is named Sonia Tomara or Tamara, and she's in Paris this very minute having champagne at the Ritz for eight dollars. She said there was something fierce in the people of Paris. Something frightening and beautiful."

"He didn't sound very frightening or beautiful to me," Mrs. Adams said.

"Who didn't?"

"Mr. Lelong," Mrs. Adams answered. "If you ask me, he's got the bit in his teeth. This Tania something in the *Times* says that he's ready to give the world a new and dazzling fashion show. That sounds as though he had the bit in his teeth, doesn't it? And *has* had all along, if you ask me. He said that the fashion industry had to *battle* the Germans constantly to keep their skilled workers and designers, and *succeeded*."

"Goodness!" Mrs. Scott squinted at her menu again. "If it says 'green salad' here, I'll have it. Of course, they haven't had any sugar or any real coffee, Sonia somebody says."

"He's had saccharin," Mrs. Adams said. "*I* prefer it. There'll be no holding him when he gets sugar again." She took her glasses from her handbag and placed them firmly on her nose. "I don't think I'll have a salad. I think I'd like something with more *to* it."

"Really, Millie," Mrs. Scott said. "And you've been so good!"

"I have been good," Millie Adams agreed. "But really, at the moment I feel like going completely haywire. Not that I mind a black dress. It's just the idea of those Parisian women that does something to me. All that talk about being well groomed, with a tricolor or a flower stuck in their short curls. And when they do wear hats, Miss Tania says they're reminiscent of the days of Directoire."

"I know," Mrs. Scott said. "I really know how you feel. I don't know whether or not I should tell you this in the mood you're in, but after all, it was in the paper."

"What?" Mrs. Adams asked. "More about that Mr. Lelong?"

"No, not about him. It was just about Paris," Mrs. Scott said. "This Sonia Tomara or Tomora, who is right there, says that it has changed and then again that it has not changed. I mean, she says that the chestnut trees are getting rust-brown, and that the Seine is flowing the same as ever, and that the city is a little aloof and, in a way, reserved and contemptuous of the foreign liberators that have flocked to it."

"Go on," Mrs. Adams said.

Mrs. Scott looked down at the table and shaded her eyes with her hand. "That's about all," she said. "Except that she went on to say that Paris was once more the city of the Bastille."

"Well!" Mrs. Adams exclaimed. "Well!"

THE two women were silent as the waitress placed doilies, napkins, glasses of water, and knives, forks, and spoons on the table.

"I'll have a vegetable salad and coffee with no sugar," Mrs. Scott said to the waitress.

"And I'll have a chicken-salad roll with coffee, no sugar," Mrs. Adams said.

The waitress wrote their orders down and went away. Mrs. Scott spread her paper napkin over her lap and smoothed it carefully. "Elizabeth Arden is open," she said.

"In Paris?"

"In Paris," Mrs. Scott answered. "That's what the *Tribune* said. Another woman correspondent representing the combined American press had a date there. She was going to get the works, she said. They promised her a real Parisian hairdo, and she was dying to get it so that she could look without cringing at the smartest and most beautiful women she'd seen in Europe."

"Oh, she's been cringing, has she?" Mrs. Adams' voice was tinged with bitterness. "I suppose she's been cringing while those Parisians were kissing our soldiers in their chic little black dresses."

"I don't begrudge them that," Mrs. Scott said. "I think kissing's better than being reserved and contemptuous."

"I suppose so," Mrs. Adams said doubtfully.

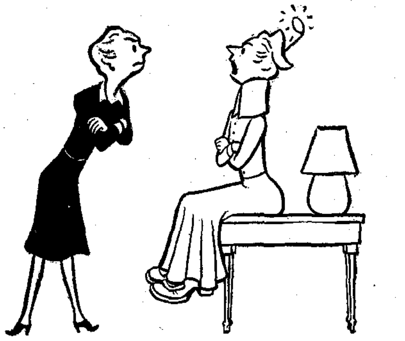
"The woman who was having the works at Elizabeth Arden's said the shoes would make us weep with envy," Mrs. Scott said. "And there are loads of cosmetics and perfumes. They make up their eyes a lot, too. Of course, they

Richard Decker

"QUIT SNOOPING...YOU SNOOP!"

War Conscience: Never mind the sass, Sis—snooping is my business! Because *I* am your Wartime Conscience and it's *my* job to keep you doing your wartime duty.

Woman: Well, I like that! Are you calling me a slacker? I'll have you know I write my soldier every single day and what's more I write *V-Mail* like the Army and Navy wants us to—to save space...and if more people did as much...



War Conscience: Hold on, my little bundle of T.N.T.—In your case it isn't *when* or *how* you write, it's *what* you're writing! "Rationing's such trouble"..."can't find a maid anywhere"...! Don't you know you ought to be building up his morale? Write cheerful stuff and keep complaints to yourself. You ought to be ashamed!

Woman: And *you* ought to be keeping that needle nose out of things you don't understand. Telling *me* to be cheerful. When I can't even enjoy a cup of coffee without it keeps me awake. One cup, one *teensy* cup, and I never relaxed an eyelash all night! Go away. Go pick on somebody else!

War Conscience: My, my, we *are* upset, aren't we! Wonder how come nobody's suggested Sanka Coffee to you before?

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Woman: Sanka Coffee? What for?

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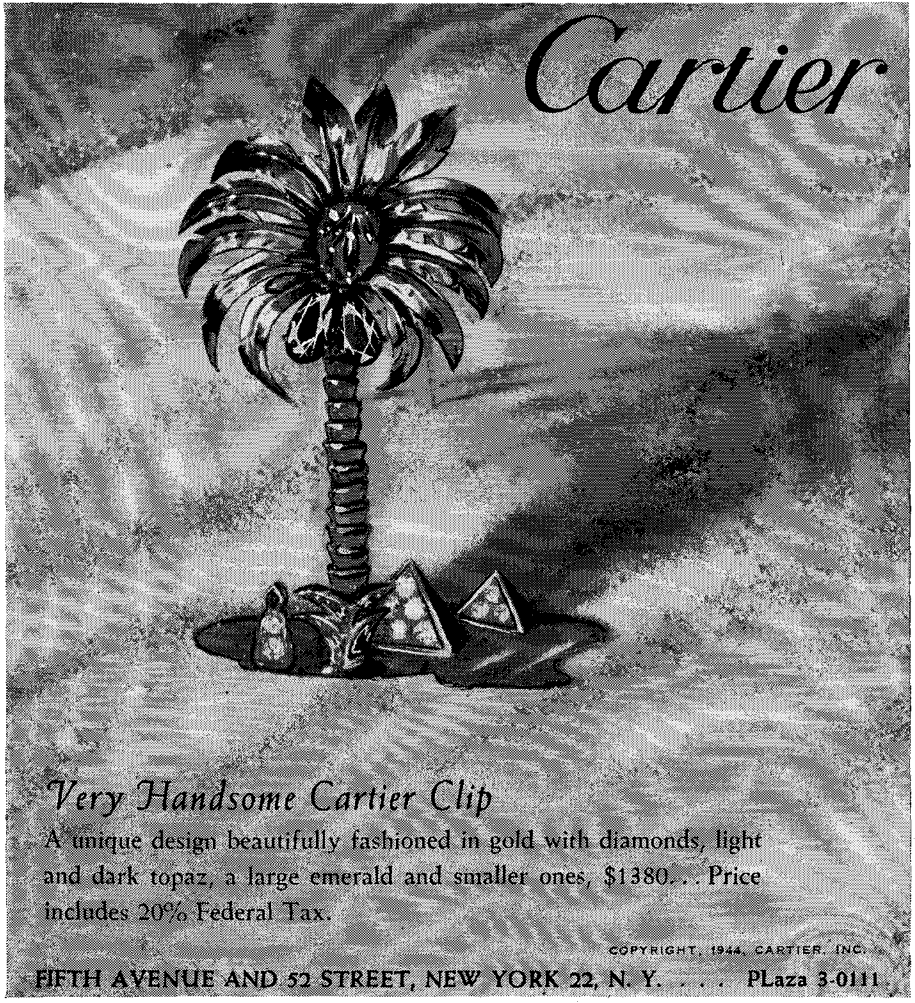

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haven't had their apartments redecorated or anything."

"Haven't they?" Mrs. Adams stared straight ahead of her.

"Oh, don't feel that way, Millie," Mrs. Scott said. "I mean, you have to admire them for being chic in the middle of everything."

"Do I?" Mrs. Adams said. "And don't use that word 'chic.' "

"Well, they are chic," Mrs. Scott said. "They always have been."

"Who says so?" Mrs. Adams asked.

"Who *says* so?" Mrs. Scott repeated. "Why, it's *known*, that's all."

"All I know is," Millie Adams said, "that I've been going without little hand-sewn seams and don't feel any the worse for it."

"You're being childish, dear," Mrs. Scott said. "Details are important. Even *you* must admit that. They *are* important."

"Not to me they're not," Mrs. Adams said.

Her mouth set stubbornly, and she leaned to one side to allow the waitress to set the chicken-salad roll she had ordered on the paper doily in front of her.

"Oh," Mrs. Scott said to the waitress. "We were just wondering how it happened that you happened to serve us here when we are two women *alone*."

"Just crowded, that's all," the waitress said.

"You mean it's just for today?" Mrs. Scott asked.

"Just for today," the waitress answered.

When she had gone away again, Mrs. Scott leaned over and spoke to Millie, who was still staring straight ahead. "Come on, dear," she said. "Eat your lunch and you'll feel better."

Mrs. Adams stopped staring and looked at her friend. "I tell you, Rita," she said, "I just don't understand things."

"Eat your lunch," Mrs. Scott said.

Mrs. Adams took a sip of coffee, and then reached in her bag and took out the small box she used to carry her saccharin in. She dropped the saccharin in the cup and watched it while it fizzed. "I don't understand things," she said slowly. "Maybe it's because I'm not smart."

"You're very smart, dear," Mrs. Scott said. "Eat your salad roll."

"I mean smart-*looking*," Millie Adams said. "I'm not—well, I'm not what you'd call chic."

She picked up her fork and cut off a piece of the salad roll and put it in her mouth. It tasted good to her and she realized she was hungry. "It's really nicer here than it is downstairs, isn't it?" she said. "Not so many women."

"Much nicer," Mrs. Scott agreed.

"This is really my favorite time of the year," Millie Adams said. "The leaves will be turning soon and I must get some for the apartment. Bright scarlet ones." She leaned forward. "What did that Sonia something say about the chestnut trees?" she asked.

"She said they were rust-brown," Mrs. Scott answered.

"Oh," Mrs. Adams said. "*Rust*-brown. I'm not so fond of rust-brown. I always thought it looked like the color of dried blood."

She began to eat her salad roll with earnest appreciation. "I see," she said, "that the papers say that the Duchess of Windsor has ten rooms and six special nurses at Roosevelt Hospital. Ten rooms!"

She stopped chewing for a minute and took a large sip of coffee. "Well," she said, swallowing, "I'm not going to let *that* bother me."

—SALLY BENSON

•

He looked at her. Profiled against the dusk, her face was like a cameo cut from his heart. Her hand was lying on the bench next to him. Gently he picked it up and kissed it.

Now it was as if a giant had grasped him by the shoulders and relentlessly impelled him forward. "Anne," he said softly and tried to kiss her.

She put a hand on his chest, nicely, tenderly. She looked at him with eyes that were wells of mystery. She shook her head.

For a moment he did not move. Then he relaxed and turned away his head. Her hand found his and clasped it.

"Kenneth," she whispered. He looked at her. There was something she was trying to tell him, something she couldn't or wouldn't say, but which she wanted him to know. Evidently she couldn't tell him. Not now, at any rate.

Best to say something entirely irrelevant, he thought. So, "Are you hungry?" he asked.

She understood that he was trying to help her and squeezed his hand in gratitude.

"I'd like some clams," she said.—*From a story in the Woman's Home Companion.*

Little Neck?

•

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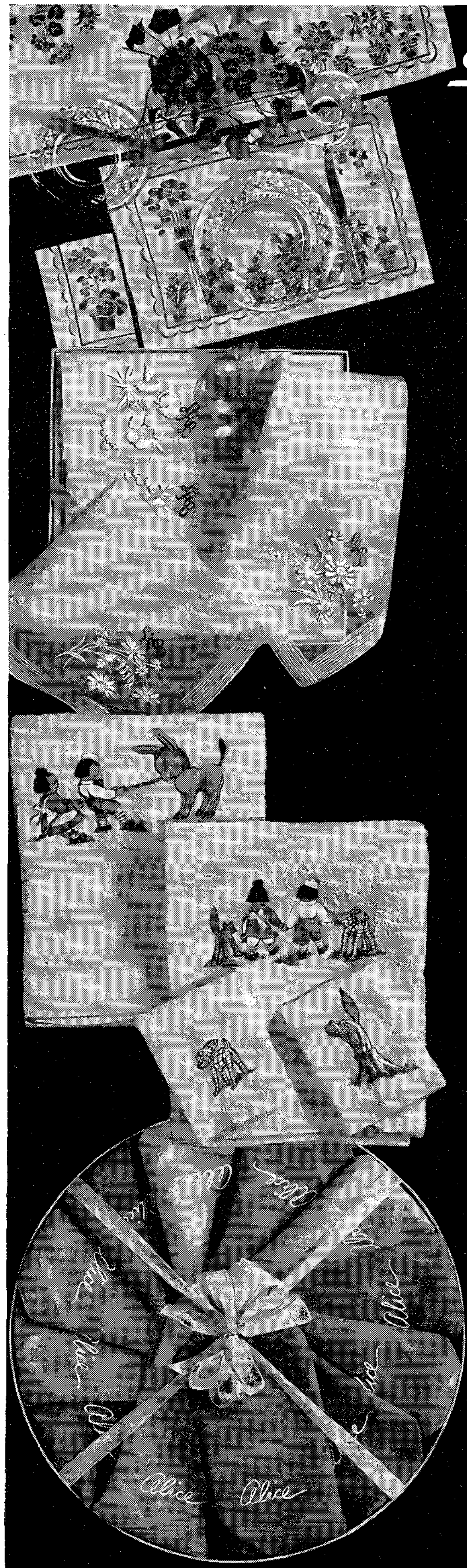

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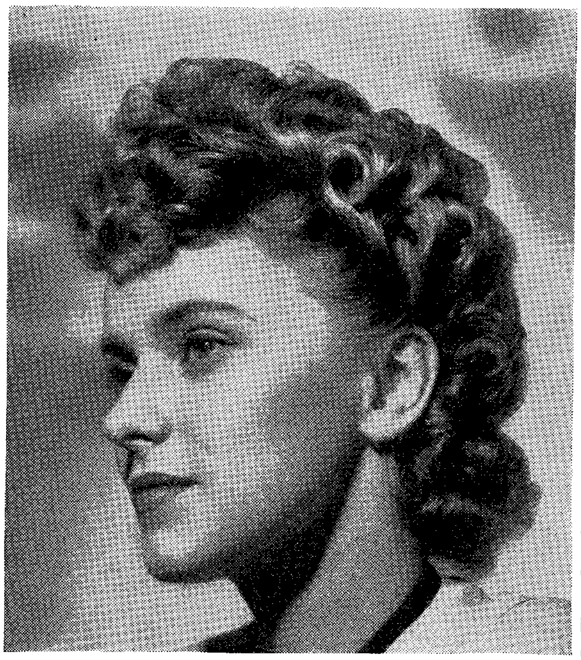

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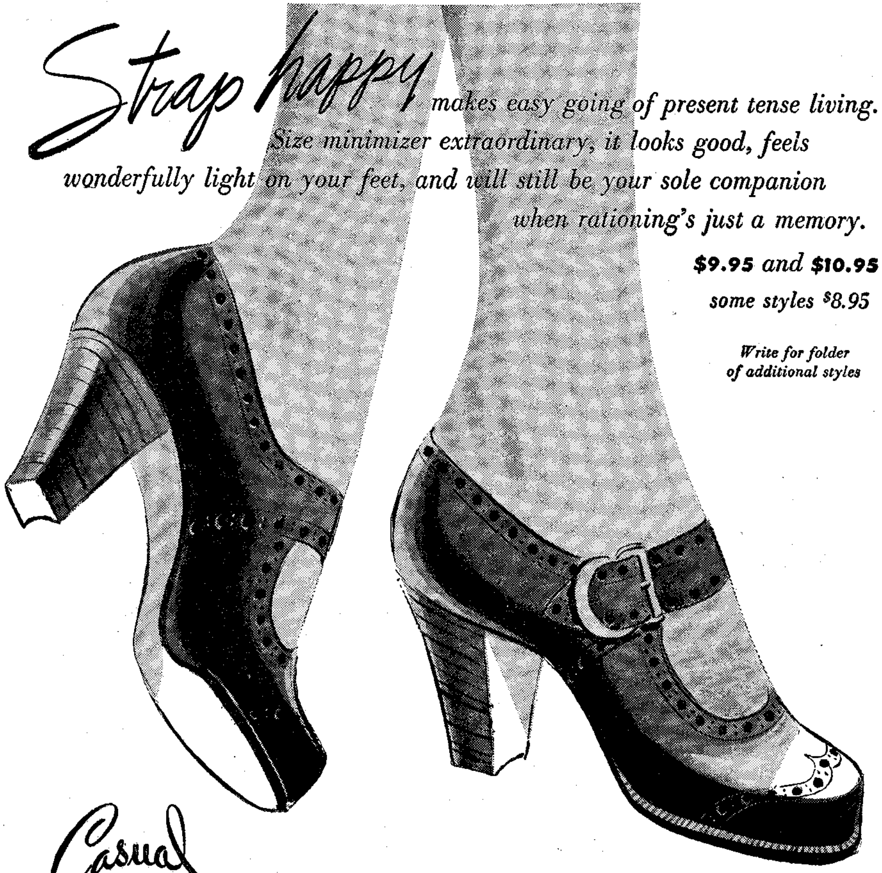

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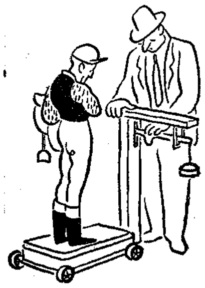
THE RACE TRACK

Cook's Tour



THIS meeting at Aqueduct may be a short one (only twelve days, in case you've forgotten), but it's full of good races for good horses. Devil Diver, First Fiddle, and Alex Barth, for example, will be among the runners for the Edgemere Handicap this Saturday. Occupation is in the Bay Shore Handicap on September 13th, and on September 16th, the last day, there is the Beldame Handicap, which usually is about the best filly race of the season. It's a spot for Twilight Tear if I ever saw one. Free for All, the Middle West's wonder two-year-old, may run in the Cowdin Stakes that final afternoon as a sort of workout for his appearance in the Futurity. You may remember that Occupation and Occupy, his stablemates, both ran in the Cowdin before they won the Futurity. Trainers like to follow a well-established plan of campaign in readying their horses for the important sweepstakes. Also, sometimes they're a little superstitious.

An outsideman of mine, who slipped away to Saratoga the other day for a jug of water from the Red Spring, says that the old race course on Union Avenue was so bright and gay in its new coat of paint that it seemed ready to open its gates. Next year, perhaps. From time to time, I have remarked that Saratoga-at-Belmont wasn't doing at all badly. If a statistic or two would interest you, attendance for the first four weeks of the meeting was 553,842, slightly more than the combined total for the 1941 and 1942 seasons, and an average of around two million a day was wagered in the tote. From all accounts, things are just as brisk at the tracks in the Middle West, New England, New Jersey, and Maryland. But then, lots of us remember the boom racing had during the last war. One reason it wasn't even bigger then, obviously, was that there weren't as many tracks as there are now.

Racing abroad isn't exactly picking at the coverlet, either. At the last two-day meetings at Sydney and Melbourne, in Australia, this spring, the sum of £560,000 was bet in the tote and more than five times that amount was placed with bookmakers on the race course. In England, despite the restrictions on travel and the shortage of horses (there are only eighteen hundred in training, and half of those are two-year-olds), both the crowds and the betting are larger than they were five years ago. Recently, too, a track in Moscow was opened. I haven't heard how many races are run off there a day now; there used to be fourteen or eighteen. Another curious custom in the U.S.S.R. is that there is no starter and, naturally, no stall gates. The jockeys line up themselves and when everybody's ready, off they go.

REGARDLESS of how you feel about the two-year-old colts around here, you must put Ed Bradley's Busher at the top, or thereabouts, on your list of the two-year-old fillies. She didn't win the Adirondack Handicap too easily last week, but she did it cleverly enough to leave no doubt about her ability, for she gave weight to everything except Ace Card. It was the fourth time Bradley has won the race. In his opinion, Busher is pounds better than any of his other winners of the event.

Sorting out the loose ends of the American Derby at Chicago a fortnight ago, I have learned that the gates of By Jimminy's stall didn't open as wide as they should have and he had to wriggle his way out. Fortunately, he was not badly scratched and his speed wasn't affected. As you probably recall, he won galloping. Someday, Diogenes Checkpoints is going to tot up how many of our better horses have been hurt in the stall gate. The figure will astonish you.

Some of the three-year-olds have had even worse troubles. It occurs to me, now I stop to think of it, that nobody has had harder luck with them this season than George Widener. Platter, Who Goes There, and Lucky Draw, all good ones, have been retired because of some mishap or other. As if this weren't enough, Stefanita, Widener's nice four-year-old filly, has also run her last race. Practically a whole stable in limbo.
—AUDAX MINOR

•

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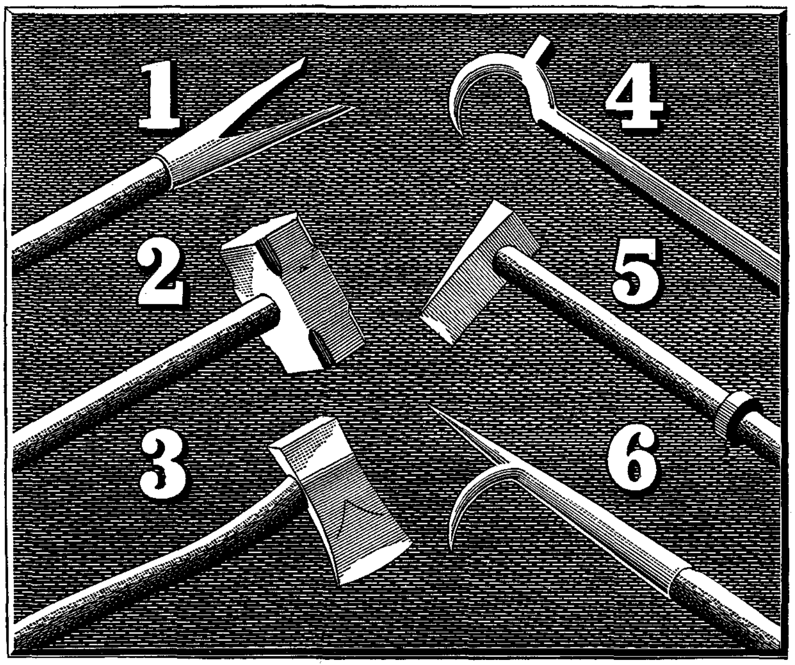

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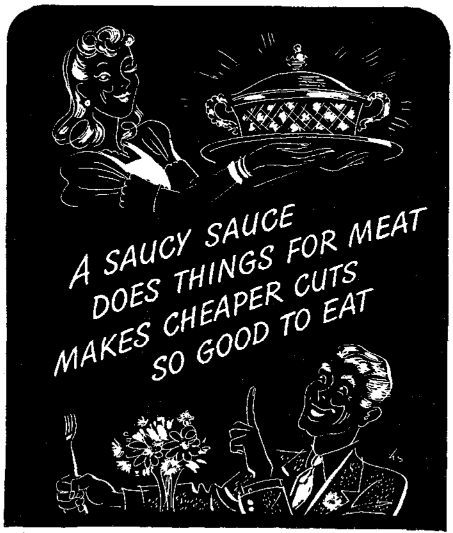

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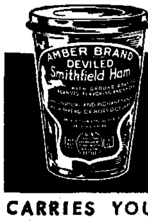

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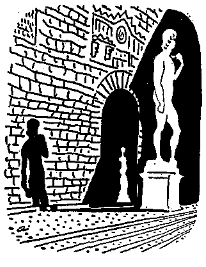
LETTER FROM FLORENCE

AUG. 25 (BY WIRELESS, DELAYED)

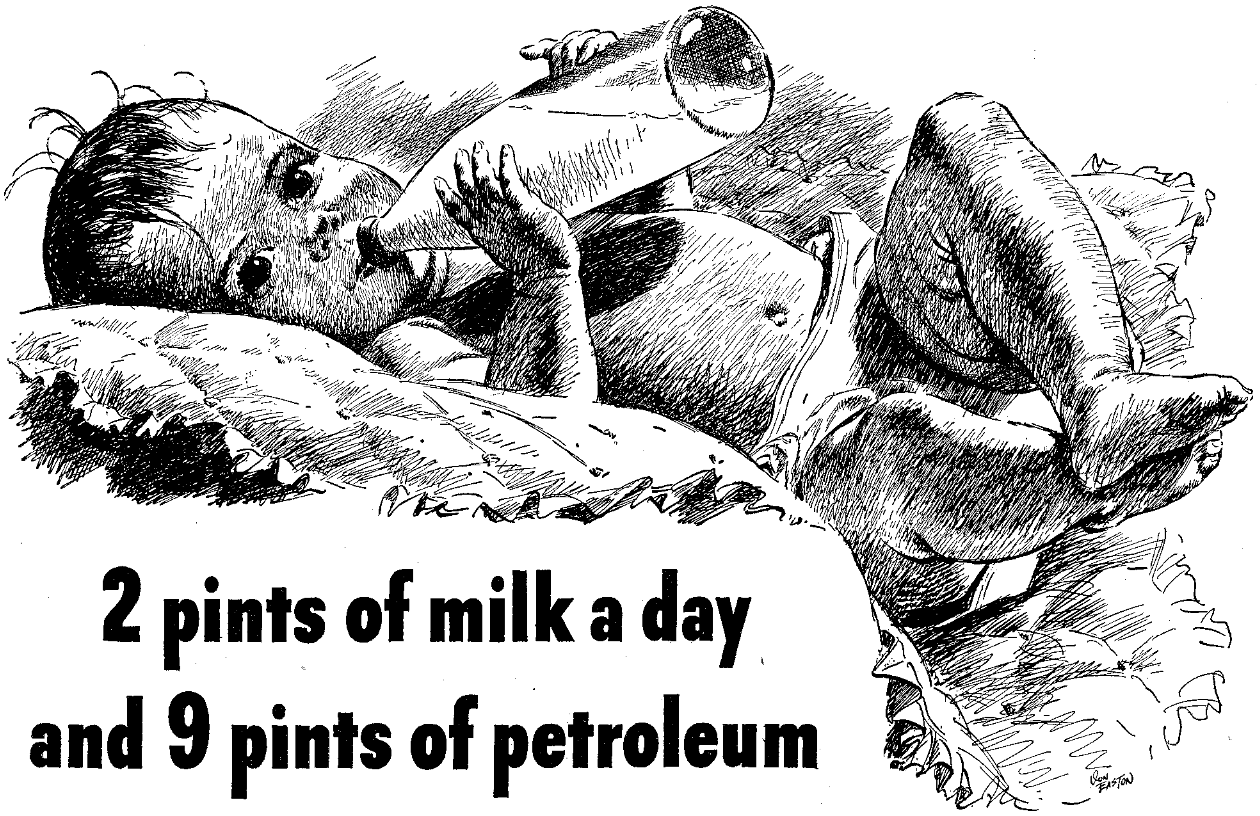
FLORENCE, being at once a treasury of art and a city rather too close to the Gothic Line, has been going through one of the most protracted, nerve-racking liberations the war is likely to produce. Since August 11th, the official date of the liberation, according to an Allied communiqué, enough untoward incidents have taken place to leave the Florentines in some doubt that the great event has actually happened. The Germans, ignoring the fact that they had proclaimed Florence an open city, have been shelling the centre of the town. One of their hits killed forty parishioners and wounded more than a hundred as they were emerging from Sunday mass at the Church of San Lorenzo. The Germans have been pushed back beyond the Mugnone Canal, in the northern part of the city, but there are still certain neighborhoods—hushed places with only a few women pedestrians on the sidewalks—where the sight of an Allied uniform or the red, white, and green Partisan armband is likely to draw an Italian Fascist bullet from behind a shuttered window. Bomb-disposal squads are still busy taking care of unexploded shells and mines. All day long, too, shells from Allied artillery on the heights to the south of the city pass high overhead en route to Nazi emplacements, and their whooshing sound is hardly likely to give one that old liberated feeling.



During the earlier days of the so-called liberation, the Florentines saw a good deal of fighting in their streets between the black-shirted Republican Fascists and the Partisans, who belong to the Comitato di Liberazione Nazionale of Tuscany. When the Allies entered the southern outskirts of the town, on August 3rd, they did not cross the Arno into the main part of Florence, for fear that the Germans would respond by doing further damage to the city. The Nazis, pretending to follow the Allies' example, supposedly withdrew from the city. Actually, they hid tanks in the Cascine, the wooded public park in western Florence, mounted machine guns near the principal railroad station, and issued arms to the Fascists inside the city. For a time it looked as though the British Eighth Army and the Reichswehr, who had been pounding each other ever since the desert campaigns in North Africa, would permit the fate of a major Italian prize to be decided by a sort of vendetta between two local bands. The Allies, wisely or unwisely, continued to keep their troops out of the city. The Nazis, however, seeing that the Partisans were making headway against the Fascists, began showing up in the streets in their tanks and cutting loose with their machine guns. At a terrible cost to themselves, the Tuscan patriots, possibly the best guerrilla fighters in Italy, finally rid the city of its enemies. While this was going on, the inhabitants of Florence became acquainted with warfare at its most fluid. German tanks, hot after a band of Partisans, would penetrate the city as far as the great cathedral in the Piazza del Duomo and then lumber back into the Cascine. Later, the Partisans, reinforced, would go through the Piazza hunting for the tanks. Such signs of liberation as there were consisted of jeeploads of A.M.G. officers, who are not accustomed to finding themselves advance elements, and war correspondents. The Florentines would crowd around the jeeps and inquire ingenuously, "Are we liberated?" The usual answer was "Yes, but we don't want to fight in your beautiful city, so we are letting the Partisans kill the enemy." The Florentines would nod their heads uncomprehendingly and move on.

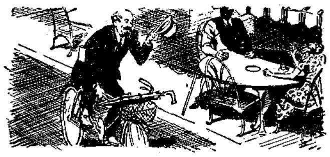
A British correspondent who dared to venture into one of the hushed neighborhoods—one in which an English convent was situated—returned to press headquarters intact and said that he had got himself a fair story. He was disturbed, however, by the bad manners he was sure he had exhibited at the convent. The nuns, he said, had greeted him with worldly shouts of joy and had pressed rosaries and medals into his hands, but he had been so preoccupied that he hadn't thanked them. "All I did was just stand there and stare at their feet," he said unhappily. "I was looking to see if any of them were wearing hobnailed boots."

THE German treatment of Florence amounts to an atrocity story. Most of the city is still standing, but, thanks to the enemy's well-placed demolitions, many of the most beloved parts are gone. According to Lieutenant Frederick Hartt, a former Yale art instructor, now serving as the A.M.G.'s Fine Arts and Monuments Officer for

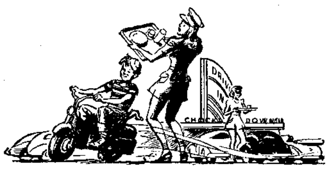


2 pints of milk a day and 9 pints of petroleum

1 In 1940, our last normal year before the war, the American people consumed 55½ *billion* gallons of petroleum products. This amounted to 427 gallons per person—9 pints a day for every man, woman and child in the United States.

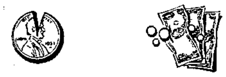


2 By comparison, the people of Europe consumed 30 gallons per capita in their last peacetime year—1/14th as much—and the rest of the world 13 gallons per person—1/33rd as much. Since most petroleum products are used to power or lubricate machines, these figures will bear remembering.

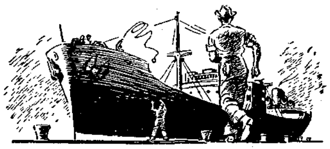


3 For they mean that the daily life of the average American is just about 14 times as mechanized as the daily life of a European. This may or may not mean that our life is 14 times *better.* But the fact still remains that we *use* the machines.

8/10 cent x 427 = $3.42



4 So someone has to furnish the petroleum to keep them going. In this country there are 8,267 *individual* oil companies working full time at this job. During 1940 they made a profit of 8/10ths of a cent per gallon on the 427 gallons of products you used—$3.42.



5 The rest went right back into the costs of producing the products and getting them to you. *Theoretically,* if the government owned the oil industry, you would have saved that 8/10ths of a cent. (Same costs but no profit). Although there's never been a government bureau *yet* that was run as efficiently as a business.

TAKE IT
OR
LEAVE IT

6 But it would mean the end of *competition;* of the *incentive to constantly improve products and lower costs* which has been the driving force of our American system; and, worst of all, of *individual freedom.* Under the circumstances, that's quite a birthright to sell for 8/10ths of a cent on the gallon.

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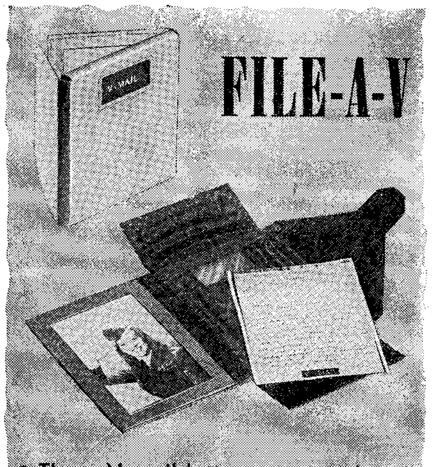

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this region, about a third of medieval Florence has been destroyed or damaged beyond repair. Much of the section that was always considered most characteristic of old Florence—the walk along the Arno, where the thirteenth- and fourteenth-century houses, with their bell towers and enclosed balconies, lined the river's bank—is now rubble. After the war, there may be an attempt to put up facsimiles of these houses, but there is certainly reason to doubt that it will be possible to recapture the atmosphere of these buildings which Dante and Petrarch and other immortals once knew. With these buildings disappeared their contents—irreplaceable furnishings, invaluable libraries and collections, among them the books and photographs assembled by the late Raimond van Marle, the noted Dutch art historian.

All this destruction can be ascribed to what appears to have been one of the rare attempts of the Germans to preserve *Kultur* outside their own country. As the Allies moved toward the city, the Nazis, using understandable military tactics, decided to destroy the bridges across the Arno to delay our advance. Although they had no hesitation about blowing up the Ponte Santa Trinità, one of the finest of all Renaissance bridges (it resisted three charges of explosives before it fell), they felt that the shop-encrusted Ponte Vecchio, which is somewhat reminiscent of Nuremberg architecture, ought to be spared. They were not, however, prepared to cede any military advantages to the Allies. They therefore set demolition charges in the houses at both ends of the bridge, to block it with huge mounds of rubble. To keep the Partisans from learning of their plans and possibly deactivating the mines, the Germans gave the occupants of the houses no warning. After the explosions, an uncounted number of corpses lay buried under the ruins, and parts of the Via de' Bardi, the Via de' Guicciardini, the Borgo San Jacopo, the Via Por Santa Maria, and several other streets—the heart of Giotto's Florence—were wrecked. Among the more heavily damaged buildings were the Churches of Santo Stefano and Santa Trinità and the Palazzo di Parte Guelfa, all particularly fine structures. Several of the Uffizi Gallery's sixteenth-century frescoed ceilings fell and the north end of the Pitti Palace is scarred and windowless. Now that the Nazis have begun shelling the city, there will be further destruction. So far, the Strozzi Palace has been struck thirty times. Brunelleschi's Church of San Lorenzo has suffered seven hits and the Churches of the Santo Spirito and Santa Croce have gaping holes in their roofs. Just the other day the Germans damaged a new military objective, the Duomo's Baptistry.

The real battle for this region is being decided in the mountains to the north and west of the city, and even those Allied officers who think solely in military terms and look upon Florence as just another town can see no purpose in the enemy's shelling. The general feeling is that the Germans are firing out of sheer maliciousness, because of their reversals elsewhere, or else that some Nazi officers are going down to defeat in a blaze of hatred.

FOR the past four years, Florence has been richer than ever in art. In 1940, when the Mussolini government held an immense exhibition of sixteenth-century Italian art here, Tuscan churches and museums throughout the country sent their finest possessions on loan. By the time the show was over, Italy was at war and the problems of transportation had become difficult, so the paintings were not returned. No one thought then that Italy would ever be invaded, but it was realized that Italian cities might be bombed, so these pictures and others in Florence were stored for safekeeping in the villas and castles just outside the city. When the Allied officers arrived, a few weeks ago, they found the pictures still scattered about the suburban houses as if they were wastepaper. Lippo Lippi's fifteenth-century "Annunciation" was discovered, without a case or frame, in a wine cellar. Uncrated Del Sartos, Raphaels, Fra Angelicos, and Giottos were strewn about on floors, in closets, and in stables. There are now several patches of bare canvas in Botticelli's "Spring." The Allies also found, as might be expected, that the Germans, continuing their art collecting, had made off with a number of paintings, mostly Dutch and Flemish. Inventories of the missing works are being made for presentation at the peace conference, where the Germans will presumably be told to return the stolen goods. The villas and castles are still serving as repositories, and detachments of American soldiers have been assigned to guard the paintings inside them. The men are thoroughly impressed by the importance of their duties, but they are sometimes hazy about what it is they are watching. That doesn't prevent them from making appraisals of the paintings. When a friend of mine and I reached the castle in

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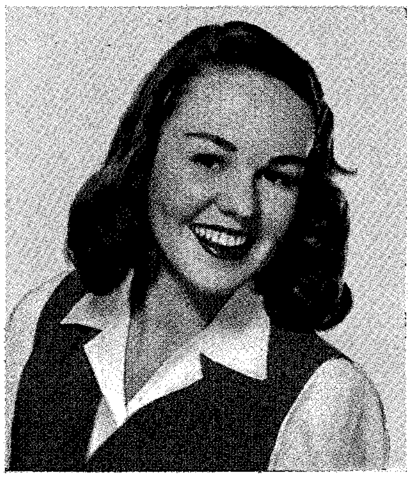

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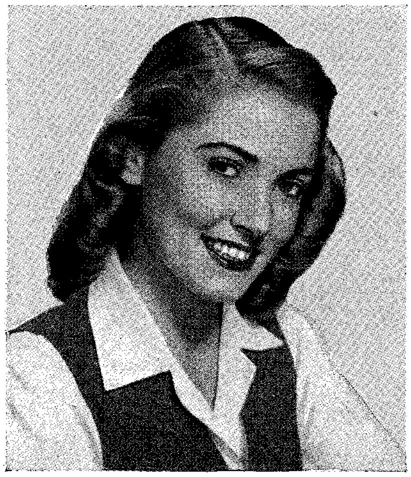

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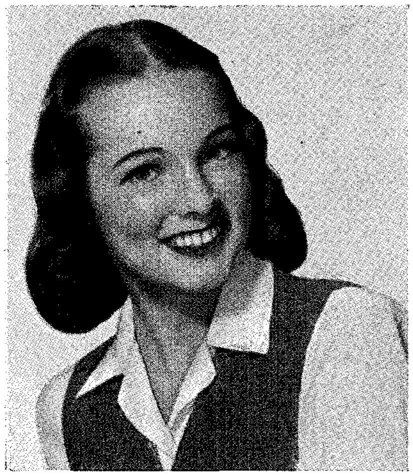

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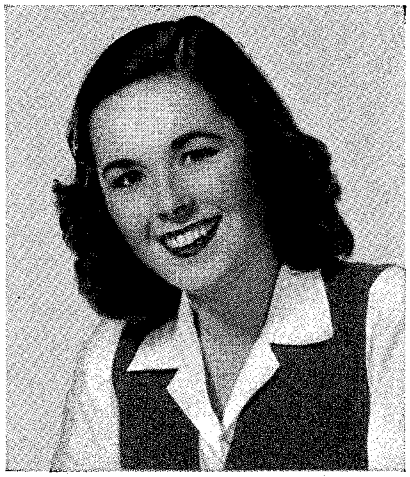

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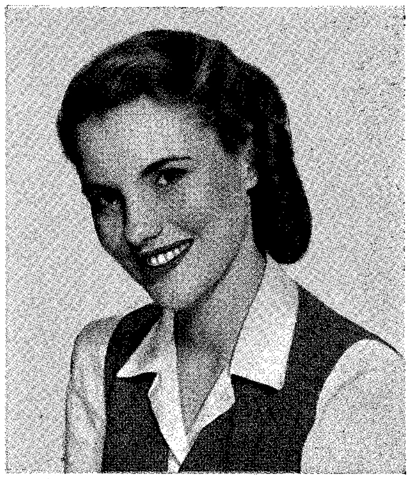

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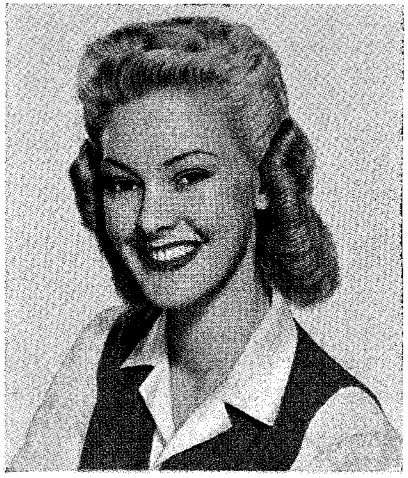

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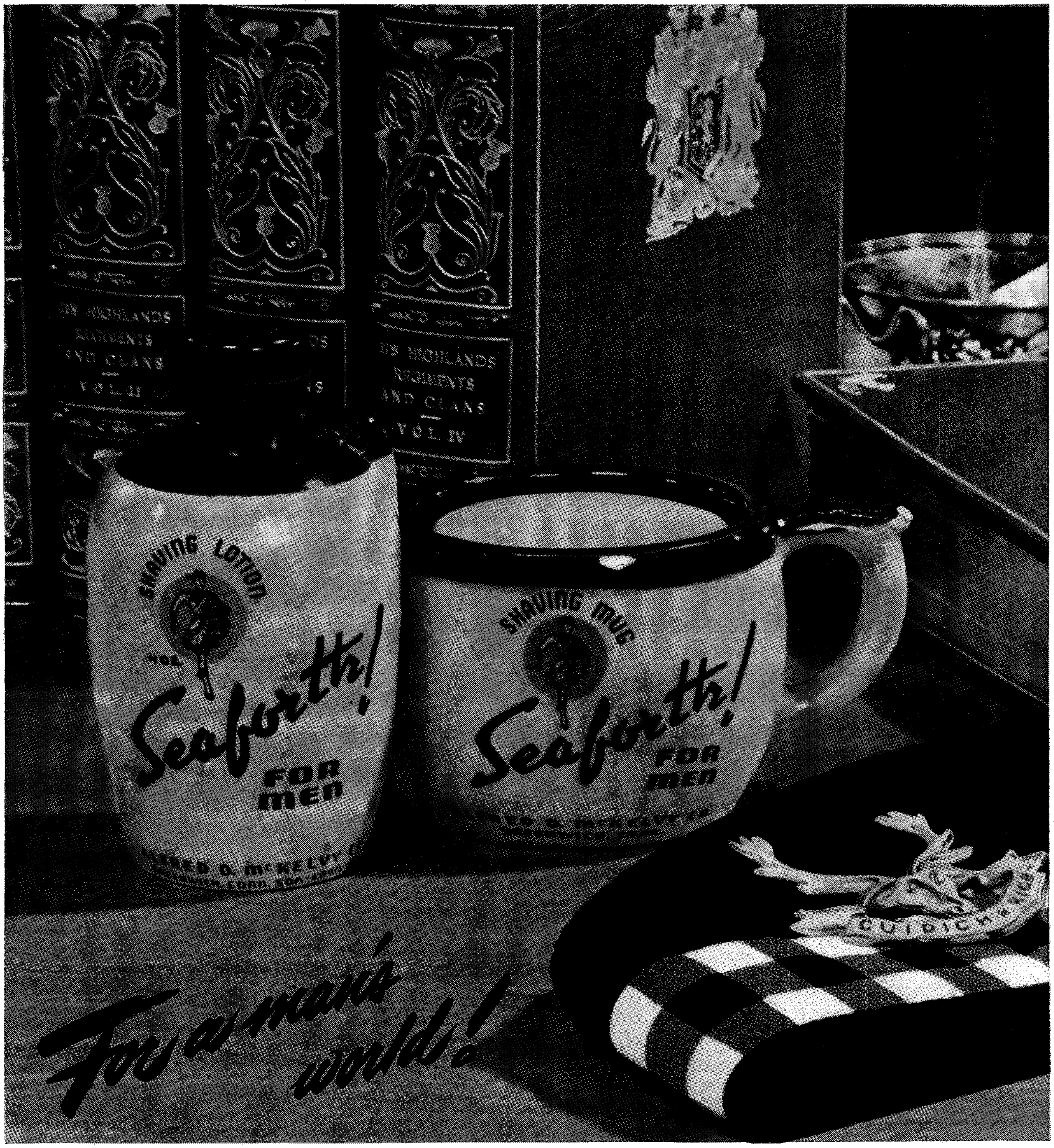
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which we were to be billeted, a sergeant, a diligent fellow from Bensonhurst, stopped us.

"Where yuh goin'?" he asked.

We showed him our billet orders.

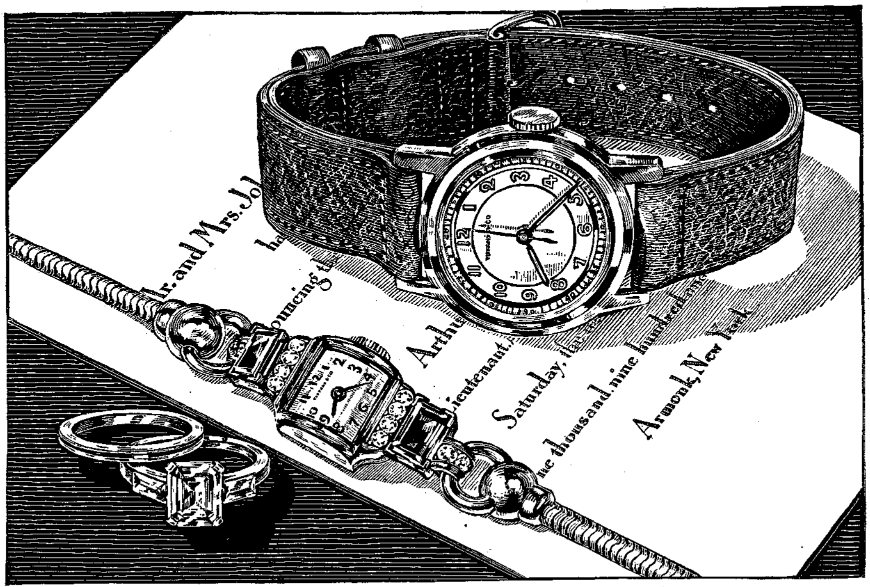
"O. K.," he said reluctantly. "But watch your step. There's a million bucks' wortha nice pictures in there."

"A million and a half bucks," a soldier standing nearby said.

The sergeant turned back to us. "D'ja hear that?" he asked. "A million and a half bucks."

DURING these unhappy yet stirring days in Florence, several figures have emerged whose names may or may not be remembered but whose heroic contributions were made when they counted. There is the Partisan commander who, to protect his family, in German-held territory north of Florence, was called simply Il Potente (the powerful one). After he was killed by German mortar fire, his casket was covered with an Italian flag on which a picture of Garibaldi had been sewn over the House of Savoy's emblem. There is also Lieutenant Tinto (the sunburned one), who served under him and was seriously wounded in the same action. And there is the rest of the Partisans' Arno Division, three thousand brave men who provided abundant evidence that Italians can fight when they feel like it. Although they lost nearly half their number in dead and wounded, they finally managed to drive the Germans and the Fascists from Florence (the Allied soldiers didn't suffer a single combat casualty in the city), and then turned the town over to the Allies in a formal ceremony on August 15th. The Frati della Misericordia, a humanitarian order founded in medieval times, has also done useful work, picking up the wounded in the streets and taking them to hospitals. Day and night its members, who wear black, hooded robes while performing their voluntary duties, can be seen pulling, like rickshaw boys, the hand-drawn carts they have been using as ambulances for generations.

So far the A.M.G., whose members deliberate on garbage-disposal, rationing, and health problems in the elegant rooms in which the Medici used to close big business deals and hatch cabals, have made a good impression on the Florentines. The going was particularly tough in the beginning, when the A.M.G. had to bring supplies across the almost bridgeless Arno to the northern part of the city, where they were often fired on by snipers. Once they found that they were maintaining headquarters



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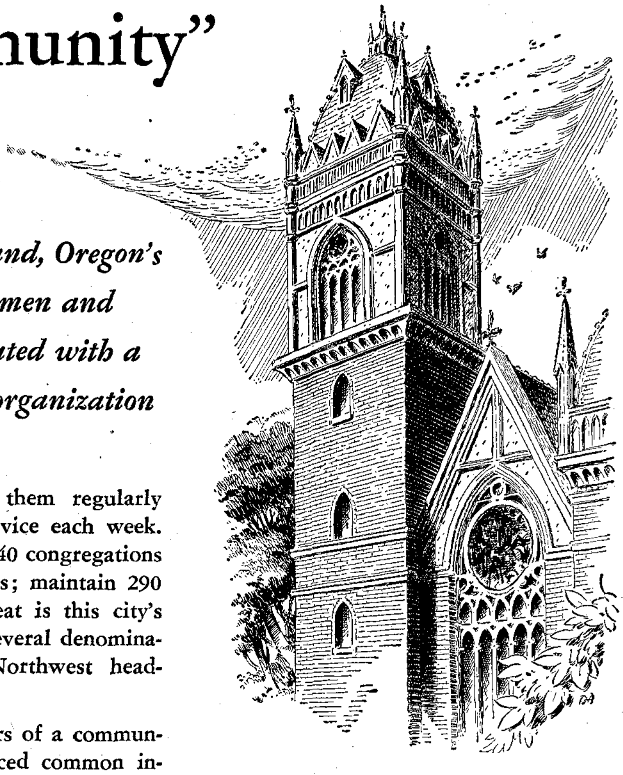

Two-thirds of Portland, Oregon's 461,854 men, women and children are affiliated with a church or religious organization

MORE THAN half of them regularly attend some religious service each week. They support more than 340 congregations of different denominations; maintain 290 church structures! So great is this city's interest in religion that several denominations maintain Pacific Northwest headquarters in Portland.

When so many members of a community have such a pronounced common interest it is only natural that their favorite newspaper, The Journal, should publish two church news pages each Saturday. The Journal has made these pages outstanding in the coverage of religious news.

As one Portland religious leader wrote to The Journal recently: "*I feel that The Journal recognizes that church news is vital to a metropolitan community and that you are giving to the churches of Portland sincere and thoughtful assistance in presenting the Gospel message.* I wish to express my personal appreciation for the space given to bring the work of the churches before the people of Portland, especially at this time when there are so many newcomers in the city who are unsettled in their church and home life."

It is The Journal's policy to treat its church pages as important news pages. They command a high reader interest because they are edited by an able, well-rounded newspaper man — Ernest W. Peterson, an Oregon Journal product. Thirty-two years ago he was a Journal carrier. Then, step by step, he rose to cub reporter, then to general news assignments. For the past 28 years Peterson has been church editor for The Journal.

A prominent lay worker in a great protestant denomination, Peterson is well known throughout the entire country and even in foreign lands. Past president of the Portland Council of Churches, he has been recognized in "Who's Who in America" for his activities in improving relations between churches and newspapers.

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only four hundred yards from a German position. The mainspring of the A.M.G. in this province is a thirty-year-old Englishman, Lieutenant Colonel Ralph Rolph, the youngest provincial commissioner in Italy. There is no telling what may happen to him once the higher-echelon boys of the Allied Control Commission move in and start running things with complicated shrewdness, but at the moment he has a free hand and he seems to have a clear idea of what he wants to do. "Why, of course I'm recognizing the local Comitato," he recently told a correspondent. "They've certainly shed enough blood to deserve it." He went on to say that he planned to give his province a form of government based on the pre-Fascist constitution of 1915. He was sorry that, because no electoral machinery was available, the representatives to the Deputazione Provinciale couldn't be elected now, but he said that he would try to find out from the people whom they would have elected had they been able to cast a ballot. "Even if it means picking a man who is not so intelligent," he said. "If we don't do such things now, there'll be an incredible free-for-all when we leave."

The commissioner, when I questioned him, admitted a certain disappointment in the Italian aristocracy in this region. He said that the one aristocrat on the Comitato, a descendant of the Medici, had been so embarrassed by the behavior of his old friends that he was asking people not to address him any longer as Marchese. Members of the nobility, Rolph explained, kept coming to the A.M.G. with requests for permission to go to one of their country estates or to use their automobiles again. "They never seem to talk about a plan for feeding ten thousand of their fellow-men," Rolph said. A few days ago, a Count Duccio Marsichi-Lensi had come in with a proposal to reopen the race track in the Cascine. "He was a member of the Florence Jockey Club," Rolph said, "and he told me he had good news—Jerry had forgotten to steal the race horses. The Count knew where to get feed for the horses and all that, and he considered that five weeks from now would be a proper time for beginning the races. He was sitting right there in that chair where you are now and he had on a white linen suit and a blue shirt and a boutonnière." The commissioner shook his head incredulously. "Actually, old chap," he said, "I'd say that he looked just like an Italian count who wanted to start a race track in 1944."

—DANIEL LANG

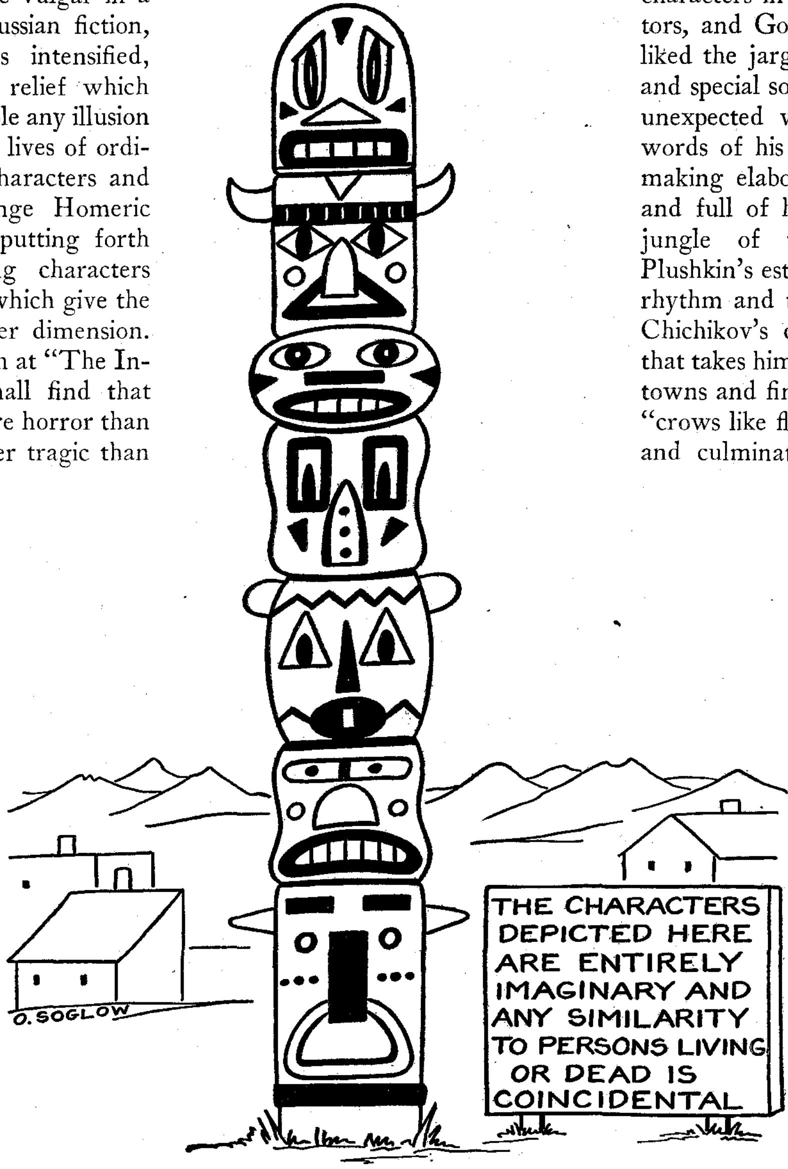
BOOKS

Nikolai Gogol—Greek Paideia

IF you read Vogüé's book on "The Russian Novel," you will learn that Nikolai Gogol was a pioneer of Russian realism; if you read Mérimée's essay on him, you will be told that he was first of all a satirist, who, if he had written in a more widely read language, might well have "acquired a reputation equal to that of the best English humorists;" and these two notions have remained the chief elements in our Western conception of Gogol—especially if we have not read him. When we do read him, we are likely to be puzzled: we soon recognize that we are a long way here from the familiar Russian realism, of which the purest example is Tolstoy. Gogol's characters are social types, but they are also mythical monsters; his backgrounds are vulgar in a way that was new in Russian fiction, but the sordid detail is intensified, thrown into a dramatic relief which completely makes impossible any illusion that we are watching the lives of ordinary people; and both characters and backgrounds, by a strange Homeric growth, are continually putting forth gigantic similes involving characters and scenes of their own, which give the whole thing a queer other dimension. And though we may laugh at "The Inspector General," we shall find that Gogol's stories inspire more horror than mirth, and a horror rather tragic than satiric. We will also find long passages of prose lyricism that probably beat anything else of the kind written by anyone in the nineteenth century.

Because the truth is that Gogol, who called his "Dead Souls" a poem, is primarily a great *poet*, in a sense that sets him rather apart from the other most-read Russian novelists, though there is a side of Dostoevski which has something in common with him. Gogol's characters and his grotesque details are symbols for states of the soul; his meanings and his moods are complex. Writing in the same period as Melville and Poe, he is much closer to them than to the later realists. He worked on a far bigger scale than Poe and he realized himself as an artist more completely than Melville did, but the St. Petersburg petty officials of Gogol's short stories of the supernatural belong to the same world as the damned Virginia gentlemen of Poe's, and one of the books that "Dead Souls" most resembles, for all the differences between the ostensible subjects, is certainly "Moby Dick," in which Ahab's pursuit of the white whale is no more merely a fishing expedition than Chichikov's journey through Russia to buy up the titles to dead serfs is merely a swindling trip.

This is the great point that Vladimir Nabokov makes in his new book on Gogol—"Nikolai Gogol"—one of the best volumes so far in the interesting series called "Makers of Modern Literature," published by New Directions. Himself a poet of complex imagery and a novelist of the non-realistic sort, he has written the kind of book which can only be written by one artist about another—an essay which takes its place with the very small body of first-rate criticism of Russian literature in English. Nabokov's "Gogol" must be henceforth read by anybody who has any serious interest in finding out about Russian culture. Not only has he shifted the lighting on the conventional picture of Gogol in such a way as to bring out his real genius as no other writer in English has done, but he has labored to give the reader some accurate impression of Gogol's style—a feature of his art which has come off badly in most of the English translations. Gogol had a peculiar interest in language, of a kind that was somewhat akin to Joyce's. All the main characters in "Dead Souls" are collectors, and Gogol collected words. He liked the jargons of special occupations and special social strata; he liked to use unexpected verbs; he liked to invent words of his own; and he worked at making elaborate set pieces as tangled and full of hidden implications as the jungle of the cracked landowner Plushkin's estate, as compelling in their rhythm and their cumulative power as Chichikov's departure in his carriage, that takes him through the little country towns and finally out into the steppe—"crows like flies, a limitless horizon"—and culminates later in the vision of Russia hurtling through the world like a troika while the other nations look on amazed. Mr. Nabokov has described some of the devices of this style and he has translated several of the famous passages in an English that tries to do them justice and that will give the reader some idea of why Russians sometimes know them by heart. (Mr. Nabokov says, by the way, that a decent translation of "Dead Souls" has finally appeared—the version made by B. G. Guerney and published by the Readers' Club.)


THE CHARACTERS DEPICTED HERE ARE ENTIRELY IMAGINARY AND ANY SIMILARITY TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS COINCIDENTAL
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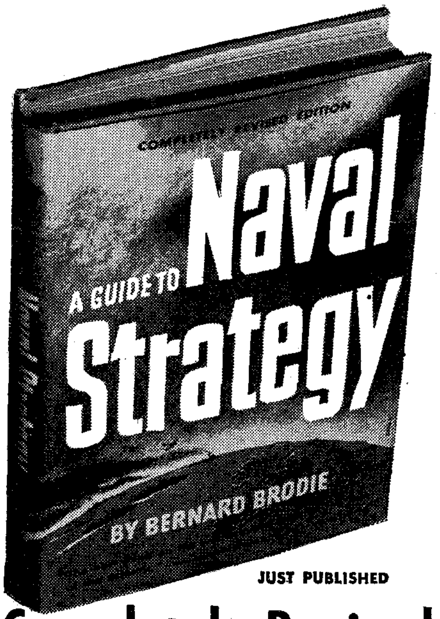
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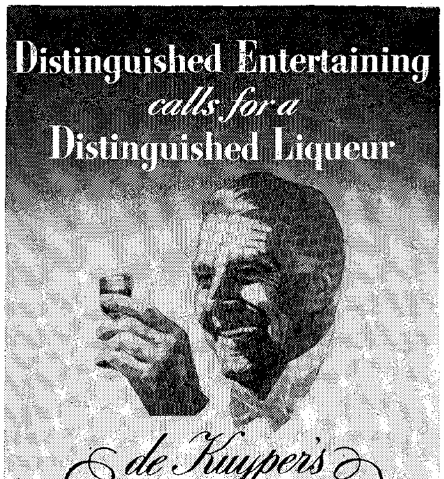
The chief faults of Mr. Nabokov's book are due to the fact that he is fundamentally a fiction writer and that Gogol, having been a real man, does not lend himself to the author's accomplished technique of sudden sidelights and oddly juxtaposed glimpses quite so readily as if he had been a character invented by Nabokov himself. Nabokov has done Gogol a certain amount of violence in trying to apply to him his usual methods of portraiture: he has left out considerable areas of his life and work, and the aspects which he has undertaken to treat seem sometimes rather capriciously chosen. There is furthermore a certain rather irritating display of poses, perversities, and vanities which sound as if he had brought them away from the St. Petersburg of the early nineteen-hundreds, before the Revolution, and piously preserved them in exile, and, along with them, a kind of snapping and snarling on principle about everything connected with the Russian Revolution that sometimes throws the baby out with the blood bath—to be guilty of a species of witticism to which Nabokov is much addicted and which tends, also, a little to disfigure his book. His puns are particularly awful. In writing English, he has not yet acquired the sense of how unpleasantly "the government specter" and "Gogol's spas were not really spatial" are calculated to grate on English-speaking readers. Aside from this, his mastery of English is in general brilliant and amazing, as readers of his verse in this magazine know. It is a pity that his few slips in grammar and idiomatic usage were not set right by New Directions. Mr. James Laughlin, who publishes some important books, should add to his staff someone capable of reading proofs and editing manuscripts intelligently. Not only has Mr. Nabokov been allowed to commit a number of solecisms, but Zhukovsky's name is spelled in three different ways and Isabel Hapgood's name always appears as Isabel Hepgood.

ANOTHER distinguished European whom we are fortunate in having in the United States is Professor Werner Jaeger of Harvard, the third volume of whose "Paideia: The Ideals of Greek Culture" (Oxford) I want belatedly to notice here. Professor Jaeger is one of the greatest of living Greek scholars and one of the most accomplished representatives of the contemporary German culture which has no longer any place in Germany. Professor Jaeger has set out to trace the development of the Greek ideal of education—which is what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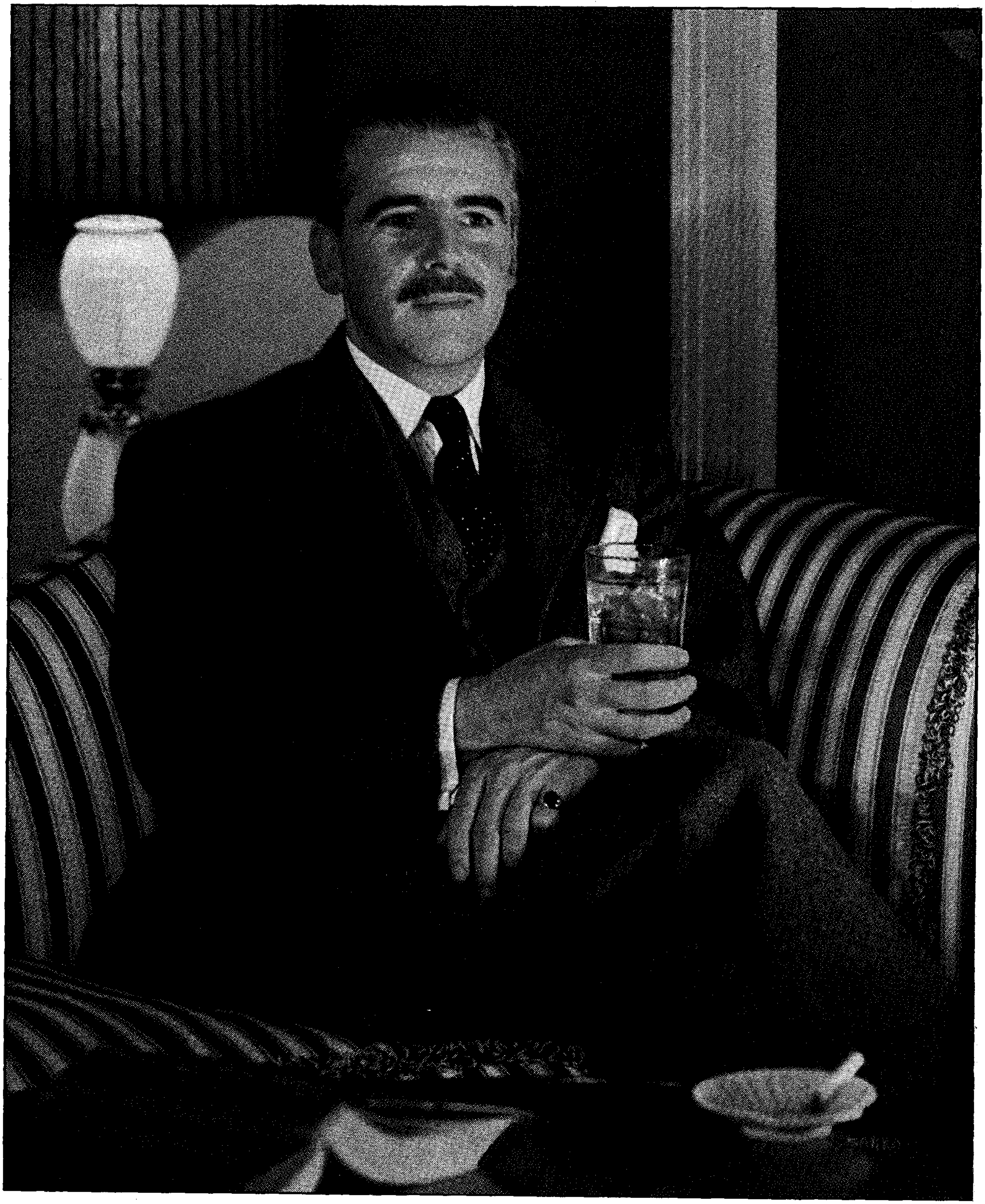

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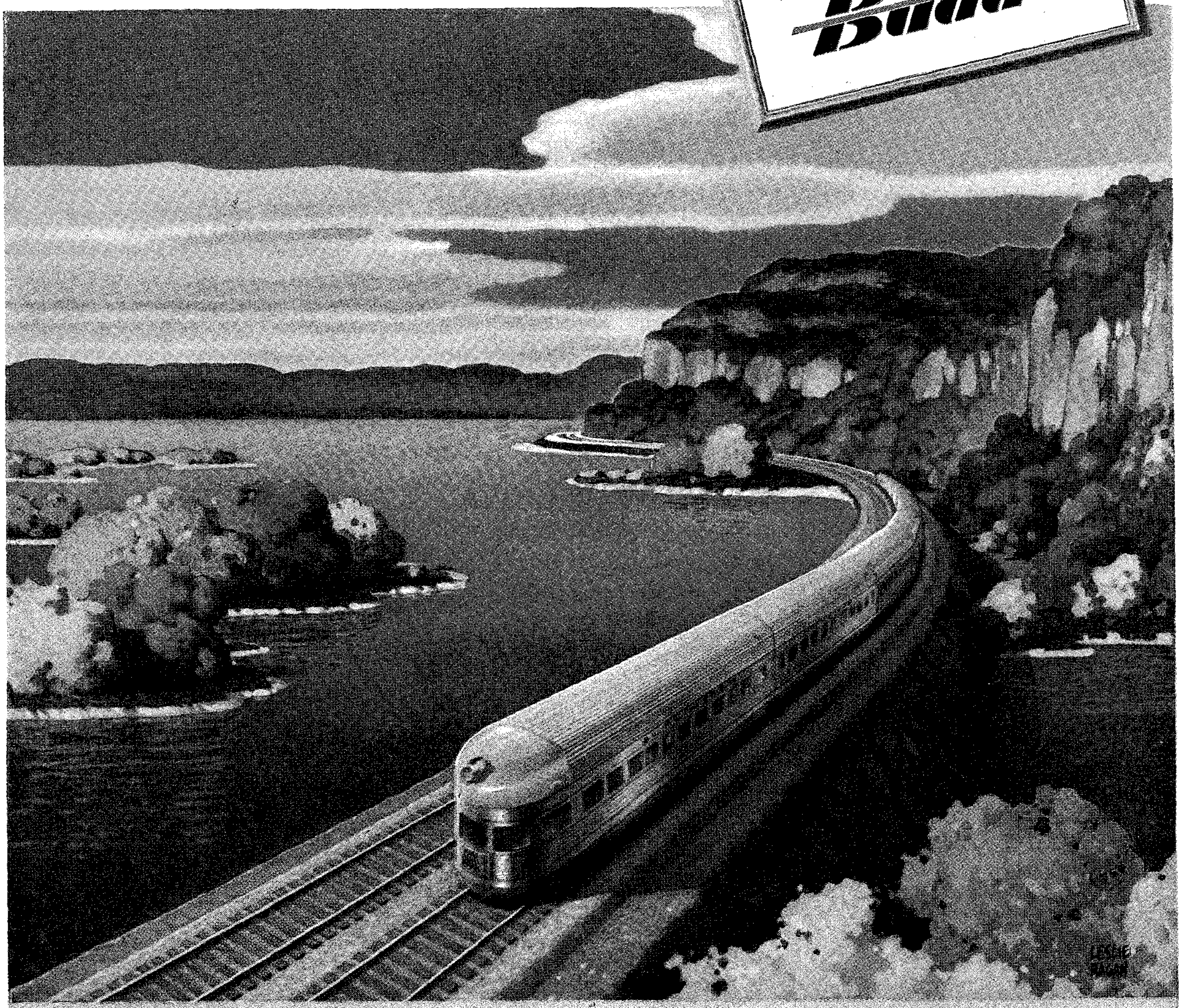

Twin Cities Zephyr along the upper reaches of the Mississippi *paideia* means—as we get it described and expounded in Greek literature from Homer through Demosthenes. This ideal was at once religious, moral, physical, aesthetic, and civic. Plato, even after it had had its full flowering, derived its sanctions from God, but, as Professor Jaeger says in his introduction, it was centred about human beings: "Other nations made gods, kings, spirits: the Greeks alone made men." To understand the Greek idea of virtue demands clearing one's mind of modern notions and tracing the growth of ideas in relation to historical background with flexible intelligence and subtle care. Professor Jaeger has accomplished this in a work that has few of the faults which people are inclined to expect in the productions of German scholarship. "Paideia" is well proportioned and written in a limpid style. There are no cumbersome or inelegant sentences, and there are no briary footnotes to lay you by the heels or obstacles put in your way in the shape of long quotations from ancient languages. The book has furthermore been given a truly marvellous translation by Gilbert Highet, at once so exact and so natural that one is not aware of reading a translation at all. "Paideia" is intended for the general reader, and it is probably God's gift to educators, because it conveys to the reader in a clear and attractive form, covering the ground comprehensively, a conception of the central point of view in Hellenic society and culture. I have not been through the whole work and venture criticism with a great deal of diffidence, but it seems to me that, if read in large quantities, it has a little the fault of monotony. There is perhaps about the *paideia* expounded by Professor Jaeger a little of the abstraction of a Hegelian "Idea," and he proceeds along the road he has marked out, making the Greek writers fall in behind him, with a consistency and a single-mindedness perhaps closer to the German than to the Greek. Yet the traveller is sensitive and appreciative and shows the instincts of a real explorer, and his book has an international interest both as literature and as history of ideas.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

LIE DOWN IN DARKNESS, by H. R. Hays (Reynal & Hitchcock). The skillful precision with which Mr. Hays' prose is written is more than matched by the chilling cynicism in

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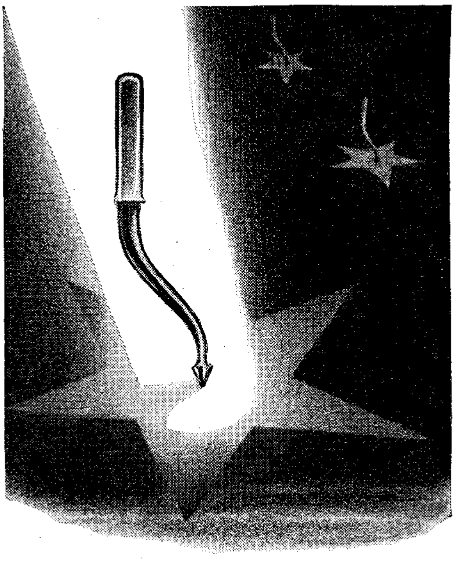
which it is conceived. He peels away the surface of suburban respectability in a small town to reveal the ugly motives of some of its chief characters, including a bigoted woman who polishes off her benefactor and a snide preacher who cashes in on the act. Like Mr. Hays' first novel, "Stranger on the Highway," this is much more than a crime story, and precisely to the degree to which the author aims to exceed such mere artifice, he must be held to account for the moral judgment implied in his story, especially since he almost makes the whole thing universal by taking his main characters out of their rotten little corner of society on a summer vacation, in the course of which he demonstrates that the same selfish stupidity prevails the world over. Decency, where it exists, and its exponents don't have a chance. In both his novels, Mr. Hays has taken us "behind appearances," and the results create the suspicion that he thinks human nature is preponderantly foul. It is a belief to which he has, of course, a perfect right.

SHIP TO SHORE, by William McFee (Random House). Another novel by the veteran writer of sea fiction. The action in this one is amphibious, involving the famous captain of a luxury liner, who falls in love with one of his passengers on a cruise, and their life together in New York, which is complicated by the fact that he has a wife back in England. Captain Sylvester is very well done, but the woman is at times flat. Fairly good reading, but there has been, and probably will be, better McFee.

THE YOUNG GREEK AND THE CREOLE, by Philip Freund (Pilgrim House). A collection of short stories displaying a distinctive though somewhat archaic skill. In sharp contrast to today's naturalistic and sociological writing, these stories are concerned with rendering, often in allegorical terms, the emotional and spiritual "essences" of life rather than with projecting its contemporary substance. Since he is thus in quest of verity rather than verisimilitude, Mr. Freund shuns the current and familiar for more classic and "poetic" symbols, such as cypress trees and beautiful statues, and characters (usually artists) with plenty of time to contemplate them. This is not to say that the author is an "escapist;" he is a decidedly thoughtful and intelligent writer, with a gift for finely shaded prose. But in the grinding realities of



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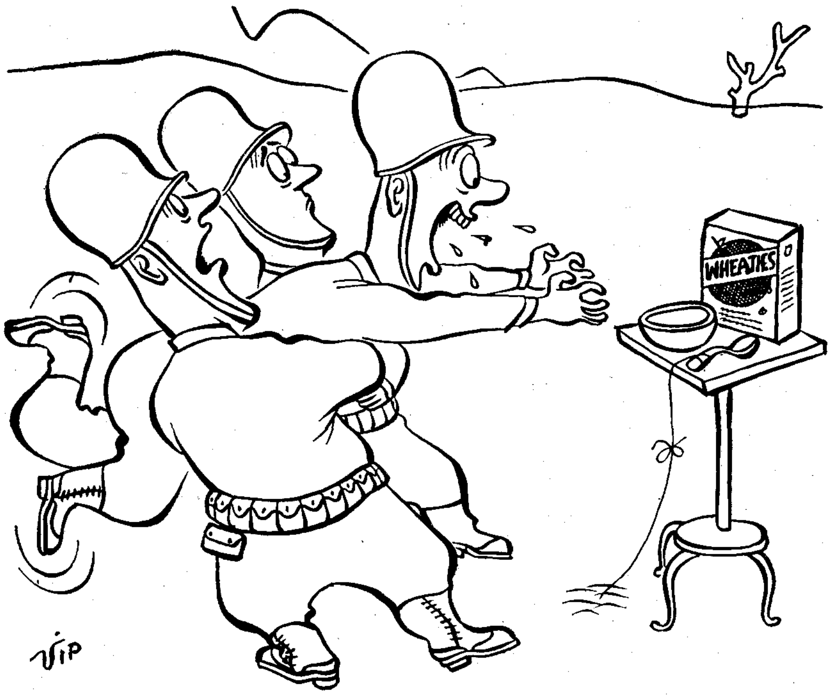
the present, the observations of characters immersed intellectually in life but not physically are apt to be somewhat uninteresting.

TRUANT, by Richmond Barrett (Dutton). This book is exactly what the jacket calls it—a character novel, but, within this limitation, sound and successful. The character in question is a New England boy who, left by an irresponsible mother to the care of his grandparents, becomes a spirited yet ingrown youth, poor at human relations but a damn good tennis player. The book may lack breadth, but it is sharply and intelligently written.

GENERAL

A PSYCHOLOGIST LOOKS AT LOVE, by Theodor Reik (Farrar & Rinehart). Whatever love is, says the author, a pupil, friend, and colleague of Sigmund Freud, it isn't what Freud thought it was. Freud's libido theory was a magnificent mistake. Love and sex are anything but identical, and the great psychoanalyst's idea that a primitive sexual urge is the origin of love was a biological prejudice rather than a psychological insight. "Sex," Dr. Reik says, "appears as a phenomenon of nature, common to men and beasts. Love is the result of a cultural development and is not even found among all men. . . . Sex can be casual about its object. Love cannot. Love is always a personal relationship." Dr. Reik goes on about love for three hundred pages and, for a man of science, sometimes gets quite worked up about it. He is in favor of love and gives it his blessing, but his thesis that it is a creative achievement, and that loving in the right way comes only to the genius, does tend to make the proposition seem fairly grim. The number of geniuses in any field is always small, and a lot of people, who know they are strictly of non-genius material but have always thought that love was something within the reach of every man and woman, may find themselves depressed by Dr. Reik's dictum that in love, as in art, many are called but few are chosen. He is only speculating, however, and his theory needn't cause anyone to shy away from his well-written and entertaining book.

ENVOY UNEXTRAORDINARY, by Donald Dunham (Day). All around the diplomatic mulberry bush with a member of the American Foreign Service who was vice-consul at Berlin, Hong Kong, Athens, and Aden.



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Mr. Dunham's account of his eight years in the Foreign Service is a notebook rather than a book, and while it contains some engaging passages, it is pitched and written on a rather superficial level. Eight years seems a long time to reach the conviction that foreigners are people, which is the main adornment of this tale, and some of the incidental conclusions, such as that German women run to bulk and that the Chinese run to politeness, have been hinted at before. The author isn't at all pompous about any of this, however, and it is a relief, after some of the pretentious "inside" books written by big-name diplomats (*not* including Sumner Welles), to come across a small-name one who doesn't confuse chitchat with knowledge and isn't out to make a case for his calling, his country, or himself.

New Hampshire, by Keith Jennison (Holt). A skillful arrangement of photographs, tied together by an equally skillful arrangement of words, that ought to persuade all but the most case-hardened readers that New Hampshire is just about the pleasantest state in the nation. The author, who was responsible for two similar books, "Vermont Is Where You Find It" and "The Maine Idea," knows a good photograph when he sees one, has a minor genius for writing captions, and, most important of all, carefully sidesteps what usually passes for local color.

No Mean City, by Simeon Strunsky (Dutton). A selection of love letters, thinly disguised as random essays, addressed to the city of New York by the author of the *Times'* "Topics of the Times" column. Mr. Strunsky, possibly the only troubadour who ever found his chief inspiration in statistics, celebrates various aspects of life in New York, from the Central Park Zoo and Rockefeller Center to the annual consumption of milk and movie-house tickets. A troubadour does not always see things objectively, but Mr. Strunsky, who finds that nearly every Manhattan prospect pleases and that only those who are too severely critical of it are vile, goes a long way toward making New York seem like the wonderful place he and a lot of other people think it is.

Pacific Battle Line, by Foster Hailey (Macmillan). The first two years of our war with Japan, as reported by the *Times* correspondent in the Pacific. Mr. Hailey has seen every action in that theatre, and he has furthermore tried to see things as a journalist and not as a journalistic adventurer. As a result, his book is several cuts above most of its kind, and although he manages to employ every newspaperman's cliché there is, this failing is very easy to forgive in such a good reporter, especially since he seems actually to dislike the pronoun "I."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Alarum and Excursion, by Virginia Perdue (Doubleday, Doran). Nicholas Matheny, an industrialist, wakes up in a California sanitarium with traumatic amnesia, the result, he is told, of an explosion in his factory. A number of people with dubious motives are anxious to keep Matheny there and to prevent him from remembering what happened to the synthetic-oil formula perfected just before he was knocked on the head. Matheny's escape from this situation makes an unusually satisfactory story, both as a psychological novel and as a thriller.

The Cane-Patch Mystery, by A. B. Cunningham (Dutton). Jesse Roden, the quiet and competent sheriff of the Deer Lick country, down South, finds himself with a difficult case on his hands when Ruth Link, the young wife of a plantation owner, is found with her throat slashed after a party at molasses-making time. Roden rounds up the killer with his usual deftness, in spite of the fact that the Links are prominent people and adept at concealing evidence. Sprinkled with good regional material, which is treated with unusual realism.

On the Danger Line, by Georges Simenon (Harcourt, Brace). Two short novels by the author who always knows exactly what's going on in the minds of French malefactors. "Home Town," which has to do with the return of a small-time crook to the place in which he grew up, is a sound if fairly static psychological study. "The Green Thermos," picturing a prewar anarchist who balked at blowing up factories, is a fine exercise in suspense.

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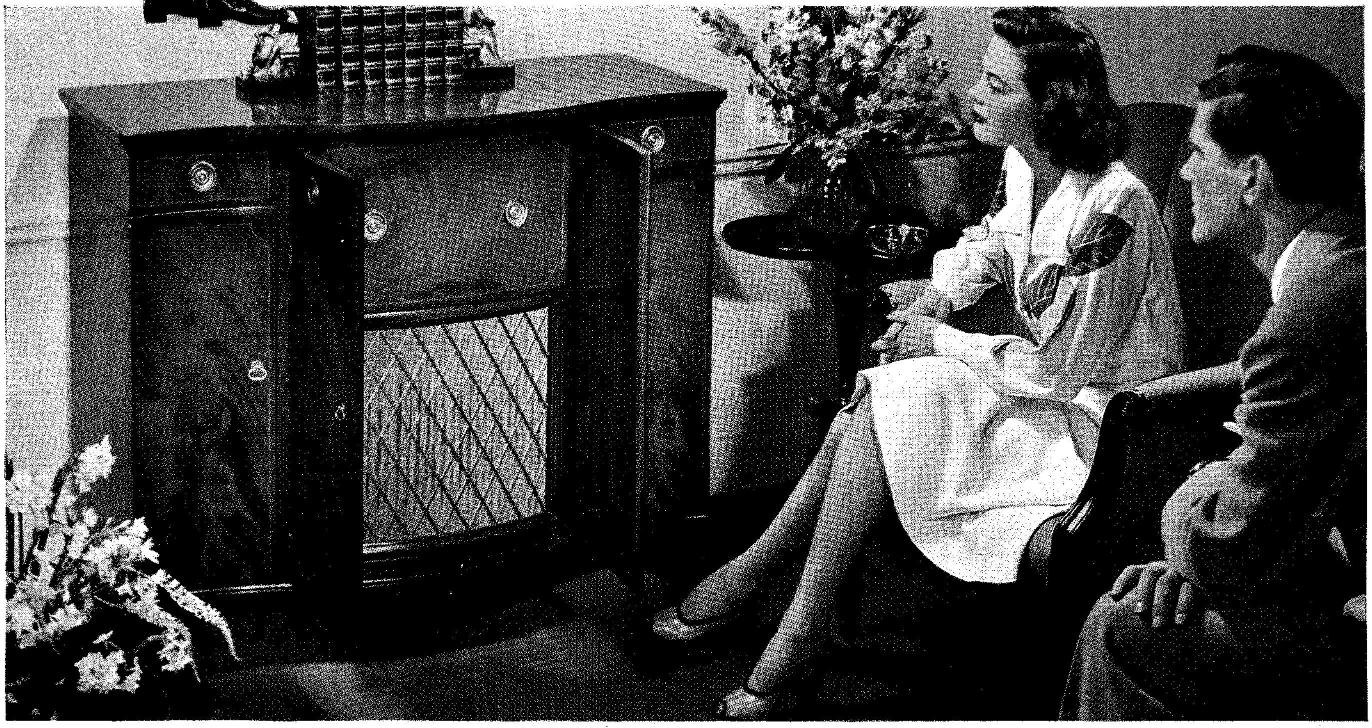

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